

*The Young Woman's Magazine*

# Smart Set

In Combination with **McCLURE'S**

July  
25 cents



*C. W. Taylor*  
“CAPTAIN” VICTOR BARKER  
TELLS—

Why I  
Masqueraded  
For Six Years  
As A Man

Women  
At Sea

—  
*In This Issue*

*Marguerite Loyer,  
Port Chester,  
New York*

*Saturday  
Dancing  
Nighting croquet to  
Lamack Country Club*

PEP-O-MINT  
**LIFE SAVERS**

*For Dance enjoyment  
It's "Always good taste"  
to use*

**LIFE SAVERS**

"THEY TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY"



DO YOU  
LIKE TO  
DRAW?



# YOUR DRAWING ABILITY TESTED FREE

## Results Count!

**Mr. E. H., who is making about \$15,000 a year, says:**

"The Federal School showed me the direct way of turning my liking for drawing into money, giving, in a short time, knowledge which would otherwise take many years of hard experience to acquire. I owe much of my present success to the Federal School." (Name on request.)

**Lloyd Shirley says:**

"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning \$3,800 a year as an artist and I have just started. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

**J. R. McKinney is progressing:**

"You might like to know I am leaving this place to take up a new job as Art Director for which I have a 2 year contract at \$80 per week. I owe a debt of gratitude to the Federal School for starting me right."

**D. L. Rogers said:**

"I found that the Federal School has real sound backing for all its statements. It has the quality of education to offer that paves the road to success, for those who are earnest and game enough to work for bigger things."

**YOU** young people who like to draw—do you realize that your talent, if properly trained, can lift you out of the crowd and place you in a profession where the work is pleasant and the money-making possibilities are very high?

Our free Art Test indicates your natural sense of design, proportion, color, etc. When you've worked it out, it will be analyzed by our art instructors and you will be frankly informed as to your chances in this vocation. This fascinating test has started many young people on the road to success.

## See What These Federal Students Earn:

Big prices are paid for drawings and designs for advertising. These Federal Students—whose average age is 30 years—are only a few of the hundreds of men and girls that Federal Training has lifted quickly to a worth while income:

E. McT., Pasadena . . .	\$750 a mo.	M. O. H., Hollywood . . .	\$300 to \$900 a mo.
B. C. R., Minneapolis . . .	325 a mo.	M. R., New York . . .	300 a mo.
Miss F. K., New York . . .	400 a mo.	C. P. D., Chicago . . .	400 a mo.
L. H. W., St. Louis . . .	350 a mo.	S. J. E., Tulsa, Okla. . .	250 a mo.
P. M. H., Carnegie, Pa. . .	325 a mo.	H. B. R., Oakland . . .	350 a mo.
C. P. M., Chicago . . .	600 a mo.		

(Names on request)

## Send Today for your Art Questionnaire

There will always be a demand for good art work, due to its necessity in modern business. Don't fail to make the most of your ability, if you like to draw. Modern business offers rich rewards to the young man or woman with trained art ability. Mail the coupon today for your Art Questionnaire, and we will also send our book "YOUR FUTURE" which fully describes the Federal Course in Commercial Designing, and shows work by Federal students. Please state age and occupation.

## Results Count!

**From Mr. W. A. Sowell:**

"I am Art Director with a salary and commission which has made it possible for me to earn more than at any time in my life, for example last month ran over \$400.00, and for the last four months it has averaged \$300.00. I know this all came about from the excellent instructions I received from the Federal School."

**Another Federal Student says:**

"Have had a studio since May, 1922. Name of studio: Geo. B. Jones—Commercial Artist. I earn on an average of about \$250 a month and I give the Federal School full credit for my start in this work."



Federal  
School of  
Commercial  
Designing

1691 Federal Schools Bldg.,  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Please send me Art Questionnaire,  
and book "YOUR FUTURE."

**Federal School**  
of Commercial Designing

1691 Federal Schools Building,  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

COUPON  
Name.....  
Age..... Occupation.....  
Address.....

THE SCHOOL FAMOUS FOR SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS

MAY 29 1929

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# S M A R T S E T

In Combination with McClure's

## The Young Woman's Magazine

JULY, 1929—VOLUME 84, No. 5

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *Editor*RUTH WATERBURY  
*Associate Editor*LILLIE GAILEY  
*Assistant Editor*

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# Intelligent women let their tooth paste buy their cold cream



So many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of 50 cent dentifrices. Cold Cream, for example. Talcum. Handkerchiefs. Hose.

## One trial convinces you of its exhilarating after effect

**Y**OU probably know that wonderful feeling of mouth cleanliness and exhilaration that follows the use of Listerine.

Now that delightful sensation is brought to you by Listerine Tooth Paste—25 cents the large tube.

Try it one week. Note how quickly it cleans. How it removes all traces of discoloration and leaves teeth gleaming. How it invigorates the entire oral tract.

Millions, finding that Listerine Tooth Paste gives such pleasant results have rejected older and costlier favorites. The average saving is \$3 per year per person.

We'll wager that once you try it, you too, will be convinced of its merit. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



# ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

*A Brief Glimpse  
Into  
Their Lives*



Alice M.  
Williamson



Wallace  
Smith



Virginia Lee

**I**T'S a distinguished group this month. Turn back a page and you'll find that very few of them need an introduction! Not that a word about Virginia Lee—small, slim, dark-eyed—would go amiss. For Miss Lee, despite her finished style and her polished technique—read "Lady of the Hard Heart"—is almost a beginner in the world of letters. She was born in Chicago—though her name suggests the old South—gave up teaching to become an author, and is unmarried.

**A**LICE M. WILLIAMSON has given us "Hermit Island." Her fame began as one-half of the writing team of C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (You remember "The Lightning Conductor," of course.) She was so young at the beginning of her career that she laughingly says she "started writing before she could write."

During the war she served with the French Red Cross—most of the time in the actual front line of the offensive. But, despite

her courage and her brilliance, Mrs. Williamson insists that her chief claim to publicity is that she is the most good natured person in the world.

**W**ALLACE SMITH, creator of "Beauty Doctor," has written short stories, novels and orders for the execution of bandit chiefs. With this background it is only logical that he should now be turning out screen material in Hollywood!

Aside from his literary career, Mr. Smith has been a Chicago police reporter, a war correspondent, and a soldier of fortune in Mexico.

**A**S FOR the rest—

We told you, last month, about "Women at Sea"—and its author, Dorothy Black. But you'll have to read right through the book to know about all of the fine things that we haven't announced—and haven't room, here, to mention.



# Reducing is *NOT* a Fad!

*Disfiguring fat will never be permitted by a world that rewards beauty, action, alertness, vigor, good health and keen thinking.*

**T**AKE off those excess pounds—regain an alluring, youthful, slender figure—enjoy your clothes, your pleasures and the glances all the world bestows on the form that is fit, smooth and well groomed.

But beware! Don't gamble with health! Don't risk the starvation diet, the steaming bath, the rubber straight-jacket, the medicine that may wreck your heart, glands or nerves. Don't attempt exercises that are too strenuous.

## America's Foremost Medical Authorities Now Step into this Vital Situation!

The American Medical Association includes almost one hundred thousand physicians who accept their responsibility for public education in health. Your own doctor belongs.

The Association sent out a call for the First Adult Weight Conference, to meet in the New York Academy of Medicine.

Imagine the scene! Dieticians and physicians from all over the country—met in a common cause of public service on the subject of weight control.

Each member a leader. Each an authority of unquestioned standing in the world of health. Think of this intimate exchange of ideas, reports, case records.

Such men as Dr. Russell Wilder from the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn., Drs. Lewellys F. Barker and Joseph Bloodgood from Johns Hopkins at Baltimore, Dr. Lafayette B. Mendel from Yale University, Dr. Hugh Cummings, Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service at Washington—these and other famous men talking to this conference—devoting time, thought and work to this subject that is of such fascinating interest to you.

## The Result Is Now Ready For You

The Story of the Conference—thirteen papers on the relation of Weight Control to Health—six chapters on the Principles of Nutrition with Actual Diets and Menus—twenty-one tables, diets and menus for everyday use—edited by Dr. Morris Fishbein of the American Medical Association with an introduction by Wendell Phillips, M.D., former president of the Association—360 pages in language for the layman—all ready for you between the two covers of the most remarkable book you have ever had a chance to own.

## The Book Gives Actual Facts and Experiences

*Eat everything you want. This great book will free you from a starvation diet.*

The book will amaze you. It will tell you to eat the foods you really enjoy and show you how to combine them in menus and diets so that you will lose weight without a single inconvenience or risk.



## Inspect the Entire Book At No Risk of Money

Send the coupon at once. This edition cannot last long after this announcement reaches the homes of America. Read the book—examine it carefully for five whole days. Then if you would part with it, send it back and you won't be out one single penny. We urge you to act right now.

## USE THIS COUPON

National Health Foundation,  
1850 Koppers Building,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me my copy of "Your Weight and How to Control It." I will pay the postman \$5.00 plus postage. If I send it back in five days after receipt you are to return my money and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....



*The smart woman today is alert, lively, vivacious. Control your weight.*



*Eat everything you want. This great book will free you from a starvation diet.*

## Look Over the Contents of This Great Book

**HOW ONE WOMAN LOST FORTY POUNDS**  
Thomas D. Wood, M.D.,  
Columbia University

**THE CRAZE FOR REDUCING**  
Morris Fishbein, M.D.,  
American Medical Association

**FOOLING THE FAT**  
Arthur J. Cramp, M.D.,  
American Medical Association

**HOW GLANDS AFFECT WEIGHT**  
Lewellys F. Barker, M.D.,  
Johns Hopkins University

**IS WEIGHT HEREDITARY?**  
Charles B. Davenport,

M.D., Carnegie Institution

**YOUR WEIGHT AND YOUR NERVES**  
Charles L. Dana, M.D.,  
New York Academy of Medicine

**DIETING TO REDUCE**  
Russell M. Wilder, M.D.,  
Mayo Foundation

And also 21 complete tables of Diets and Menus showing how to control weight for various ages and various types of figures.



*The glory of a lovely figure should be your greatest pride and joy.*



## Smart Set Six Months \$1

To give you a chance to get acquainted with SMART SET, we offer a special reduced price for a half-year subscription—six months for \$1.

We know that if you read the magazine that long you will not willingly be without it thereafter. For besides SMART SET's vital stories, the made-to-order fiction of the average magazine will seem pale.

### The Young Woman's Magazine

SMART SET is the first and only magazine ever published entirely for young women.

It brings you the zippiest fiction entertainment printed in *any* magazine—stories and novels of girls like yourself—stories of love and mystery, humor, adventure, romance—full-length novels of big towns and small ones, of life in business, in society, on the stage and the studio—life as lived by men and young women of today!

And in addition, from month to month SMART SET shows you how to increase your charm, how to dress to bring out your good points, how to choose a career and succeed in it—a world of useful information on clothes, make-up, business, and all the other interests of modern American young women.

### Don't Delay—Act Today!

Pin a single dollar bill to the coupon below and mail it in at once. You will save 50c.—and you'll get more fun, information, help, amusement, entertainment and value than a dollar ever brought you before! It's a promise.

**SMART SET, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.**

SS. 7-29-6 Mos.

YES, I want SMART SET for the next six months. ☐ I enclose \$1. ☐ I will remit \$1 when billed.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

*Regular subscription price SMART SET \$3 a year; Canadian postage 25c. extra for six months; Foreign postage 50c. extra for six months.*

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## What The Well Bred Man Will Do

By IRMENGARDE EBERLE

**W**HEN Eugene Swithersweight came home from behind the cashier's cage that evening in March he found a most sad surprise in store for him. His lovely wife, Marshaline, was out and had left a note saying that she had gone to meet a girl friend from Omaha, who had just arrived in town, and that she wouldn't be back till late.

Poor man! What a pity! He arranged a look of utter desolation on his face, the while he found his way speedily to the telephone and told May Belle Benzine that he had "been able to manage after all," and would she meet him at Tom's, in an hour?

Would she? Well, yes. How sweet of him to manage—for her sake.

**H**E CHANGED to dinner clothes, working upon himself until he looked a portrait of what the well dressed man should wear, but doesn't. May Belle came into Tom's jauntily wearing what no well dressed woman would wear at all, and feeling perfectly fine in it. Eugene's eyes brightened with delight as they found a quiet corner and had a cocktail or two, "to celebrate this lucky evening."

They were getting along splendidly—Eugene to the point where he was saying the most delightful things, and May Belle to the point where she found everything he said "so very clever."

And just at this crescendo two newcomers arrived. Eugene discovered them to be Marshaline and the society girl from Omaha—who was, as a matter of fact, a tall blond young man with a smartly clipped mustache.

Ah, this made things different! One may be glad to be free of one's wife, but one doesn't like to see her amusing herself. And what, after all, would Marshaline think of him there with May Belle?

Marshaline saw Eugene and his attractive companion instantly. "Good evening," she said frigidly, raising a well trained eyebrow exactly as though she herself were not being caught in precisely the same situation. It got over with everybody, including herself.

Eugene's mind worked with lightning rapidity, and he came out with the perfect solution for handling such a delicate problem.

"Ah," he said, with that amazing poise for which he was well on the way toward becoming unique, "we were just saying how perfectly delightful it would be if you would walk in now. That's all we needed to make the party complete. What a coincidence!"

"What a coincidence!" echoed the other three, albeit a little sadly. "What a coincidence!"



Thanks to  
**ZIP**

**IT'S OFF  
because  
IT'S OUT**

### Destroys Hair Permanently!

*Not new! The merits of ZIP were proven years ago.*

There are many ways to remove hair temporarily, but **ZIP** is the way to destroy it, with the roots... Unlike depilatories.

You are not interested simply in delaying the reappearance of hair. What you want to do is get at the cause and banish it entirely, so that your superfluous hair worries will be at an end.

The wonderful part of it all is that while **ZIP** permanently destroys hair, it is absolutely harmless, contains nothing to irritate even a baby's skin, and is easily applied. And then—this will appeal to you—it is *fragrant*. Beware of harmful imitations.

The **ZIP** formula is secret. **ZIP** is registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

New Big Combination Package Sold Everywhere. Contains full size **ZIP** and three other full size preparations free.

Genuine **ZIP** Treatment in New York  
Only at my Salon. Creations **JORDEAU** New York

Call to have  
**FREE Demonstration**  
562 FIFTH AVE.  
N. Y. (Ent. on 46 St.)

*Madame Beribé, Specialist*  
562 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK (227)

Please send me in plain envelope full information about **ZIP** and your guarantee.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City & State \_\_\_\_\_



## The one true friend she has

You probably can't imagine yourself in this woman's predicament—yet the possibility is far from being remote.

Not so many years ago she burst upon Chicago like a blazing star. In the rich homes of the Gold Coast, violins played long and lights burned late in her honor. She counted her friends by the hundreds, her suitors by the dozens. Assuredly she would marry brilliantly and live well.

Yet today she is rather a pathetic figure despite her wealth and her charm. Old acquaintances seldom call and she makes few new ones. Of all old friends only her bird seems true. Only he is always glad to see her.

How unfortunate that a minor defect can alter the course of human life.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but it ought to be the first.

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide\* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

\* Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn *B. Typhosus* (typhoid) and *M. Aureus* (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Winning new users by thousands. Listerine  
Tooth Paste. The large tube 25¢.

# LISTERINE



# Eight Girls Who Have Won Their Way To Fame



Muhkin

## THE POET

**G**IRLS who succeed have one characteristic in common—tenacity of purpose. Edna St. Vincent Millay always wanted to write poetry. She was born, a poor youngster, in Maine. A friend paid her way through college. Then came years in Greenwich Village when meals were few. Yet Edna kept on composing verse. Her first fame came at nineteen with "Renascence." Subsequently she published "A Few Figs from Thistles," "The Harp Weaver" and other books including the libretto for the opera, "The King's Henchman." Proving that dreams can come true and poets can make tax collectors envious



## THE STAR

**I**RENE DELROY is the current darling of Broadway. But then she always was a darling. When she was a baby in Bloomington, Illinois, her family decided she was so blonde and cute, she must be a dancer. After that, every time she put her foot down, success registered. It was all very simple. She toe-danced with the Chicago Grand Opera Company, smiled from the front ranks of the Greenwich Village and Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies. Today she is star of the musical comedy hit, "Follow Thru"



Wide World

## THE STUDENT

SUCCESS in another line is Barbara Channing's—success in scholarship. First, she is winner of the Bryn Mawr European Fellowship, awarded to seniors with the best academic record. Next, she is this year's holder of the three highest awards for excellence in studies, giving her the second highest academic record in Bryn Mawr's history, and finally she is senior member of the self-government association of her Alma Mater and president of its Glee Club



### THE MOVIE DIRECTOR

DOROTHY ARZNER wanted to be a movie director from the first day she observed studio workers lunching at her father's Hollywood restaurant. Educated at the University of Southern California, Dorothy entered the studios as a typist. Later she was script girl, film cutter, scenario writer. Ten years of steady battling to win. Today Dorothy directs such stars as Esther Ralston and Clara Bow and is the sole member of her sex to wield a megaphone in cinemaland





## THE ADVERTISING WOMAN

THREE years ago Charlotte Day was forced to leave high school when her father became ill. She entered the employ of a lantern slide studio. That didn't sound promising but talent will out. Charlotte practised tinting at home. The New York Central Railroad needed some one to prepare attractive display advertisements. Charlotte submitted landscape photographs which she had tinted on glass. The railroad immediately ordered these photographs for display in huge racks to route over the United States. Result, Miss Day is president of a \$300,000 advertising company, the B. C. D. studios



Goldberg

## THE DANCER

WHEN she was nine years old, Margaret Severn knew exactly what she wanted to do. She wanted to dance. Her wise parents did not oppose her. They took her abroad to study. At fourteen she was engaged for the Metropolitan Opera Ballet. At nineteen she was star of a Broadway revue, hiding her lovely face behind Benda's masks but bringing something new to dancing thereby. Today her position is assured. She has personal renown as a solo artist; she heads her own ballet and is now organizing her own school



Chudnoff



International

## THE AIR EXECUTIVE

**Y**OUNG, pretty Bessie Davis, trying to determine what career she should follow, decided modern woman's place was in the air. She had already begun studying stenography when the aeronautic urge struck her. She found learning to fly much easier. Next, she managed to secure a place with the Pioneer Aeronautical Instrument Company as saleswoman. Her first flight across the continent brought \$200,000 in sales. Her grateful company made her an officer with the result that today she is the only girl executive in aviation



### THE MANICURIST

PEGGY SAGE started work as a stenographer at ten dollars a week. When she discovered her manicurist earned twenty-five dollars weekly she deserted her typewriter and began cutting cuticle in a barber shop. Shortly thereafter she was an expert. She branched out independently doing manicuring for the smartest women in their own homes. She popularized the pink gloss nail polish and soon had Manhattan's choicest clientele. Now fashionable women the world over seek her high-priced advice and pretty Peggy is a wealthy woman



# A Letter FROM A YOUNG WOMAN To The Editor



IT LAY in my mail basket, just this morning. A letter in a slim, blue envelope. A letter faintly scented and very feminine in appearance. So fragrant, so feminine, that one would never have guessed the tragedy that was written into it.

This was what I read when I opened the letter:

"Last summer," it began, "just one year ago, I came back to my home town after five years away at school. When I went away I was a stoutish, rather stupid little girl who had never possessed a beau. I came back slimmer and—why not be honest?—quite pretty. And longing, actually hungry, for admiration. The sort of admiration that had not been my share when I was younger.

"I suppose I was foolish. But I felt that, to gain popularity, I must do certain things that would attract attention. I refused to listen to the advice that older, wiser people gave to me—I went right out after the spotlight. And I got it. Road houses, dancing until dawn, incessant smoking, flirting with men who were more sophisticated and much more experienced than I—these were my means of putting myself in the public eye. I didn't mind being talked about until I happened to be one of an

unchaperoned group at a certain restaurant that was raided. And then suddenly I began to mind. . . .

"THERE was unpleasant newspaper publicity—and you know what that means in a small city—for my home town is a small city! There was a little scandal—but one that refused to be hushed. I found that, though I had actually done no wrong, I was being left out of the really nice parties, that I was being ignored at the theater and the country club. The eligible men fought shy of me—my only admirers were the town's flashier, cheaper set. The girls who were of my own age and social strata snubbed me.

"And so now—now I'm in a worse place than I was in as a youngster! I again crave attention and admiration—and I'm sane enough, now, to know that I've forfeited my right to it.

"What shall I do? *What shall I do?* Must I go ahead along the path that I so foolishly chose a year ago? Playing with the cheaper set that I now detest?

Pretending that the coldness of the others doesn't hurt? Or shall I attempt the impossible—shall I try to come back? Can a girl in my position make a fresh start? *And how can that start be made?*"

SO, WITHOUT signature, the letter ends. And I, with only its faint perfume and its far from faint problem to give me a clue, am trying to answer it.

Trying to tell my unknown correspondent that a girl *can* make a fresh start—that she can, always, begin over! If she is brave enough to make the effort.

For a new start requires great effort, you see. It means wiping a slate utterly clean—it means amputation, rather than mending. Beginning over means that every step taken must be a definite, abrupt one. That there must be no compromise.

This, in fact, is my answer—to a girl whom I will never meet!

GIVE up those companions that you recognize as unfit and unreal. Give up the pastimes and pursuits that made for the wrong sort of publicity. Go to the girls who are snubbing you, and admit your fault—(that will be the hardest thing to do, I know!)—and say that you want to come back. They'll not refuse you, and, if they do a little gloating, let them! It won't hurt you—not in the long run.

And then, after you've been to a few of their parties—after you've identified yourself with the right set for a few months—go away. Go away on a long vacation. As long a one as you can manage. And come back with some new clothes, and a less blatant sort of make-up, and a softer voice. And you'll find that the first stage of your backward journey is completed.

For the group with whom you want to be identified will be much more likely to remember its last acceptance of you than any passing scandal. And, though they may remember your humility, the memory of it will be veiled by time and will be just as faint as the perfume on your stationery. Just as faint, and just as pleasant! For young folks—and older folk, too—like to see themselves as people who were big enough, and fine enough, to be forgiving. The fact that you were the one whom they forgave will even make them feel a certain tenderness towards you.

DON'T be afraid to admit that you were wrong. Especially since you are ready to admit it to yourself. But don't *pretend* that you're sorry and contrite—just to get back into the good graces of the inner circle. Don't say that you're sorry unless you really are!

For hypocrisy is almost the deadliest thing in life—and you would perhaps do better to stay a social outcast than to be accepted through your own dishonesty.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER



*JEAN knew from the stricken look on Lyn's face—from the unbending pose of his tall body—that he did not believe her. That he probably would never believe her. And yet she had to speak—to justify herself. "Almost everything that you've heard is quite true," she said. "The only part that isn't, is this. There was never really anybody in my life—in my heart—before you came . . . When I met you I fell in love, for the first time"*

A  
Voy-  
age from  
England To India  
and Six Women with  
Curiously Interwoven Lives  
and Problems. Jean is the First

# Women at Sea

By

DOROTHY BLACK

Illustrations by ADDISON BURBANK

**T**AKING things all round, Jean decided she had chosen a bad time to make the journey. The spruce white decks wore a deserted look. Empty chairs, huddled together, reminded her of a fashionable watering place in the off-season. There were only four tables going in the dining saloon.

"Wasn't I a fool," she thought, "not to have stuck to my own ideas and waited until October?"

The fashionable season on east bound liners commences in October. The decks would be crowded then with people of some importance. There would be fancy-dress dances, gala nights, and sports. There would be innumerable opportunities of romance.

Now—Jean took a look from the doorway of her deck cabin. There was hardly any one on the boat that a girl could work up any excitement about. Mentally she reviewed the passengers: Mr. and Mrs. Duvesant, extremely rich, de luxe models, traveling with every comfort and two private cabins, to Ceylon. Alison Duvesant's diamonds and pearls and clothes were a perpetual annoyance to Jean. There was Fenella Quayle, an empty-headed, little idiot always giggling and in bad favor with the captain. Fenella was a rival, being young and unattached. There wasn't enough material on that boat for rivalry, Jean thought.

"As likely as not Flo advised me wrong on purpose, the cat. It would be just like her. Frightened I'd have a real bit of luck at last. That's what women's friendship is like. I was a mutt to take any advice off Flo."

**M**ARIS TEMPLETON was the one woman Jean would have liked to talk to. But Maris walked with her nose in the air. She was one of those stuck-up women who thought themselves too good for any one. Jean had tried to smile at her once, with poor results. Rumor had it she was very well connected, going east to a life of great splendor somewhere unspecified.

"The whole voyage is going to be a dud," said Jean. Life wasn't what it used to be. Not so easy any more.

"Horrors," she said, looking at her face in the glass. "It may be I'm getting old at twenty-three."

Her face looked back at her, oval, smooth and unlined. Gray eyes, beneath eyebrows plucked to a thin black line. Delicate pink and white skin. Soft curly hair. Only in repose was there upon Jean's face a curiously hard look, and in her gray eyes the expression of one who laughs forever at a not very agreeable joke.

She put a dash of powder on her nose, decided she need not worry for another year or so about lines under the eyes, and went on with her mental review of her fellow passengers.

There were a number of men who could be ruled off at once as utterly hopeless—young men on their first trip east, debarred by the terms of their contracts from anything but the lightest of flirtations for at least ten years. There was Major Morphiston, quite nice to look at, but, matrimonially speaking, a joke.

His one topic of conversation was his health, besides which he had no money.

There was Mr. John Tiller, who appeared to be quite well off and had a good job in Ceylon. "But his futility was so immense," said Jean, "you could have trained ivy up it."

That left David Field.

David was older than she quite liked. At least forty. Jean's last husband had been thirty-five. Now that she was rid of him she wanted something entirely different. She saw in her mind a paragon of physical perfection, young as herself, who would be the perfect companion and playmate of her dreams.

But it did not seem to be much good looking for him on that trip. And David Field was the next best thing. Also, he had started well. He liked her. He had engineered the place next her at table. She knew it wouldn't be hard work.

"We'll see," said Jean, having another go with the lipstick before she went on deck. Major Morphiston caught her, and enticed her to play deck quoits.

"I cannot be very energetic today, dear lady, for my digestion is all to pieces."

"We'll be ever so gentle," she laughed, despising him, although she had flirted mildly with him all the way from Liverpool, to pass the time until the Marseilles passengers came aboard. A girl must do something.

**T**HE lonesome woman who always reminded Jean of a horse, came along presently, and stood some way off, wistfully watching them, probably hoping they would ask her to join. But they didn't.

"Not a hope," thought Jean. Miss Champney wasn't in the least her sort. She was going to be a hospital sister in Rangoon. Well, let her wait by the rail. It was useful to have her around, in case Major Morphiston's indigestion took a turn for the worse, thought Jean, with a sudden laugh.

They were passing the Straits of Messina. Italy lay to starboard, like a kingdom in a fairy-tale. Presently David Field came along and told her to come on to the upper deck and watch the sun go down.

She followed him. Just inside the smoke-room door she saw Mr. MacMorrison, the clergyman, playing bridge with a rapt spiritual look.

"I'd like to explore that coast, taking my time over it," David was saying. He was quite a dear. Clean-cut, and tallish, with

the honest sort of blue eyes that could never tell any woman a lie. There was nothing glamorous about him, and Jean resented that. She wasn't old enough to be done with glamour, just because one man had failed her. But David it seemed, was all Fate had to offer her. Still, she wasn't going to rush into it.

They stood elbow to elbow at the rail. Her soft hair danced in little tendrils against her cheek. David Field, who was no longer very young, looked at her, and he thought that never had he seen so sweet and innocent a face. She stood motionless, regarding Italy, well aware that he was looking at her, well aware of what he was feeling. Men were all alike.

"Sappy," she thought, laughing scornfully in her soul.

He said, "Do you know that it seems to me rather awful, you traveling about like this, all alone."

Curious the way men think every woman needs wrapping in cotton wool, except the one they themselves have to look after.

"Why awful?"

"No one to look after you, do things for you."

"I'm accustomed to doing things for myself."

"Where are you going?"

She shrugged her shoulders. Then said, softly, "I am looking for happiness. Who can say where I shall find it? India, Ceylon—"

A sudden longing came over her, impulsively, to blurt out the truth— "I am adventuring around for as long as my money lasts, to see what Fate will send me."

She said nothing, turning her face from him lest he should see she was smiling while he looked at her, his heart in his eyes. He would have liked to ask her then—but he had only known her a little over a week.

He was a man who would have liked to marry in early life, but it had been impossible then, financially. And now that it was no longer impossible, he had grown too fastidious. He had gone home on this last leave, fully intending to do something about it. His mother in Bath had introduced him to many girls but somehow he could fancy none of them. He had told himself he would remain a bachelor to the end of the story until he saw Jean, that first night at dinner.

ITALY slid by, now far behind to starboard, its little coastal towns lit with a thousand lights. Jean said, "I have been too unhappy, you see. And now I want to get away, and begin life over again . . ."

"Won't you tell me about it?"

She leaned over the rail. Twilight fell, and below on the darkened water, white foam lay spread like lace.

"I married at eighteen. It was not a very fortunate business. I was desperately unhappy. He was very cruel to me. In the end it came to a divorce. So here I am, nineteen, and alone in the world."

She heard him draw his breath sharply. She knew just how it made him feel to think of her, nineteen and alone in the world. Men and their love! She knew all about it. You couldn't take her in any longer. She knew that he saw himself protecting her, shielding her. And in reality his protection would amount to—what?

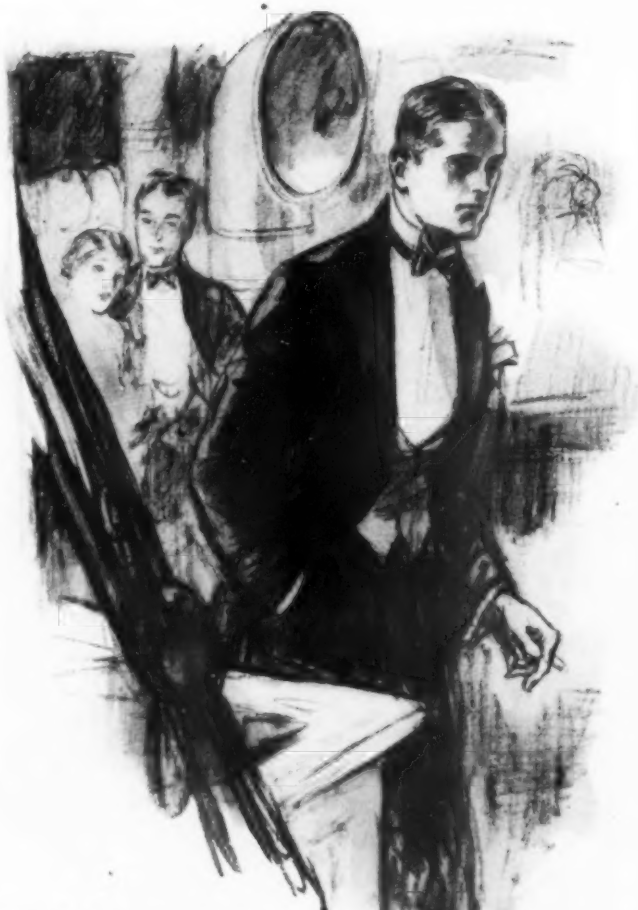
She leaned a little further over the rail. From there you got a glimpse of the lower deck and Mrs. MacMorrison, the clergyman's wife, with a fractious baby on one arm. She was trying to open a tin of condensed milk with a pair of nail scissors, while Mr. MacMorrison played bridge in the smoke-room, a rapt spiritual look on his face.

Men and their protection! She laughed secretly.

"What a beast he must have been." David Field's voice broke up her thoughts. She kept her face turned from him, seeing Ronnie's face as it had been when she delivered her ultimatum to him. She turned quickly from that. She did not want to remember Ronnie or any one.

She said quickly, "Let's talk of something else."

David Field cursed himself for a tactless fool, hurting her



When David came out of the main salon he saw them—heart to heart in the starlight. He saw the look, too, on Jean's face—a look that he had never seen on her face at any other time. Being David he did not dream of interrupting

with his vulgar curiosity like that. For a moment he was silent.

"You tell me about yourself for a change," she said. "What do you do and where do you come from?"

"I live in Calcutta. I've got a jolly house, now that I'm head of the bank. One of Calcutta's marble palaces, they call it. It's a good job, too, mine. But I feel that my prosperity has come too late in life to be much use to me."

"It is never too late," she consoled and waited for him to continue.

"I meant to get married this last leave, for it's a lonesome life out there, if a man is no longer keen to join the brighter Calcutta gang. But—well, I just didn't."

"Why not?"

He said, "I couldn't find any one I wanted to marry. In England."

Jean laughed swiftly, not looking at him. "Easy money," she thought. But she did not mean to commit herself yet. She wanted to consider things carefully. She would probably like the life in Calcutta. Wasn't it one of the gayest cities in the world? And David had a fine position there. It would be rather different from a flat in Chelsea, with Ronnie.

She thought, "I was an awful fool not to go back to the stage. I shouldn't have listened to Flo. She only put me off it because she was afraid I'd cut her out. I should have





waited. I made up my mind about this trip too quickly."

The main thing, after the business of Ronnie had been settled, seemed to be to fix something definite as soon as possible. Her money would not last forever. She had gone entirely by Flo Daintry, her former bosom friend, saying, "Take it from me, dear, there is no hunting ground in the world like an east bound liner. I'm off again myself as soon as ever I can sign a contract. A girl lives out there. And go in the off-season, if you take my advice. A girl has the field to herself."

**J**EAN had taken her advice, but she didn't have the field to herself. There was Maris and Fenella. And the men weren't up to much, really. No one with any money at all except David, and John Tiller, who had eyes for no one but Fenella.

"My wife could have quite a good time. I would be in a

position to give her anything she wanted within reason," David went on. "But I'm getting on. The girl I want, probably would not have me."

Jean changed the subject. She wasn't going to be rushed. She said, "Oh, the porpoises. Do look at the porpoises. The darlings. You can hear them grunt."

David did not want to look at the porpoises. He wanted to look at her. He tried to picture her in his big house in Calcutta, dispelling the loneliness that dwelt there. He dreamed of taking her to the races, to garden parties, while night, around them, became an indigo bowl in which stars swam like gold fish.

**P**ORT SAID produced nothing in the way of passengers but one Turk with a kit bag. Truly it was the off-season for passengers.

There only remained about ten days more of the journey, and Jean began to give David a little encouragement. If only she could have fallen in love with him, it would have been fun. He was a dear, and there was something agreeable about his face, and the nice clean straight look in his blue eyes. But she knew there was no such thing as love. It was all silliness and moonshine. A trap to catch boobs. It simply made her laugh to see him looking at her as if she were made of china, knowing all she knew of men and their ways.

One passenger came aboard unexpectedly at Suez, but he was no good, for he fell at a glance for Maris Templeton. He was tall and good looking, and might have been quite amusing, but was probably poor, being merely something to do with the police. Jean was surprised that any one could fall for that stuck-up thing. But she, strangely enough, seemed as pleased with him as he was with her. It was a case, and life, thought Jean, was a rum go.

Now there was nothing for it but David, as they expected no more passengers aboard until Colombo, and there Jean got off. So she leaned against his shoulder on those magic nights, when the world was an indigo bowl in which the stars swam like gold fish. She let him sit beside her until dawn broke the bowl and let the stars escape. She let him hold her hand. She didn't care. It would be shucks to Flo, anyway!

On a breathless night in the Red

Sea, David asked her to be his wife.

"I know you will think it's rather sudden, but ever since Liverpool I have known you were my ideal woman come to life. If you only could, Jean, my whole life will be given up to making you happy. I'm older than you, a lot. I daresay you'd find me pretty dull, but I'd make you a good husband. I'm not the sort of chap who thinks women should be kept caged up, either. You'd have your freedom."

With one's freedom in Calcutta, and plenty of money, one might have a lot of fun. She thought, "Really, I've been remarkably lucky." She let him kiss her. So innocent and gentle he was, as he bent over her, that she thought, "Gee, he just doesn't know anything at all," and her eyes were screwed up with humor.

But David never saw that. He was holding her hands and wondering why God had been so [Continued on page 123]



# I, Known For Six Years As Captain Victor Barker, Tell

# Why



Valerie Arkell-Smith at the beginning of one of the most remarkable impersonations in history. She was just faring forth upon her long, hard road

THEY call me the Great Masquerader, as if it is a title of which I should be proud. They congratulate me on what they are pleased to call my pluck in acting and living as a man for nearly six years, as if it were something I did for a wager.

There are those others who sneer and find all kinds of explanations, most of them unpleasant, for my conduct.

But how few realize that what I have done has been done of sheer necessity!

I became a man, I lived as a man, worked as a man because I had to provide for the one being in all the world who has perfect faith in me—my son. Alas, he thinks of me as his father, not as his mother. It is a terrible tangle but I have faith that it will yet straighten itself out.

AS FOR myself I was once a trusting, gentle woman but today I am cold, hard and cynical. As a man I have seen the other side of women and have found the majority of them nothing but "gold-diggers." They want everything they can get out of a man; they are never anxious to give anything in return. Men are little better. Their thoughts are generally of women, or of horse racing and money-making. The extent of their conversation is, "What'll you have?" Hospitable, perhaps, but hardly edifying, or in the long run calculated to ensure respect.

But now my great adventure is ended! After more than five years I am a woman again and I cannot honestly say that I am glad. I have been so much a man that to find myself really a woman leaves me bewildered. Why, when at Holloway Prison they brought me female clothing to wear, I had actually forgotten how to put the garments on. I suppose I have to reconcile myself to the fact. I even wonder what it will be like to be the object of a man's attention again after all these years.

To me at the moment the future seems hopeless; what chance have I, a friendless woman, among millions of others? I know

THIS is the story of Lillias Irma Valerie Arkell-Smith, the young wife of a prosperous Australian business man. For six years she masqueraded as a man. As a "man" she actually married another woman and lived with her for some years without her sex being discovered.

As a "man" she posed as a distinguished army officer and associated freely with soldiers.

As a "man" she joined the National Fascisti, led them in their raids on communists, taught them boxing and fencing.

She even lectured them on the perils of life, and the dangers of associating with women.

# I Masqueraded As A MAN

nothing about women's occupations. I have never had any use for their ways. I have a woman's body but by some strange chance have been endowed with the spirit of a man. Always have I wanted to do things and not spend my days sheltered because I am a woman. One of my earliest memories is of asking the family doctor to make me into a little boy.

Of course, in my childhood days, the fact that I was a girl did not bother me. I simply behaved as a boy and no one ever thought any the worse of "that tomboy, Val" for the pranks I played. As I grew into womanhood I was a little more circumspect in my behavior and was very much a woman. At any rate I never lacked for admirers and I had as good a time as any other young woman of my station in life. Naturally I enjoyed the attention that was paid me but my real happiness was in doing those things which are supposed to be peculiarly the privileges of men—working with horses, or dogs, or about a farm.

I was by no means a cold-blooded creature and the time came when I was swept off my feet by the adoration I felt for a man many years my senior for whom I sacrificed everything. There are thousands of women who have done the same in the past, and I dare say there are millions, who will do the same thing in the future, and count the world well lost! I only hope and pray that their awakening will not be so bitter as mine. It was my love for this man that was my undoing—it resulted in my great adventure and has brought me to my present position—friendless, and with no hope for the future.

Read my story and judge for yourselves.

**I** WAS born in Jersey in August, 1895. But my recollections of the Channel Islands are vague in the extreme for I was taken to England at an early age. I only know that my father, whose name was Thomas William Barker, was an ex-army officer, and

Six years later. With medals on her coat and the straight carriage of a military man, but with a face in which wistfulness and fear are blended



As a "man" she accompanied a deputation of ex-soldiers to the Cenotaph in Whitehall, the great British national war memorial, and there, on behalf of the Fellowship of Mons, deposited a wreath.

As a "man" she fell into the hands of the police and appeared in the dock of London's famous criminal court, the Old Bailey—and fooled judge, jury, barristers and police alike. It was only when for the second time she fell into the hands of the authorities—for a civil offense—and had to submit, at Brixton Prison, to examination by a young doctor that her secret was discovered and her life unmasked.



Placing a wreath, as the accredited representative of the Fellowship of Mons, upon the tomb of Britain's unknown soldier. This leadership of a gallant group of ex-soldier men, was one of "Captain" Barker's most daring exploits

that he was well known in the Islands, being a member of an old and distinguished family.

My earliest memories are of life in Surrey, for my family settled at Prior's Corner near Godalming, and it was there that I spent my early years. I remember going to what was called Huxley's school. After that I have a more than vivid memory of a private tutor's at Upavon in Wiltshire. I was sent there because some cousins of mine had been to the same place. They professed to have been very happy—but I wasn't. I was intensely miserable, and twice tried to run away. My people put it down to temperament—I have always been temperamental and highly strung—and it was only after great difficulty that I convinced them that I really was unhappy.

They then sent me to a Convent at Graty, near Brussels. There I was happy and during the holidays, which I spent at the Convent instead of returning home, I traveled about Belgium and some parts of France. There I acquired knowledge which, when I was posing as a soldier, was extremely useful.

**A**FTER two years, I returned to my home, Old Kennel Moor at Milford, near Godalming. I was happy enough leading the usual life of a member of a county family. Riding was, of course, my favorite hobby and I have never yet come across the horse I could not master. I got into the habit of wearing breeches for riding, and my father used to chaff me, declaring that I ought to have been a boy. I also became the assistant

scoutmaster of the local troop of Boy Scouts—Lady Baden Powell, the Chief Scout's wife, was my mother's cousin—and my sex did not interfere with my work in the least. I think the Scouts realized that I was as much a boy at heart as they were.

I was then about eighteen and had what I always have had—the urge to do something really useful instead of simply being content, as a girl, to dress in pretty clothes and wait for somebody to do things for me. I decided to take up nursing, and so in January, 1914 I went to the Surrey County Hospital at Guildford for training. The work I was put to sickened me and I gave it up and returned home.

When the war broke out I was yachting off the Isle of Wight with friends of my family. I returned home to Surrey and it was in the early days of the war that an incident occurred which I cannot help thinking had a deciding effect upon my life.

I was very fond of an officer in a Scottish regiment; as a matter of fact although there was no formal engagement, I used to consider myself engaged to him. He went out with the Expeditionary Force and then disappeared. He was taken prisoner quite early and nothing was heard of him for months. He was a dear fellow and I was terribly fond of him. If I had married him I am sure I should never have embarked upon my masquerade—and then I should have no story to tell.

But what is the good of thinking about things that did not happen; why speculate on what might have been? I have got to face facts—hard facts at that; but still I suppose I may be forgiven for dreaming of what might have been.

Well, many, many months later, when my life shaped itself upon another course, we heard of him again. Now he is married and my dearest wish is that he is happy. I am mentioning these incidents in my early life to show how Fate seemed to conspire to mould my destiny.

I joined the Volunteer Aid Detachment and after a time at the hospital at Haslemere (where I was accused of flirting with one of the patients, a Trooper in the Bays, when actually I was only talking to him about a subject in which we were both interested, horses) I went out to France. There I transferred into the ambulance section and became a driver. After some months at this work I came back to England for a rest, and then wanted to return to the Haslemere Hospital. However, they brought the Trooper incident against me, and I left disgusted.

**H**EARING that there was a remount depot near Reading where a woman who knew something about horses could get a job, I went there. The depot had been originally started by Cecil Aldin, the artist, but when I went there only women were employed. I did not stay long because I did not think the horses were treated properly, but went on to another depot at Bristol where in 1915 I started to wear man's clothing habitually. Of course then there was no attempt to disguise my sex. Every one knew me as Miss Barker, but for convenience in my work I always wore khaki breeches, tunic, cap and riding boots. I looked like a man, of course, and I am not certain that it was not this experience which gave me confidence years later to cast aside femininity altogether.

When my job at Bristol ended I went to help in a big private stable at Chepstow. From there I went on to another stable

near Shrewsbury still, of course, as Miss Barker. At Shrewsbury practically only women were engaged and it was here that I met a girl who was employed as gardener. We chummed up and when she decided to leave I left with her. Together we obtained employment in Kent, she as gardener and I as secretary-chauffeur to our employer. It was while there I met my husband, Lieutenant Arkell Smith of the Australian Expeditionary Force, who was convalescing at Cobham Hall.

**U**P TO that time my life had been happy and care free; unconventional, perhaps, but then who was not unconventional during those terrible years of war? Looking back across the years I think I am right in saying that it was at Cobham that Fate finally dined with my future and set my feet on the strange path I have trodden for the last six years. The Imps of Mischief must have had matters all their own way for it was by the merest chance that I went to a Bohemian party at the Old Leather Bottle at Cobham. Everybody knows that old inn immortalized by Dickens—a strange place for a modern woman's fate to be decided. Well, at this party were several officers from Cobham, among them Lieutenant Arkell Smith. He was attracted to me and I suppose I was attracted to him but God knows why, for he was very ugly.

We became friendly and after that evening at the Leather Bottle there was hardly a night he did not visit us at the cottage at which we lived. He talked to me about Australia, painted the most entrancing pictures of that wonderful country and at last he said, "What about coming to Australia?"

Being a wise young lass I said, "What do you mean? Do you want me to marry you?"

He replied, "Well, yes, I suppose so!"

I was fed up with working on my own; he had fired my imagination with regard to his native land. I thought of it as a country of sunshine and above all I thought of the horses there and I was thrilled by the prospect of going away from England. I said I would marry him and took him home to my people. They thought I was too young to marry—this was in the early part of 1918—but I thought differently and it was all arranged. I thought I loved him and that everything would be all right in the wonderful country he had told me about.

I do not suppose I shall be believed but I had had comparatively little experience of men and their ways. I had been taken about by any number of men friends, to dinners and dances and the like, but they had always been good pals; there had been no sex stuff. Honestly I was very ignorant of that kind of thing.

But why labor the point? My marriage was a failure! Those who are superstitious may attribute it to the fact that my husband gave me an opal engagement ring—it was about the only thing of any value he ever did give me! We were only together six weeks, and then I was back at my home.

By this time my husband had gone on to his unit, then stationed at Sutton Veny in Wiltshire. Although my mother said it was my duty to go back to him, I could not do so and joined the Woman's Royal Air Force and got rooms in Warminster. It was there that I was demobilized, and having nothing else to do I went into partnership with another girl and opened tea rooms in Warminster.

**H**OW the Fates must have screamed with laughter at the prank they were playing. To those tea rooms came an Australian Tommy, a private from my husband's unit at Sutton Veny. His name was Ernest Pearce Crouch. He made love to me. Whatever the cause—whether it was the reaction of my disastrous marriage or what I do not know, but I was like putty in his hand. I thought him the most wonderful man in the world. I adored him; I worshipped the ground he walked upon. I was certain that he was the one man in the whole wide world for me; nothing else mattered. Every woman will know what I mean; they all know of the one man who is to them everything—whose wishes are above honor and reputation. That was what Pearce Crouch was to me. He asked me to marry him. I told him I was married. He

then confessed that he was married, too, but had not seen his wife for many years. That did not shock me, so infatuated was I, and when he suggested that we should live together I willingly consented.

We went away first to London and then to Paris where he obtained a job. I was now Mrs. Pearce Crouch and life was one long idyll of love. I was deliciously happy although I had speedily found that he was not the man I thought him to be. Still he was *my* man; that was all that mattered and when I knew that I was to become a mother my joy knew no bounds. It was in 1920 that my little son was born. I nearly lost my life but the great happiness I had in giving my man a son pulled me through. It seemed to me all that was needed to complete our happiness.

But I was wrong. That happiness which was everything to me as a trusting, loving woman, had begun to slip away, although I did not realize it at that time. We stayed on in Paris for a little while and then returned to England where in 1921, at Hook in Hampshire, my second child, a girl, was born.

**T**HERE is no need to tell of my gradual awakening to the true facts of my situation—how Pearce Crouch was apparently tiring of me—except to [Continued on page 91]



Before her marriage had crashed, and her life plans had become confused and chaotic, "Captain" Barker was just a wholesome girl—full of tomboy pranks





The door opened with a bang and closed sharply. Mildred saw that it was Billy who had come in—Billy who was blazing with the white heat of anger. "I want you to understand," she told Mildred sharply, "that I'll take nothing from you—or from the rest of your family. I won't crawl in where I'm not wanted—"



*Money To Give Away And a Faith  
To Be Kept. They Are The Real  
Reasons For Mildred's Quest*

# *The* **Loyal Lover**

**T**UCKED away back in Mildred Putnam's mind was something that made her believe in love at first sight. That is why she didn't want to marry Ranulf Wycombe, a young English nobleman she had known all her life, before she left England for America. For how could you fall in love at first sight with some one you'd known all your life?

Mildred's journey to America was in fulfillment of a promise she had made to her Uncle Martin Putnam who had brought her up, just before his death. Uncle Martin had been an American and loved America more than anything else, but all his life he had lived in an old Devon manor house, because he could not bear to tear himself away from the place where his beautiful wife, Milly Harrison, had died during their English honeymoon.

The promise she had made to her uncle concerned the distribution of his vast fortune. Half of this was to go to Mildred, but the other half was to go to Uncle Martin's sister Ethel's children, Janet and Mac Holliday. But they lived in America and Uncle Martin had heard strange things about modern youth in America, and if Mildred found Janet and Mac unworthy of the money, then it was to go to Ranulf Wycombe.

One other person was to receive a bequest from the will if she were deserving—Louise Bartine, Aunt Milly's grandniece. But Uncle Martin had not known Louise's married name and he had heard certain stories of indiscretion concerning her. "But you will have to find out about that," he had said to Mildred.

Just before she had left Devon, Mildred heard that two Americans, a young woman and a girl, had been asking in the village for Uncle Martin. She thought it strange that after learning of his death, they had not asked to see her instead. The young women's names had been Lola and Wilhelmina Redding.

On ship the first day out, Mildred noticed two women who seemed to be looking for some one. Then a strange thing happened. When they saw Mildred, they appeared satisfied. She could not remember of ever having seen either of them before. She had a queer feeling. Could these passengers be the travelers who had come to see Uncle Martin, she wondered. And could one of them possibly be Louise Bartine?

*By*

MARGARET  
WIDDEMER

*Illustrations by*

JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

**T**HINKING it over, that seemed a wild idea. To begin with, Louise and Lola—or Louise and Wilhelmina—were different names. Also the younger sister threw things out entirely. And if they hadn't wanted to see her in Devon, why should they want to see her aboard boat? Mildred decided that her adventure and her quest were making her too romantic. Though it would be a good deal of trouble saved if Louise Bartine, discreet or indiscreet, would hunt her up instead of having to be hunted.

For the first time in her life, she felt a little tired. This trip was a blessed break between two times of strain. Mildred had always been one of those fortunate people who, unless there is something definitely wrong, are contented. And though the shock of losing her uncle had dimmed this contentment it had not taken it away entirely. She missed her uncle more and more. But it did not yet seem actual that he was gone for good. It was more as if he had slipped away on one of those little trips of his to London, to make the round of his clubs and of the book auctions, as if he would be at the old manor when she came back.

Meantime as she had never been on shipboard before, the novelty of it interested her. She did not try to make friends. She lay still in her chair the first day. The other chairs near her were empty; they belonged to passengers who were seasick, apparently. Mildred was not, and evidently would not be. She held Ranulf's box in her lap, a big expensive thing which he shouldn't have afforded, dear boy! Marrons, chocolates, candied fruits and in the very middle a tiny box, which, opened, held a pearl ring, with a note underneath.

"Don't forget me. Come back to me, my dear. And if you want me at any moment cable or write. I shall be yours always."

How wise he was! How could he know that this love and thoughtfulness at just this moment meant more to Mildred than all he had ever said or done had meant? Alone, starting off on this Puss-In-Boots sort of an adventure, without people who loved her around, Ranulf's steadfastness nearly won Mildred to sending him the unconditional promise she had denied him before.

But not quite. That story—the foolish old story that she had heard—of Uncle Martin's meeting Aunt Milly—that thrilling unknown experience called love at first sight—Mildred could smile at it. She could think she was of a day that was not as romantic as all that, but still it had made its mark on her. There was something she did not know and had not felt. This thrilling, certain love for Ranulf which was exactly like her love for his sister was not all there was to be had. And Mildred felt that she wanted all there was to living. So many people never got it at all.

**S**HE wondered when her curiosity about the two women would be satisfied. She had not seen them again, at meals or on deck. She turned lazily, stretching a little in the deck chair and began to think of the necessity for exercise. She was tired of sitting still. She turned and saw that the tag on the deck chair nearest her said "L. Redding."

She wasn't mistaken, then. Two such coincidences as the

satisfied stare at her, and the chair placed by hers, weren't coincidences. The Reddings wanted to know her, and the only reason that came into her mind for their wanting to was that one of them must be that indiscreet connection of Aunt Milly's, Louise Bartine. You could make Lola out of Louise, she supposed, if you tried hard, though properly it was a diminutive of Dolores. She waited with excitement for the next step.

Meanwhile she walked the deck alone, and played ring-toss with the second officer and evaded being introduced to a dozen motherly women who, she knew by their look, were waiting to take her under their wings, and show her how to travel properly on an ocean liner. They were mostly Americans, and though she approved of friendliness in the main, she wished that helpfulness wasn't quite so rife. And she watched the chair next to hers as a cat watches a mouse hole. She did wish she had Phyllis to enjoy it with her.

MILDRED dropped into her deck chair for a few moments late that evening and found the next chair occupied. With a thrill of excitement she turned to see. But it was not L. Redding—that is, if Mrs. Hawkins' information had been correct. It was the younger girl, Billy.

She did not seem anxious to begin a friendship. Indeed, the look she cast at Mildred was more hostile than anything else. She gave her small body a jerk that twisted it away from Mildred and turned her face the other way towards the sea.

She did not look more than fourteen, but neither did a good many other girls who were a lot older than that. Her head—a funny little sandy head, cropped uncomplacingly like a boy's—was bare. Unlike a boy, the lashes of her beautiful big emerald green eyes—the color of green water, Mildred remembered—were mascoared, and her lips reddened to an impossible scarlet. She didn't seem to desire to bother with her freckles. An honest but rather bad-tempered urchin who had been at his sister's make-up—that was the general impression she gave. She was trying vainly to light a cigarette. There had apparently been some sort of trouble in her vicinity.

Several matches went out in succession, and Billy said, "Oh, darn!"

Mildred laughed.

"You can't light it in this wind. They say only an Irishman can do that. Here, let me lift the corner of my rug for a shelter."

"Yes, I can," said the mannerly Billy. She tried again and failed utterly. She eyed Mildred to see if she were laughing, which she certainly was. She threw the last match into the sea and jerked herself up and away.

Evidently it wasn't Billy who was on the lookout. Or perhaps it was annoyance instead of a desire for her society that had made them point her out. Mildred waited for the next mouse.

It was not long in coming. But not with a bang and a flounce this time. The unmistakable L. Redding dropped glidingly into the chair Billy had vacated. She did not move. Mildred did not move. But Mildred began to feel, presently, that she was being willed hard to turn around. Something drew her. But the spontaneous friendliness she had given Billy—the amused good will she still had for the rude little wretch—withdraw itself entirely from the other. Mildred, quite definitely, was not going to make the first move.

FINALLY the other woman spoke. It was a curious voice, exquisitely caressing, yet managing to be a little abrupt, and breaking into harsh notes surprisingly when you least expected it.

"What a perfect night. It's wonderful to be able to be up here."

The words were the merest conventionality, but the per-

sonality back of them made them seem significant. Mildred felt the perfection of the night as if no one had ever spoken such words before. L. Redding had more charm than any one she had ever met in her life, a charm that made everything she did and was seem set apart, vivid, nearly marvelous. And queerly enough, with the charm, sweeping over Mildred, came as definite a feeling that she must fight it. Not, of course, openly. When any one makes a pleasant remark about the weather, the only thing to do about it is to make another one back.

"It is lovely," she agreed. "Have you been feeling badly?"

"The first day I am on board I always stay in my berth. The strain of adjusting to a new environment is easier that way," said L. Redding.

It had never occurred to Mildred that a ship was as important as all that.

"Oh, yes," she agreed vaguely.

"Aren't you tired of being still? Won't you walk up and down with me for a little while?" demanded L. Redding, with mingled pleading and peremptoriness.

Mildred was suddenly reminded of an American fairy book of her childhood, in which some absurd king had heard so much to the detriment of sphinxes that on meeting a very amiable and friendly specimen of the kind he dared make no other answer to her remarks about weather and crops than "Give it up." She was in danger of being as absurd as that about



The man looked up at Mildred, as if he too felt the knowledge of an old, and warm, friendship. His face had brightened suddenly, quite as if she were the one person he had come to meet

L. Redding and her fascination. Accordingly she sprang to her feet and began to pace the deck with the other woman. "Billy's so shy of you she ran tonight!" Lola Redding went on in her impressive, husky voice. "She thinks you are wonderful."

"I'm afraid I scared her off. I offered her a light and she ran," said Mildred, rather amused at this version of Billy's behavior—for if any one was ever far from being shy Billy was



"She's a queer little witch." Lola Redding spoke with a careless possessiveness which was somehow not quite sisterly, but rather as you would speak of some one you owned.

"Your sister?"

"No. My daughter!"

Mildred stared at Lola Redding. You might or might not like the face, with its high cheekbones and short pointed chin and sensitively cut mouth. If you did, she was beautiful. Nervous to restlessness, overgroomed, a little fashionably haggard, she yet looked well under thirty. The only thing, perhaps, betraying her was her manner, which was the impulsive, soft winningness of the generation of the thirties—not the offhand, bright brusqueness of today's twenties. She courted you a little and challenged you a little, both half secretly. She visibly liked Mildred's astonishment.

"I married at sixteen, quite in the romantic tradition," she went on. Mildred was to discover later that Lola had lopped off a year. But now, never thinking of age as a thing to lie over, she merely calculated that L. Redding was over thirty. That seemed old enough to twenty-three. Lola, with her uncanny sensitiveness, laughed a little.

"That seems shockingly old to you, I suppose. To me it seems—the time when you just start in to live and feel." Her face flushed suddenly with excited happiness.

She would have mentioned whatever her age was as the proper age for everything. Mildred felt cynically. Then she checked herself. Louise Bartine or no, she wasn't being fair to the woman. Why she felt this queer mixture of attraction and distrust for the woman she could not imagine. It seemed disproportionate.

THE night wind blew fresh as they paced up and down.

"I love being on shipboard," Mildred said impulsively.

Lola sighed a little.

"Where I am matters so much less to me than what I feel," she said. "Tonight I would be happy, I suppose, in a prison. I just heard from the man I'm going to marry— And yet—" she laughed a sudden hard little laugh—"sometimes, looking back, I wonder what I would have said if any one had told me last year that I could ever care for poor old Dud!"

Her mobile face changed from its look of perfectly authentic girlish happiness to a sudden scorn, gone as soon as come—

How could you love a man and yet be contemptuous about him, Mildred wondered. But when she knew Lola better she found that it was necessary to her self-respect to be contemptuous occasionally of every one and everything. There were times when apparently it was all that made her able to go on facing life. Overwhelmed by these too-sudden confidences, she laughed a little, politely and then she said:

"What is he like?"

"Everything Lewis wasn't. Lewis was Billy's father. He practically kidnapped me from the cradle. Oh, I must be fair—he was wonderful in some ways—but he was not kind."

Her words continued to be commonplace enough. Not so the aura of romance which blew from her like a wind. She made Mildred feel that her own life had been cold, unemotional, that she was cold and unemotional. The fact was that Lola had to see herself as a thrilling figure, and her self-belief built the picture so intensely that she projected it to others, if they were sensitive.

MILDRED did not quite know how to answer her curious confidences. Whether they were made

to every one or whether it was a special case because of the woman being Louise Bartine she could not decide. She was glad when the second officer stopped them to chat a moment. He was a good-looking boy, of a kind Mildred knew well, and she had made friends with him a little already. He walked up and down with them, and presently Mildred discovered that Lola was determined to be the person he was most interested in. She went on throwing an occasional word to Mildred, as if to hold her, but the main force of her aura of charm was directed on the officer.

For a moment Mildred wondered why. She was in love with and engaged to another man of whom she had spoken with genuine feeling. Why, then, thought Mildred innocently, this swift interest in a boy she would never see again after she went ashore? Could it be because he was some one who hadn't yet given her the sense of being succumbed to, that apparently she had to have?

Suddenly Mildred, who had at first been amused, steadied herself for warfare. She didn't want the second officer any more than Lola did. But it was a case of conquering or being conquered. She had never felt so about any woman before.

Something in her rose triumphant to the warfare against Lola.

He was a nice, simple, outdoor English boy, on one side; on the other, of course, he had the social sophistication that having to make himself agreeable on a big liner gives any man. Mildred could meet him on both counts, and besides—she smiled inwardly at the childishness of it—she could outwalk Lola, who seemed as fragile as she was overstrung.

She laughed and talked and watched, and she could see the other woman's temper rising and her breath coming short. She didn't feel that she was playing fair. And yet—something basic told Mildred that this was no weak foe. She must vanquish or be vanquished, not in regards to this nice negligible lad, but as regards Lola Redding.

It was at the cost of promising to attend one of the informal dances that night, and of promising the second officer whose name was Witham, the first and third numbers, that Mildred finally ended the threesome. He went off to his duties, flushed and elated. The two women were left alone together. Lola leaned against the rail, panting, her hand over her heart.

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid we walked you too fast," Mildred said.

**F**OR a moment she felt as if she had spoken to a wild animal. Lola turned on her with a flash of disproportionate anger, her whole face and eyes darkening with a fury like a frantic child's, a child who in another moment will strike and bite. Mildred had never seen a grown woman do that before. Lola began to speak, but before she had gone farther than, "You—" she bit off her words, clutched the rail behind her with both hands, and fought visibly for self-control.

For a moment Mildred pitied her. It must be terrible to live with yourself, and have that fury to steady down every so often. The instinct that pity was dangerous rose in her again.

Lola's face changed from that of the fury to a child's who had been cruelly hurt and was trying to be brave—

"Yes—" she gasped, "you did tire me. You forgot, I suppose, that every one wasn't as strong as yourself. You—never had anything to break you in pieces. I hope you never may have—"

She even managed a little, brave laugh.

It might have sounded melodramatic, in a woman with less attraction. But the words, in that beautifully modulated, oddly harsh voice, backed by the unbearably appealing sweetness she could put into what she said, made her compact not so much of melodrama as of tragedy. Somewhere, somehow, Lola had suffered horribly. The conviction struck Mildred with a force that nearly made her throw down her defenses and give herself up to the charm. But not quite.

"Let us go back and sit down, shan't we?" she suggested gently.

She slipped her arm through Lola's and steered her back to their chairs.

"You see, I'm used to so much walking in England," she said. "This deck seems inadequate to me."

Lola sank back in the long chair without replying. Her eyelids fell over her eyes, and for a moment she lay so, relaxed and apparently exhausted.

Mildred gave her a little while to rest, and then spoke again. She wanted to find out just where she stood with Lola, and if her guess was right.

"You were in our village not long ago, weren't you?" she asked pleasantly. "The landlady at the inn told us about you." Lola's eyes flashed open, and the look of anger flushed her face again.

"What business was it of hers?" she snapped before she could think. "Not that I'm unwilling to have any one know where I am, but women like that have so much curiosity," she

added more gently and then she closed her eyelids again.

"I was there just after you had gone, and she told us you wanted to see my uncle," Mildred answered. "Naturally she spoke of it to me."

"I see. Of course she would. I suppose I am oversensitive about being watched. I—"

"Was there anything special that you wanted to see him about?" Mildred pressed her gently. "Anything that I could do?"

"No," Lola said restlessly. "Nothing. Except be a friend to me. I like you so much. I'd like you for a friend."

**M**ILDRED felt more sure than before that she was Louise Bartine. And that she had been given some idea by old Mr. Whitney, between his visit and Uncle Martin's death, that there was some hope of her being provided for. But, granted this, why she did not tell Mildred so, instead of seeking her out without saying that she was Uncle Martin's niece, and had come to him to ask her for help, seemed a mystery.

Well, any information of the sort should come from her. If she wanted to pretend she wasn't Louise, it wasn't for Mildred to do anything about it. And after all she might not be. Her making friends with Mildred, her trying to see Uncle Martin, after all were not necessarily proof. She might only want vaguely the help Uncle Martin could have given her.

Mildred had spent a lifetime among people who, always with the kindest feelings, felt that Uncle Martin ought to do for them. It did not occur to Mildred to think the worse of them for it, though she kept for herself a different standard of ethics. If this woman had frail health and a daughter to support, and

knew herself to be charming, it wasn't strange that she was trying to attach herself to a girl who could help her so much. She might be trying to get a berth as Mildred's traveling companion perhaps.

The thought took only a moment. Lola lay with shut eyes again. Her mouth was quivering a little, like a grieved child's. In the moonlight her skin, delicate and transparent, looked like marble. Her soft gold-brown hair and her winged eyebrows were more golden, all her lines clear and lovely. She was grace from head to foot, lying there.

"If I were a man I'd drop down by her and beg her to forgive me," Mildred thought. As it was she was nearly doing it—or at least very near telling Lola how sorry she was for her, but the clattering of young Billy's inappropriate high-heeled shoes beside them, and Billy's anxious cry, prevented her.

"Why, Lola, darling, what have you been doing to yourself?" Billy said with intense concern in her sharp, little voice.

"Just the old neuralgic pain," Lola said in a tired voice, lifting her lashes a little.

"You've been overdoing again," Billy said, earnestly. She bent over her mother. "Let me go get you the lavender, darling—or do you want your tablets?" She's awfully easily upset," she went on to Mildred with a note of rebuke in her voice, "and yet she'll go on her nerve for days."

"It's all right, Billy sweet, I can stand it. I don't want anything, just to stay out here in this wonderful moonlight. You talk to Miss Putnam for a while."

Billy turned reluctantly, but obedient, to Mildred.

"Nobody knows how wonderful she is," she said with a note of defense still in her voice. "She suffers awfully, and yet she goes on being a regular girl, just the same."

"Yes, she is wonderful," Mildred answered; at the words a little light of being appreciated came over Lola's face.

And two things came to Mildred with as much certainty as if she had been told them.

To begin with, Lola Redding was not consciously a hypocrite,

## The HEATED MOMENT

**That comes with mid-summer may find you unprepared for the business of being beautiful. Warm weather complexions are not always easy to manage—warm weather clothes must be tricky if they are to be worth wearing. In the August issue of SMART SET the Charm Department—which is Smart Set's book within a book—will give you some valuable hints on both complexion and clothing problems. Hints that will keep you from being bored with your face, or your frocks, or the thermometer.**





"You've been overdoing again," said Billy as she bent adoringly above her mother. To Mildred she added, with a note of rebuke in her voice, "You should have realized that she's not strong—and very easily upset"

even though she had let herself seem much more ill than she was the minute Billy began to pity her. Whatever she said or did was done with conviction of its entire rightness. She believed herself to be above and beyond most rules; she believed in herself as the most tragic and wonderful of women. And nature had fitted her to convince most people who fell under her charm that all this was so.

To end with, Mildred was convinced that her instinct against yielding to that charm was a sound one. For, seeing the attitude of Lola's daughter she could see what Lola wanted of people—why she had wanted so unimportant a thing as the young officer's admiration. Lola had probably had Billy to mould into her ideal of human behavior ever since she was born, and the result was an anxiously willing slave. Billy felt more deeply than anything that her first duty and loyalty, and first thought from every point of view, was Lola-ward. Billy had no rights where her mother was concerned. Lola had all rights where Billy was concerned. And Billy was unable to realize anything else as a condition of existence. Lola felt that every one owed her an attitude like Billy's.

In other words, Lola was a neurotic, with all a neurotic's charm and cruel selfishness. And Mildred, watching Billy

bending over her mother with a pitiful concentration, which, though it might be partly terror of her angry moods, and partly loyalty unto slavery, riveted by terror, felt cleared of any necessity to be gentle or overmerciful to this woman. It would never be safe.

THEN the moment of clear insight passed. Mildred almost laughed at herself. Why, she was thinking of this shipboard acquaintance as if she were some one she had to spend all her American time with. Lola, with her cross little daughter and her tragic appeal, and her charm would be in her life three days more at the most.

She spoke as she knew Lola wanted her to speak.

"It's ridiculous, the idea of your being her daughter," she smiled to Billy conventionally. "She's your elder sister at the most, and for some reason you feel you have to pretend she's your mother!"

Lola's face brightened more, and she looked less shattered. And Billy, half melted.

"She's nothing but a kid," Billy responded with relief in her voice. "I have to downright bully her sometimes to make her take care of herself."

Lola sat up, smiling brightly.

"I think she was my grandmother in a former incarnation," she said smiling at Mildred coquettishly. "She rules me with a rod of iron!"

"I can see she does," Mildred answered, hoping there was no irony in her voice.

Billy went on talking a little eagerly, as if she were weathering a storm, and Lola sat up and began to preen a little, like a bird who has come through one, stroking her hair into place at the sides of her cheeks, straightening her smart, small hat, powdering, pulling things into place till she was perfect once more. She had disarranged herself a little when she dropped into the chair. Now as she lay, her smart pumps were crossed at exactly the right angle, her effective pleated skirt lay just right, and her short jacket fell gracefully. Her overmanicured white hands dropped into her lap again. With their knotted veins and slightly loose skin, they were her sole betrayal of age.

"Let me order you some broth," Mildred suggested. "That ought to pick you up, Mrs. Redding."

It did. The three of them sat and sipped and talked about indifferent things. The swiftness of their passage, the wireless bulletins, the fancy-dress ball the purser was frantically working up for the last night on board, Billy's fondness for romantic poetry and Lola's for collecting china dogs, the identity of the terrible woman in the soiled orange sport frock, the thrilling probability of professional gamblers aboard, the foreign countries Billy and Lola had been seeing together while getting Lola's nerves straightened out—

THEY had lived abroad, Mildred gathered, for some years, because their income went farther there. A year ago they had come back to New York for a winter, to pick up various threads of old friendship and association.

"But if you're poorer than your friends, you're just a bother to them," said Lola lightly, "and I can't blame them for not giving Billy and me a good time. After all, why should people go out of their way to be kind? But if you do yourself, you keep forgetting that it's not the way of the world. Anyway, Billy and I picked up ourselves and our hurt places and went back to dear, careless old Europe again. I didn't mind for myself at all, did I, Billy? But it did seem hard that my little girl couldn't have a young girl's birthright of friendships and happiness. Ah, well—I'll just have to love her more to make up for it."

Billy turned scarlet. It seemed to Mildred a needless humiliation of the girl before a [Continued on page 118]



# An Artist's Conception of



## THE HOME GIRL

***S**HELTERED, loved, protected. With a dream in her eyes and a perfumed promise in her smile. All of her lines are soft and feminine—and yet she is active, vivid, often a college girl, sometimes a trained athlete.*

*There is about her a sort of timidity that appeals to the average man and yet—given an emergency—she is not afraid. With no training—often with only a high courage—she has dared to invade the world of business when occasion demanded. And, in this different world, she has rarely been a failure.*

R. F. Schabelitz says that there are two of her—

# the *Typical* American Girl



## THE BUSINESS GIRL

**A**LERT, keen, steady eyed. With a firm chin and a mouth that shows both determination and spirit. She is direct—often quite impersonal—and she has few leisure hours. And yet, in those leisure hours, she has time to play good golf and better bridge.

Perhaps she does not waken, in men, the protective instinct. But she thrills them with a sense of comradeship. And, when the mating call comes, her high ideals and efficiency—learned in some office—help her to become a home-maker.

and that each one can learn to be the other!

*Even That Greek Sculptor, Pygmalion, Probably Grew Tired of the Lady He Had Created. So What Woman Can Hope to Hold the Interest of a*

# Beauty Doctor

By

WALLACE SMITH

Illustrations by AUSTIN JEWELL

**T**HIS is not a story about the movies. In it, be assured, no winsome extra girl becomes suddenly a star, by either fair means or gossip.

Nor does it develop that a handsome leading man, for all his ravishing airs, is really an uncultured poltroon, while the actor who has been playing dog heavies turns out to be a splendid sort of chap. Nothing of the kind.

The scene is Hollywood because it was in Hollywood that Dr. J. Stuart Leighton arrived with a deserved fame as a reconstructive surgeon, the latest devices for renovating faces and a professional manner, tuned to the boudoir rather than the bedside.

He had been gifted even as a student, although there were instructors who felt that his grafts were just a trifle flashy, almost bad taste. But the older generation is notoriously finical. Later, Dr. Leighton lectured at that school, showed them a few nifty tricks with pressure bags and glue masks and performed a Tousey baffle that was a mild sensation in its day.

Those who had been students with him said it was Leighton's luck, at his age, that his crisp hair had turned gray at the temples. Some said luck. Others hinted at chemicals. At any rate, those gray hairs at the temples did for him what a full set of whiskers would have done for a young surgeon in another decade. They did more, in fact.

It might seem strange that a reconstructive surgeon would bring his miracles to Hollywood, where the essence of the world's beauty is distilled. Yet it is exactly in such a background of loveliness that a mole becomes a mountain, and a violaceous line at the lip shines like a good deed in this naughty world, as some writer has said. The name escapes one.

Dr. Leighton was not the traditional scientist, mooning in his laboratory and absent-mindedly taking a young woman's pulse when holding her hand in the moonlight. One of his first moves was to join the liveliest club in town. He played a vicious game of tennis. He handled a cocktail shaker as deftly, and as readily, as a radium needle. He could tango without that grim air of determination that marks the amateur. Still better than his dancing was his way of sitting out a dance.

**H**E STOOD, for instance, with Myrna Lankershaw in the discreet, indirect lighting of the club's Aztec room, in that corner where the idol, Huitzilopochtli, indulges a stony grimace.

"It is true," said Dr. Leighton. "You are very beautiful."

Myrna didn't trouble to block or parry. A thousand men had told her this, quite truthfully, in one way or another.

"Very beautiful," continued Dr. Leighton, "except—"

Myrna put up her guard and her eloquent eyebrows.

"—except for two things, that minor deviation of your left nostril and the slight papilloma by your right ear."

"Oh!"

Myrna recovered swiftly.

"Clever work, doctor," she said. "Do I ask for an appointment now?"

"Please do not," replied Dr. Leighton. "Frankly, both defects are too simply corrected to intrigue me."

"Oh, really?"

"And do forgive my being sentimental."

Myrna Lankershaw went home certain that she had met a man who understood her. That line of her dainty

nostril and the what-you-call-it by her right ear were secrets she scarcely confessed to her own mirror. Two days later she called at Dr. Leighton's office. She went there in the smilingly skeptical mood with which women pay their first visit to a clairvoyant. Then she cancelled her social engagements for a week. She explained that it was for a complete rest.

At the end of that time she reappeared, more beautiful than ever. Her friends ascribed it to her rest. Only Myrna Lankershaw and Dr. Leighton knew that it was because the two unconsidered trifles had been erased.

"I suppose," fluffy Winta Edmonds told him, "that it's really a compliment that you are indifferent to my charms."

Dr. Leighton knew the value of permitting the other person to make his point for him. This was in the pergola at the side of the tennis courts.

"Now, what on earth can you mean, Winta?"

"I don't wish to appear immodest," she explained, "but your professional interest must be aroused by a facial imperfection. No imperfection, ergo, no interest."

"But I am not indifferent, Winta. And my interest is not inspired by the imperfection of your adorable lacrimal caruncle."

"My adorable what?"

"Your adorable eyes, especially the inner corner or canthus."

"Oh, doctor!"

**T**HERE was a good deal of talk, of course, about Dr. Leighton in corners of the women's locker room, at sessions of bridge, and on far putting greens.

First, in the women's baths at the country club—

"It's uncanny, Nola," remarked Betty Slosson, "the way such a desirable gent manages to remain unentangled."

"I don't see," replied Mrs. Bertie Roland, "how he can stand to look a woman in the face."

"What's so painful about feminine faces in this vicinity?" put in Kay Wardelle.

"Well, it's always been a mystery," responded Mrs. Bertie, "how a doctor, knowing so much about women, ever falls in love with one."

"Not even doctors know all about women."

"But this one knows all about women's faces. And I couldn't blame him for not raving over a mere face, especially a face without modern improvements."

"It might be difficult," said Betty, "to have such a critic for a husband."

"So sorry, m'dear. I didn't know your intentions were serious."

"Don't be romantic, Nola precious. I've noticed it's a failing of divorced women. He hasn't even offered to make a better woman of me by a triangular excision."

"It might be handy, though," mused Mrs. Bertie, "to have a man around the house who could do hocus-pocus with the classic features when they started to get not so classic."

"Stop, Nola, you're getting positively morbid. And the ink on your interlocutory decree hardly dry."

"He's a wily prospect," said Betty, "but we have some experi-



The doctor pretended to study the blemish with a close, professional scrutiny—for it was, in all certainty, a real blemish! But despite his courteous, medical manner, Galatea knew, at once—with a throb of her pulses and a thrill in her heart—that his slim artist fingers were moving across her neck in a decidedly unprofessional caress



enced huntresses hereabouts. One of the charming ones will land him."

"It will be amusing," Kay Wardelle decided, "to find out just what is fashionable in the way of feminine beauty."

Perhaps the wisdom that women so wisely label intuition does not function so well with doctors. Yet men did not estimate him with proper thoroughness, either. They looked on him as a man's man; they respected his technique at squash and they considered him a shrewd business person.

All in all, Dr. Leighton prospered. His office, a delight of sane modernity, became a cozy refuge and a confessional. He gave Casey Tolbert a nose to replace what the polo mallet of an opposing No. 4 had spoiled in a warm game three years before. He made Mrs. Gordon K. Gordon look like a photograph she had taken six years before. That's what she said. Dr. Leighton knew it was closer to sixteen years before. But no matter. He prospered exceedingly.

And all the time, Dr. Leighton was dissatisfied. The answer was in his hands, which were the hands of an artist. The work they were called upon to do occupied them but did not engage them. An artist's hands are never satisfied. He made tests with the latest pigmented photographic plates from Germany and devised points of improvement. It was at this time, too, that he began the experiments that led to the Leighton button, which was to shock his old instructors even as they employed his discovery. Still the hands were restless.

THERE was more talk when Dr. Leighton met Galatea Mordyke, after her return from a year in Europe. His squash fell off deplorably almost at once. One evening, in his room at the club, he left the whiskey out of an otherwise sound whiskey cocktail. But it was when Dr. Leighton cancelled his engagement with the club tennis professional, and devoted that sacred hour to giving Galatea her first instruction in the game, that things became openly scandalous.

Galatea Mordyke really had too much money to be pitied, but that had never saved her from the adroit pity of her best women friends. Galatea was as homely as sin is pictured in old-fashioned religious tracts. So homely—in that community where beauty in women is proverbial and truer than proverbs—that Galatea's sojourn abroad had been looked upon as a voluntary, sad exile.

Socially, Galatea was a country mouse, if you can fancy a country mouse in a Rolls-Royce special body, Lucien raiment and Bradstreet's. Galatea had eyebrows heavy and coarse beyond all plucking. Her eyes were so little and squinty that no one knew their color—nor cared. She had what is called, technically, a saddle nose. There was a fault in her upper lip, which made a snarl of an intended smile. And, as if that was not enough, the upper lip was marred with a mole.

All of this made Galatea shy beyond the leverage of her wealth. If she had wit it was forgotten. Male smiles are not won readily by patter from ugly lips. Galatea's humor might have developed teeth. Galatea decided on silence. Even when her closest women friends made their escorts dance with poor, dear Galatea.

Dr. Leighton's impulsive adoration was a thing to see. The country club saw a lot of it and, in its way, had a lot to say about it. On the night of the tournament dance, Dr. Leighton and Galatea disappeared in the midst of things. Her simple little frock harmonized with the color of his long, purring roadster. There was a moon that night that recalled all the similes made by third-rate imagists.

"This is the night," said Kay Wardelle, "that the cold-blooded scientist is flooded by the simplest of all biological experiments." "Doc's not a marrying man," declared Casey Tolbert. "He's too smart to get married."

"Casey, darling," murmured Mrs. Tolbert.

"I mean that doc knows he's more attractive professionally as a bachelor."

"Such naïveté," sighed Mrs. Tolbert.

"It certainly won't be an advertisement for a beauty specialist," said Bertie Roland, "to have a wife like Galatea."

"Bertie, darling," murmured Mrs. Bertie.

"You forget, precious, that I no longer have to make domestic apologies for my conversation."

"He looks at her," Betty Slosson said, "the way he'd look at a guinea-pig in a laboratory."

"Perhaps it's a sort of medical chivalry," suggested Myrna Lankershaw, "and he's marrying her not to make a good

woman of her, but to make a good-looking woman out of her."

"Go on, you talk like they've already announced—"

"Hush, Casey, darling."

"Anyway, it speaks well for our select little social group," remarked Bertie, "that no one has even hinted he's marrying her for her money."

"It's worse," said Betty. "He's marrying her for her facial discrepancies."

"Her face, you might say," added Mrs. Bertie, "is her misfortune."

AND so they were wed. When Dr. Leighton and Galatea returned to the country club after their honeymoon journey, there were two things at once noticeable. First, that the doctor's courting adoration had given place to an enraptured daze. The second was that Galatea's nose was perfectly formed. The first was tastefully ignored. The second threatened to be a social problem.

"The etiquette books are silent on the subject," said Winta Edmonds. "What does one do?"

"Is it good form, do you suppose," asked Kay Wardelle, "to pretend that nothing's happened? I'm a hound for the social niceties."

"Or do you," wondered Betty Slosson, "rush up and exclaim, 'Oh, my dear, what a charming new nose?'"

"I felt the same way," confessed Mrs. Bertie, "when Mrs. Double Gordon had her face lifted. Only in her case one sensed that she wished it considered that nature had recovered from an absent-minded lapse."

Galatea solved the social problem for them.

"Isn't it a perfectly stunning nose?" she demanded, with her smile still warped. "Just think, I picked it out myself. Actually. Isn't it marvelous?"

Dr. Leighton dismissed the miracle with a wave of his slim, powerful hands, artist's hands. But he continued to look at her with that stunned expression.

"And it's just a beginning," Galatea went on. "Next week I'm going to have—what is it I'm going to have, Stuart lover?"

"A canthoplasty and a canthotomy, sweetest."

"I never can remember," Galatea smiled. "But it will do things to my eyes, Stuart says."

"It's the same operation," explained Dr. Leighton, "described by Morax in the 1919 Bowman lecture—with a small difference of my own."

In that sentence, the artist was speaking—not the surgeon. And that look of his was the look of an artist at his creation, his unfinished creation. The country club thought it was merely the lingering idiocy of the honeymoon. The country club, you see, had never had any experience with artists. It did not know that an artist is almost always on a honeymoon.

IT WAS as an artist that Dr. Leighton operated on Galatea.

His strong, graceful fingers rejoiced in their magic. To the simple operation on the eyebrows, he gave the meticulous fanaticism of a Chinese painter working with a brush of seven fox hairs on an emperor's gift. With the air of a doting wizard, he permitted Galatea to choose an upper lip from all the classic lips ever painted or sculptured. And, having selected a perfect upper lip, he urged upon her an underlip to match it.

He performed the canthoplasty and canthotomy described in 1919 by Morax. More simply described than that, it is an operation to make the eyes larger. With Galatea it really made eyes, because no one ever had known the color of Galatea's eyes—nor cared.

Galatea herself made a slight joke on the result of the operation.

"I simply," she smiled with her new, perfect lips, "could not believe my own eyes."

"They are rather incredible," admitted Mrs. Bertie, and it was an admission.

"When are you going to remove the mole?" asked Winta Edmonds. By this time, no one at the club thought twice about asking Galatea a question like that.

"I hate to urge Stuart," said Galatea. "The dear boy's done so much already."

"It's in a vital, tactical spot," argued Betty Slosson.

"Stuart says he will remove it presently."

"Is it a difficult operation?" inquired Mrs. Bertie. Woman's intuition always functions with another woman. Mrs. Bertie's intuition was alert.





At the country club, watching Galatea became the most popular sport—and one in which both men and women joined. Her loveliness was without equal

"On the contrary, it's very simple," answered Galatea. "They call it a baffle or something and it doesn't even need a local anesthetic. The electric current, you see, is absorbed by the metal of the forceps."

"Indeed?" said Betty, who had sensed the rise of hackles on Mrs. Bertie's intuition.

That was the first hint the country club had.

After that, its feminine members watched Galatea's mole. The masculine members watched Galatea. Her beauty was a joy forever. If it might be criticized as having the coldness of classic beauty—and you may be sure this was remarked—Galatea made up for this by the warmth of her manner. The

wit that had been smothered bloomed again in the male laughter that nourished it. She danced with a verve that had been unsuspected. She was gracious as only a beautiful woman can be and her beauty had become spectacular even in that community where beauty is proverbial.

And still her friends watched the mole, with an occasional glance in the direction of Dr. Leighton. He was still foremost among Galatea's male admirers.

"He looks at her," commented Mrs. Bertie, "as if he expected her to vanish suddenly."

"Don't be hideous, Nola," replied Mrs. Tolbert. "Do you mean that he's afraid her face" [Continued on page 100]



*Drawing by John Held, Jr.*

## THE END OF THE RAINBOW

Pots of gold—this is the story—  
Hide beneath the rainbow's glory;  
But when young folks try to find them,  
Rainbow light is apt to blind them!

Rainbows paint each curl and dimple  
With a magic far from simple.  
Pots of gold? What do they matter?  
They're a lot of silly patter.

*Why Did Lindbergh—Who Never Glanced at Another Girl—Fall in Love with Anne Morrow? Perhaps, in This Intimate Characterization of Him, You Will Find the Answer*



# The Colonel's Lady

By

MIRIAM BERNARD

THE fourteen-year-old Lindbergh, in school in Washington, didn't care much for girls. In a blue serge suit, with a Norfolk jacket, blond hair ruffled and curly as it is today, he looked exactly the same. But none of the little girls who sat near him in class saw in him the promise of greatness. As a matter of fact they saw nothing whatever, for most of them do not remember him at all!

Young Charles was shy and very quiet. He spoke in the class room only when he was especially requested to do so, and practically never outside—to the girls, that is. It was different with the boys. They all remember him, for "Cheese" was popular among them. One of his schoolmates in those days was Herbert Hoover, Jr. But Lindbergh wasn't sure, until recently, whether the Herbert Hoover he had known in school was the son of the President or not. In the democracy of the eighth grade it was of small importance that young

Hoover's father was the food administrator.

"Think back—are you very sure you don't remember Lindbergh?"

"I've tried and tried, but I simply can't remember him at all."

This from the majority of the girls in Lindbergh's classes. And it seems the best commentary on what he thought of girls at that age! And it was an age when most of the boys were beginning to notice the girls. They would hang around their desks at noontime, or steer them about in an unsteady one-step in the gym, during recess. They would show off, during basketball games, if they had a chance. But not so Lindbergh. He seemed quite oblivious of their charms.

Yet if the little girls were so lacking in insight, some of his teachers were wiser. One of them, at least, remembered him with unusual affection. And when Lindbergh returned from his flight to Paris and was welcomed so tumultuously in Wash-

*The Author of This Article Has Known Lindbergh Since He Was Fourteen. From a Friend's Standpoint She Traces His Development Across the Years, and the Continents*

ington, she was among the very first to greet him. "Charles!" she called out over the heads of the crowd. And Lindbergh, from old habit perhaps, turned at once to smile into the face of his former teacher.

Never in one school for long at a time, it would be difficult to trace Lindbergh's fleeting friendships throughout the years. But apparently he went through high school and into college as little interested in girls as he went through the grades. And the men who knew him at flying school, and later as air mail pilot, all attest that "Slim" had little use for the ladies. Of course, there are rumors here and there, of one girl or another that he knew better than the rest. But it seems obvious that girls in general made no appeal to the self-possessed young man who was later to fly the Atlantic. So naturally the interest was very keen when his engagement to Anne Morrow was announced.

**I**N ONE of the cities where Lindbergh stopped on his good will tour through Central and South America last year, he found carnival about to begin. Carnival, in Latin countries, means a glorious two weeks' celebration for the entire population.

It is the custom to choose as queen of the carnival, the most beautiful of all the eligible girls, and she presides over all the balls—one every night for the two weeks!

The queen has a bevy of maids of honor, always the prettiest girls available, the debutantes. And they are truly lovely! Slender and dark-eyed, they combine all the grace and exotic beauty of the southern races with the pep and the fashion of the new world. Their costumes





are elaborate and beautiful. The ball rooms are gorgeously decorated—one to represent a French Court in the Eighteenth Century, another a Mermaid Cavern, still another a cave lined with gold where precious gems are gathered for display. Of course, Lindbergh's arrival made it more thrilling than usual. The whole city was gay and excited.

A preliminary ball was given in Lindbergh's honor. The girls, who knew nothing of the young aviator's character, save that he was tall, handsome and blond—a tremendous point in his favor—young, and very famous. They knew that he was the adored hero of all the world. It seemed almost too good to be true—Lindbergh and carnival! And, since it never occurred to any of them that any man, tall, blond and young, did not dance, they all had visions of at least a fox-trot apiece. Probably many a ball gown was planned to be put away afterward, for the benefit of future generations, as the dress that danced with Lindbergh!

Although they are intensely reticent with everybody else, the Colonel and his lady have already found that mutual understanding which is the basis of married happiness. There is one of the real romances of this generation



P. & A.

So their astonishment was great when they learned that he never danced. It was probably even greater when they discovered that he was barely conscious of their existence! He viewed all the proceedings with an extremely impersonal eye!

**I**T WAS planned at one time that he should accompany the queen to her throne, and should then pin a rose on the shoulder of each maid of honor. Some one saved him from the rose-pinning, but when he was told of the rescue he grinned boyishly and said:

"That was no rescue—I just wouldn't have done it! They've tried stunts like that before, but they don't get far."

He did escort the queen to her throne, but he retreated from the glare of the spot-light as soon as possible. He was glad to perform his part in the formalities, but he was quite as oblivious of the beauty surrounding him on all sides as he had been of the little girls with red and blue ribbons back in the eighth grade.

Nor could any of the young ladies, in spite of glowing black eyes and a charming manner, induce him to indulge in any small talk. One had been told that he would talk about aviation, so she asked him if it were not more difficult to fly across mountains than across flat country.

"Well," said Lindbergh, smiling, but not looking at her, "you have to fly higher."

Nothing daunted, she asked the same question about flying over the sea.

[Continued on page 117]

*This picture, never before published, shows the children of the diplomatic families in school in Washington. Here young Lindbergh, whose father was a congressman, is sitting in front. Does his far-off expression mean that he is dreaming of a transatlantic flight and a blue-eyed girl? Or is he listening for the recess bell?*





# PUBLICITY

By

WALTER

MARQUISS

**L**A FERN EADS, prima donna, took a third curtain-call and stage hands danced about behind the drop with pieces of scenery for the third act of Broadway's latest musical comedy premiere, "Be Your Age." As the orchestra swung into a cheerful entr'acte, a young man in a shabby tuxedo arose in an upper left hand box, and lifted a clean, clear baritone voice in song.

Sophisticated first-nighters, turning bland glances upward, noted that the singer seemed to sway a little on his feet. The conductor's baton appeared to hesitate, surprised, for a fraction of an instant, then continued its rhythmic beat. The World critic grinned sourly and remarked to his neighbor from the Sun:

"Sky's the limit when these producers start shooting at novelty!"

Arrested by the unexpected music from out front, LaFern turned back from the door to her dressing room, and peeped out around the edge of the curtain. She saw the singer, a tall, lean youth, perhaps twenty-six, unusually handsome, with rich dark hair and black eyes that glowed as if from excitement, or fever. Some one leaned past her to look out. It was Max Bender, the nervous little producer, wriggling his hands in anger and despair.

"Say!" she whispered, thrilling. "He can sing!"

"Oi! But he iss spoiling my show!"

**P**EERING out, LaFern saw two ushers leap into the box and seize the singer by the shoulders, while another clapped a hand over his mouth. Struggling, he was dragged back and down a flight of steps.

It was done quickly, and though many in the audience were on their feet, buzzing, there was a minimum of excitement. It was still the blasé first night. The orchestra never missed a note.

Kurt Russell, one of the newspaper men, whispered to his neighbor, "Say, this doesn't look like part of the bill! Let's have a look!" With two or three fellow-reviewers following, he made his way through a door leading to the stage, where the ushers had vanished with their prisoner.

Impelled by something which she felt was much more than curiosity, LaFern ran nimbly across the boards, pink-silk legs twinkling under her revealing skirt. The ushers dragged the disturber up from the

# To Only A Lucky Few Has It Given Love

Illustrations by  
JOHN H. CROSMAN

auditorium, and as they propelled him towards the stage-door, LaFern sprang before them. A keen wave of sympathy coursed through her when she looked closely at the captive. The hands on his arms and shoulders loosened a trifle, and the youth swayed, staring for a moment rather wildly into the lovely face of the young prima donna. Without warning he slumped, fell in a huddled heap at her feet.

The newspaper men hurried up, questioning, thrusting through the murmuring group of chorus girls and stage men. Jerking the fainting man upright, one of the ushers slapped him smartly against a cheek.

"Come on, souse. Wake up!"

The man's head lolled. His eyes were tight shut. The usher slapped him again, more sharply. LaFern felt a stir of anger; with a thin little ejaculation, she stepped forward, brown eyes flashing.

"This man isn't drunk, you silly fool! Can't you see he's sick?"

The girl put protecting arms about him, permitted him to sink to the floor, and kneeling, held his head in her lap. Indignation gave way to a sweep of tenderness. "Poor boy! Poor boy!"

A slight rattle proclaimed the rising of the curtain. The chorus girls had torn themselves away and were dancing out upon the stage. A lilting song which LaFern heard as an unwelcome summons, floated in through the wings. Max Bender reached down and touched her arm.

"Miss Eads! Oi! You miss your cue!"

LaFern looked up, searching the circle of faces for a sympathetic expression. Finding one on the Irish countenance of a stage hand, she commanded briskly:

"Pat, take him to my dressing room, and call a doctor, will you?"

As the Irishman moved to comply, LaFern darted away to get ready for her part in the final act. While she hurried through a change of costume behind a screen, she was thinking of the youthful singer, wondering what it was about him that inspired such extraordinary interest.

To be sure, it was in LaFern's nature to be sympathetic—as much a part of her as her glorious auburn hair, her delightful contralto voice, or her enviable ability to wear smart clothes in precisely the right way. Nevertheless, this seemed somehow different. Pity, perhaps, she reflected, or a stirring of the maternal spirit which had risen defen-





sively when the usher had slapped the helpless lad's face. Ready for her part, she waited in the wings beside Jackson Veach, the star. There was a sneering smile upon his thin, mobile lips.

"Found another drunk to play mama to?" he said with a surly drawl. LaFern jerked her eyes up to meet his.

"The boy isn't drunk. He's sick."

"Sick," Veach returned, "or nutty. But more likely just drunk!"

LaFern's teeth clicked together, and she made no effort to reply. But a moment later, feeling his finger-tip rubbing along the bare skin of her upper arm and shoulder, she faced him with eyes sparkling ominously.

"Jack Veach, I'll thank you to let me alone!"

His mouth drew into a thin, red line; his throat tensed for speech. What he was about to say LaFern never knew, for their cue sounded at that instant, and they danced out, wearing their stage smiles, looking at each other with the artificial light of adoration demanded by the plot. Here, though she hated it, LaFern could not escape the detestable feel of his arms about her waist, of his hot palms on her naked arms. Even one kiss she must endure.

He was a tall fellow, superbly built and decidedly good looking. Possessing a remarkably fine voice, and unquestioned ability to act, he had once been an idol of musical-comedy patrons. Gradually, however, audiences were sensing the man's intolerable conceit, the very quality which prevented him from knowing that he was losing his popularity. Neither did he realize that, to the members of the company he headed, he was the most enthusiastically detested of all actors.

Even as she sang to Veach of love, LaFern was wondering about the man who lay ill on a couch in her dressing room. Off stage once, during the act, she looked in upon him. Pat, the stage hand, and a doctor were there; more than that she had no time to learn.

THE act ended, Veach tried to detain her for a moment, but she eluded him and ran to her room. She did not look back to see that the star was glowering after her, gnawing his lips, unclenching and clenching his hands. She did not look back because she did not care what Veach might be doing.

The doctor had gone. Pat stood with his hands in his pockets, peering down at his charge, who now sat on the lounge with his forehead in his palms. There was an acrid odor of burned powder—some one must have taken a flash-light picture.

"Doc says there's nothing the matter with 'im," the stage hand reported. "Just weak and hungry. Them reporters have been in here and talked till th' lad's tired out, too."

"Hungry!" LaFern exclaimed. "Of course. Well, I've got a remedy for that!"

The hungry chap glanced up with a tremulous yet appreciative smile as she flung on a wrap over her stage costume.

"Come on," she said, and led him out across the alleyway to an all-night chop house. There, sitting with hands folded under her round little chin and elbows on the table, she watched him eat. Her impression was that only an innate courtesy restrained him from devouring the food with ravenous gulps. LaFern said nothing until he finished and looked up at her with an engaging grin.

"I guess I was hungry," he remarked.

"And that's no fun," she returned. "Now won't you tell me about yourself—how you happened to pull that crazy stunt—and all about it?"

He drew a long breath.

"Well, there isn't so much to tell. My name's Brais Lehrman—"

He paused, looking at her as if to determine whether or not the name meant anything to her. Apparently it did not, so he resumed, in a sort of humorous drawl:

"I've rather fancied myself as a singer, but I've never got to first base. I decided I'd have to do something unusual to attract attention, so I spent my last cent for a ticket to 'Be Your Age' tonight, sneaked into the box after the second act, and—well, just burst into song!"

"Nifty! But how did you know what to sing?"

He grinned again, depreciatingly.

"I crashed the gate at your dress rehearsal this morning. I didn't need to know very much—the ushers saw to that!"

LaFern put her head on one side and regarded him with a

twinkle in her eye. She admired the humor with which he accepted his unenviable situation, and yet she sensed an underlying note of seriousness which connoted ambition and a determination to make or break. After a closer scrutiny, she decided that she liked everything about him.

"I don't know," she murmured, "whether I can help you any or not. But I'll try. Will you come to the theater in the morning and let me introduce you to Mr. Bender?"

"Will I!" His laugh said, "Try and keep me away!"

With a bright smile, LaFern reached across the table and closed her fingers about his hand.

"All right, then. Ten o'clock sharp." She got quickly to her feet. "Now I've got to run over and change my clothes, and go home."

"Please let me take you home," he offered eagerly, rising.

Lips curving a little, she shook her head.

"I couldn't think of it. You go home and get some sleep."

This was a command which, reluctantly, he obeyed. When she offered him a loan his mouth tightened and he shook his head firmly. She liked him better for the refusal.

LA FERN went home to bed, but lay awake for a long time trying to formulate some plan to aid her newly discovered song-bird. That he could sing there was no doubt; the few bars he had produced before the forbidding hand was clapped over his mouth had revealed a voice well trained. His appearance—h'm-m, he'd get by on a stage.

When at length she drifted off to sleep, a nebulous plan had commenced to take shape. But she had gone no further than the phase of wondering how she could carry it out, and if it could be made to work.

At ten o'clock the next morning LaFern and Brais found Max Bender in his office, rubbing his hands, wearing a very pleased expression.

"Such publicity!" the little manager cried, bouncing up as they entered. He caught both LaFern's hands, then quickly switched his attention to Brais. "I gif you a chob in my chorus! Nobody ever said Max Bender don't got it gratitude!"

"Splendid!" LaFern cried, turning a radiant smile upon the abruptly endowed chorus man. A bit embarrassed, he shifted his feet and grinned, but before he could speak, Ted Richie, the lanky, red-headed, lazy-looking publicity director for "Be Your Age," lounged into the room, and Bender swung upon him with a glower.

"Why you don't think of somethin' good like this? What I pay you good money for, huh?"

"What's the matter, Max?" Richie asked with the ease of a man sure of his job.

"Matter! Matter! Look at this and this and this!"

ONE after the other, Bender pounded the flat of his hand upon three newspapers spread on his desk. Ted twisted his head to look at the accounts of Brais Lehrman's unscheduled appearance on opening night. It was what is known as a human interest story, all about a starving youth, befriended at a dramatic climax by a beautiful girl.

"Oi! That's what I call it publicity, Ted, you bum! And I pay you good money when I get all this free gratis for nothin'! Hey!"

"Not so bad," said Ted, with an idle wave of his hand. He turned bland eyes upon Brais, saluted wearily, and remarked to LaFern, "Ah, Fair One! How'd you manage to get out of bed this time o' night?"

"Be sensible once!" Max exclaimed, moving his hands. "Lehrman I haf put in the chorus. See vhat you can do with that now."

Richie spread out his hands, murmured, "O.K., Max," and sauntered out. LaFern followed him, leaving Max and Brais to discuss their business.

"Ted," she began, cornering the writer outside, "will you do something for me?"

"How much?" Ted put his hand suggestively in his pocket.

"Keep your money, millionaire! Will you send out a story that Bender's grooming his new discovery for the lead—to replace Jack Veach?"

For once Richie looked surprised.

"Is he?"

"Of course not, but—" LaFern wriggled the toe of her shoe, squinting down at it, embarrassed.





Brais led LaFern through the hall and pulled back a heavy curtain, revealing a long room in which a banquet table was spread. The table was surrounded by a half dozen lively youths in full dress and a half dozen lively girls in evening frocks

The press agent leaned his head against his palm, appearing to rest his elbow on something invisible, but solid. The posture made him look lazier than ever.

"Please don't tell me you're falling in love with this egg!"

"Oh, be yourself, Ted!"

"Well," he mused, "that will be a good story, too."

"Ted, I——"

"Don't worry, sweetheart; I won't release it till you're ready to drag him to the altar."

Exasperated, LaFern scowled at him, yet a smile fluttered at the corners of her mouth.

"Ted Richie, I don't know why you haven't been murdered long ago! Will you send out that story?"

"Why not?" he returned readily. "Did you ever know me to permit facts to hamper my art? She goes out Monday A. M."

Brais adapted himself quickly to the chorus, working hard, as if keeping his eyes on a higher rung. For two or three days nothing developed, except that LaFern seemed to spend most of her spare time with the new member, while Veach stalked in the background, glowering sullenly although he really had no claim to LaFern's time.

Brais came to her apartment, and there they amused themselves by practicing the three dances LaFern did nightly with Veach, and three or four duets which she also shared with the star. The girl was not stingy with her praise and her enthusiasm encouraged him immensely.

"Why, you could go on right now, and no one would ever miss Veach!"

This opinion she also told to Max, who rubbed his palms noncommittally, but said:

[Continued on page 133]



*This is Elizabeth as a young girl, before ever she became queen. Her starved childhood, and the craving for affection that influenced her whole reign, are mirrored in the chill, repressed, half-frightened face. Kindness, at this time, and a trifle of love, might have materially changed the whole course of her life—and of England's!*

# The Woman Who Never Gave

**O**F ALL the blights which may fall upon love, the greatest is jealousy. It is the stupidest and most ignoble of human emotions, without one divine spark to weld it into the glow of a happy romance.

A child of fear, jealousy kills charm in any woman, kills everything about her that has or may attract men. The smartest woman behaves like an idiot under its sway and even beauty withers in its hot blast.

Every woman should know it as a bitter foe and begin at once the fight against it in any form.



Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex



Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban



William Cecil, Lord Burghley

## Six Boy Friends of Good Queen Bess

*This Is The Eleventh Of A Remarkable Series of Articles, Entitled "What Every Woman Wants To Know"*

By  
**ADELA ROGERS**  
**ST. JOHNS**

Every woman should realize its hideous effects upon her, and learn that, like every other base passion, it can be held in check by reason and self-control.

Disasters follow in the wake of this triple-distilled spiritual poison, robbing romance of its bloom, destroying the beauty of love and rendering joy the prey of ugliness and torment.

Look what it did to Queen Elizabeth, the greatest queen who ever lived.

England owes more of her greatness to Elizabeth than to any other one person. What Elizabeth didn't know about the government, diplomacy, high finance, war and the people could be written on an eyelash. If she had lived in our day she would probably have been the She-Wolf of Wall Street or the first Lady President.

Her competition was certainly severe. But you could put Catherine de Medici, that suave lady who never hesitated to use a dash of poison where it would do the most good; Philip the Second of Spain, whose Armada was considered the latest thing in navies until Elizabeth got after it; and the beauteous Mary Stuart, who thought the crown of England would be more becoming to her than [Continued on page 38]



*Queen Elizabeth at the height of her power—and of her curious charm. The fright that lay in her eyes at fifteen, has hardened into cynical distrust. The repression has deepened into something colder than reticence, more humorous than craft. Though swayed by passion, selfishness and indecision, she never forfeited dignity or greatness*



Sir Christopher Hatton



Sir Walter Raleigh



Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester

**Some of Them Literally Lost Their Heads**

*When a Rich Girl  
Is Bored She Might  
Consider Going  
to a Dance with*

# Her Butler

GREGORY MARLIN had graduated last spring from Yale. It was autumn now, and he had just returned, penniless and happy, from a summer's tramp in Italy. His return had preceded the return of his Uncle Jeremiah Marlin from India, which was a bit inconvenient, as his uncle was to have had a job waiting for him in New York.

Gregory had to bridge this gap in his destiny and his sister Natalie, a senior in Smith College, urged a clerical job until the return of his uncle.

"I can't take a clerical job, Sis," Gregory expostulated. "The only presentable outfit I have is my evening clothes! Can I appear in those for a clerical job? Come now. It's only for a month. And fortunately this footman job I have heard of includes clothes."

"Livery!" exclaimed Natalie in dismay.

"But, Sis, I shall wear the livery of a footman like the uniform of a Hussar!"

"Nonsense, Gregory," answered his sister. "You don't talk like a footman."

"If I could talk all over Italy on libretto Italian, I can walk all over Park Avenue on stage footmanese."

Natalie was almost crying, yet she could not subdue a little tilt of amusement at the corners of her mouth. There was no denying that Gregory would be a dazzling apparition in a footman's swallow tails and knee breeches.

"Poor but not proud. That's my motto," said her smiling brother.

"You are incorrigible."

"No. I am not incorrigible. I am James Ponsonby. Doesn't the name just sound like a footman? James Ponsonby is my pseudonym."

"Pseudo James, eh?" his sister said, and could not keep back a real smile. "Well, if you must. Good luck—Pseudo James!"

JAMES PONSONBY, the new Joslyn footman, stood like a statue on the second landing of the stairway of Mr. Julius Joslyn's house on Park Avenue. He looked straight in front of him, just a little over the head of Mrs. Julius Joslyn.

Mrs. Julius Joslyn did not say what she thought to the new footman. She said it to the butler instead.

"Perkins," she suggested, "I think you had better stand James on the first landing tonight, instead of the second."

Mrs. Julius Joslyn went on up the steps in her smart hat, and her sable coat. James still stood there on the second landing without blinking.

Miss Joslyn was at the foot of the steps, reading a letter. She was pretty and nineteen, and knew what she wanted.

She looked annoyed about something in the letter. She noticed Perkins changing James to the first landing. "A promotion in the household, Perkins?" she said absently.

"Yes, Miss," answered the butler.

"I'm coming down to go up, Miss Joslyn," said James unexpectedly. His words were like an explosion. They were so presumptuous for a

footman—for footmen should be seen but not heard.

Miss Joslyn arched her eyebrows. She said nothing. She passed on up the stairs, folding the annoying letter in her fingers.

"What a pity Elmer can't go with me to the dance tomorrow night," she was thinking. "I meant him for such a surprise to everybody. And he is almost as handsome as mother's new footman!"

Miss Joslyn stopped suddenly. She glanced upstairs the way her mother had gone.

Nowadays girls of nineteen make clear cut decisions as quickly as big business men. Miss Joslyn ran to the first landing. She stood appraising James, much as her mother had done a few minutes before, but for quite a different reason. He looked straight before him, just a little over her head.

"James," she said, "can you go with me to a dance tomorrow night? At Mrs. Charles Grosvenor's house?"





# from Yale

By CLAUDIA CRANSTON

"Drive your car, Miss? Certainly, Miss," James answered.

"No! Go with me as a—go with me as a gentleman."

"Certainly, Miss."

"I shall let you know later where to meet me," Miss Joslyn finished hastily. "Of course you will—not speak of it here, in the house."

"Quite, Miss. Didn't I say, Miss, I was coming down to go up?"

Miss Joslyn reddened. But this was not the time, nor perhaps the person for a rebuke. She ran, half frightened, half elated, up the stairs.

James stood stiffer than ever. He had heard that rich girls took chances like this. What a chance! If he had not been he! And so he was going to a dance. As a gentleman. What would his sister Natalie say to that?

In his imagination he was already dancing, but in actuality he was standing like a cardboard poster on the first landing, looking just a little over Mr. Joslyn's head, as Mr. Joslyn

passed him, and turned around to look at the new man.

Nobody passed James without looking at him. That was the reason the astute Perkins had not put James on the first landing to start with. That was a flaw, in a footman.

Perkins came out of the drawing-room and tried to impress James with the importance of the first landing.

"You look h'extraordinarily well on the first landing, James," said Perkins. "But remember, a footman must not move nor speak."

"Certainly not, Perkins," answered James. "A footman must be like a pilaster—supporting society but not attracting its attention. Isn't that right?"

"H' exactly, James. But you always do attract attention. It's a fault."

"Because I do not yet feel up to being a footman. To look like a footman, one must first feel like a footman."

"Ow as I feel like a butler, and so I look like a butler?"

"Precisely. In this life, Perkins, one cannot possibly feel like one thing, and look like another. As a man feels, he looks!"

And Pseudo James felt like what he really was—a very sophisticated young man from Yale—minus money for the moment, but sure of a good job in a month's time—and without a care in the world. And as that was the way he felt, that was the way he looked. No wonder Mrs. Julius Joslyn had stopped to look at him on the second landing! No wonder Miss Joslyn had stopped to speak to him on the first landing.

**N**O WONDER lovely Adrienne Hazelton stopped and looked—and listened—when he made love to her.

Mrs. Julius Joslyn was giving a dinner party the evening she changed James to the first landing. The guest of honor was a great Polish pianist, for Mrs. Joslyn affected music.

From his point of vantage on the first landing James had a view of the arriving guests. Each must pass him to go upstairs to the dressing rooms. He was quite happy, thinking of the dance on the following night, until that invisible thing called "social consciousness" was suddenly awakened in him.

Entering the great iron-grilled doors, the young pseudo-footman saw a vision that thrilled him beyond expression. For as a poem is that which cannot be said in words, so was Adrienne Hazelton. Words could not describe her.

James saw her glance about the great hallway, and push her brocaded wrap back from her shoulders. She came towards the stairway. She would pass him! She would look at him!

It was then that the Gregory Marlin inside the uniform of James Ponsonby awoke to social consciousness. Sud-

It wasn't long before Gregory managed to introduce himself to Adrienne. And after that they began to excite some comment among the other guests. It was quite plain that they were smitten



Illustrations by LORENE LANE



James stood stiffer than ever. He had heard that rich girls often took chances but he'd never believed it

denly Gregory realized how his sister Natalie had felt about his being Mrs. Joslyn's footman! There were no words for the new consciousness. It merely showed him that what he was doing simply wasn't done! The lovely girl coming towards him must not see him wearing the livery of a footman.

She was looking down as she approached the steps. The top of her head was charming. She was petite enough that he could always look down upon the top of her head, Gregory speculated as she approached him. She was lifting her face. She was two steps up the stairway. She was going to look at him.

Gregory in James Ponsonby's clothes deliberately turned his back upon her. He was like a picture with its face to the wall. Over six feet he was. The coat of the blue and gold livery fitted in a little at the waistline according to the European fashion. His hair was lacquer black.

The lady of his solicitude looked curiously at the large and gorgeous back presented to her. The long legs in knee breeches. The white silk stockings. The black patent leather pumps. All were duly regarded, and she passed on.

**H**ER footsteps grew more and more distant. The faint perfume from her scarf was wafted away. The little metallic rustle of her brocaded wrap could no longer be heard. She had turned the stairs at the second landing.

James faced about. And there was Perkins leaping towards him. The butler's face looked boiled.

"Ave you been took with a seizure, Sir?" he asked.

"No. Yes," answered James. "Yes. A seizure."

The butler did not seem inclined to leave his satellite again. And at any minute the lovely lady might return. How might such a conspicuous figure as a footman hide a second time? It could not be done, certainly, if this old dotard in livery remained on the first landing. It was no time for finesse.

"Er—aah, Perkins, my man," said James. "If you don't get back to your post at the front door pronto, I shall, er—ah, be compelled to assist you with the toe of my boot."

The butler glanced up into the footman's face. Decided to postpone the insane scene as long as possible. Took the hint, and returned unassisted to the door.

And just in time. She was coming. Gregory knew her footfall. It was not the sound of it he knew. It was the feel of it. For just as he could not feel like a footman, he could not help feeling like a lover.

What would his sister Natalie say to his falling in love with a rich, Park Avenue girl at Mrs. Joslyn's dinner party? What, indeed, would anybody say?

And there she was. She was just above him on the steps. She was just ready to look at him.

He took out his handkerchief, and mopped it all over his face.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw a little smile at the corner of her mouth. He turned pink around the edges of the handkerchief. But he noted how slim she was. Her little figure was like a budding flower. The perfume again. And then she was gone.

She stood at the drawing-room door.

"Miss Adrienne Hazelton," he heard her name.

The name made waves all over the six feet of Pseudo James. He was intoxicated with the sound of it. Then Perkins was upon him again.

"Moppin' your face, James?" exclaimed the distraught butler. "Don't y' know, Sir, a footman doesn't mop 'is face at a lady!"

"I shouldn't have done it," Gregory replied ctronitely enough. "Not even a gentleman does that—much less a footman."

But, even so, he was saved once more. She had not seen him in livery. She had only seen the livery!

After putting Perkins in his place a second time, Pseudo James stood there on the first landing calculating how he could meet Miss Adrienne Hazelton—as a gentleman.

The idea of tomorrow night flashed into his mind. Had not Miss Joslyn asked him to go to the dance at Mrs. Grosvenor's? As a gentleman?

**A** GOLDEN web the Fates were weaving. Youth and audacity and dreams. Love and charm and surprise. Youth always with its tomorrow night!

While the guests were at dinner, Perkins put James at the front door. This was opportune. And a young college man who takes a position as footman is nothing if not opportune.

When the coast was clear, Pseudo James began scaling the peaks of Park Avenue society faster than ever he had climbed an Alp. He switched into the library and deftly penned a note. This was the note:

"My dear Miss Adrienne Hazelton: It was my wish to remain this evening at the dinner party in order to meet you. But circumstances beyond my control called me away suddenly—just as I saw you enter. I am hoping you will be at the dance tomorrow night, at the home of Mrs. Charles Grosvenor. I shall look forward to meeting you. Yours faithfully, Gregory Marlin."

[Continued on page 93]

# Marion Talley *Tells* the Cost of Success



Marion Talley in the title role of "Lucia"

In this article written for *SMART SET*, the famous girl prima donna gives her reasons for ending her career at twenty-two

**S**INCE I announced my retirement from public life, letters have been pouring in from admirers which read something like this:

"You're only twenty-two, Miss Talley, and you're already at the top of things. What wouldn't I give to reach my goal at twice your present age."

Such letters set me thinking about the outsiders' illusions of the next person's success. Evidently they do not realize that there is another side to the prima donna's life. They do not know that before one gets to the peak one gives up something very precious on the way.

In my case, it was my freedom. The moment I became public property, if you please, I had to make up my mind to live in a place and in a manner that was to the advantage of my career.

Let me assure you that I would have enjoyed nothing better than to stretch out on the beach and roast to a good healthy brown. I haven't forgotten how it felt when I could allow myself that pleasure years ago. But when I joined the opera I couldn't, because I had to preserve my looks.

I couldn't play tennis and I couldn't row. Why? Because if I had sprained an arm or a leg, it would have interfered with the performance. What would you think of a sweet young Mimi if she came out leaning on a crutch or with her arm in a sling? The audience wants Mimi tubercular, not crippled.

Consequently, if I didn't exercise, I had to take my well rounded body cheerfully, though fashion decreed that the twentieth century girl be slim. My private opinion is that it's unwise for a girl to permit herself to grow too thin because if she hasn't enough muscle to cover the nervous system adequately, she may develop a case of nerves. But a prima donna needn't be apprehensive, because she usually retains all her flesh.

It stands to reason then, that I couldn't indulge myself with delicacies such as girls my age hanker for. Of course, I love chocolates. I'm human. And I like rich pastries too. But if I couldn't exercise, I had to give up the cravings of the normal, healthy girl.

**N**OW we come to the prima donna's social life. Ordinarily, a girl of my age goes to parties, and occasionally "throws a party," as they say, herself. She permits every nice boy who asks her, to take her out; and if she doesn't, she's a case for the psychoanalyst.

But I couldn't have much of a private life, you see. I didn't

have the time for social engagements. I couldn't accept invitations, because my program was different from other people's, and I couldn't allow the time to entertain callers at my home.

This is one of the sacrifices one makes when she works very hard to win laurels, and then works very hard all over again to hold them. Success doesn't come overnight by any chance. Not a bit of it. No one gets to the top in anything by merely stretching out her hand.

**R**ESTRAINT and self-abnegation, let me assure you, take a lot of joy out of life. You've got to make a conscious effort all the time to keep fit. Nor does one get much pleasure living in a place she has to choose in deference to her career. For my own part, I prefer the farm and the great open spaces; the place I had to live in was an apartment in a great big house in the heart of New York City where you don't see a blade of grass.

I am not attempting to deprecate the fact that success has rewards. For instance, the year I made my debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, I accumulated a staggering pile which is enough to live on comfortably in retirement the rest of my life. I can afford luxuries, and I can aspire to one of the most expensive apartments if I want to spend my money that way.

But I was brought up very simply, and I don't intend to change my ways for effect. I am sure it would not have made me any more popular with my audiences if I had handed out ten thousand dollars a year for rent, and if I had adorned myself in five hundred dollar gowns for private use, worn them once and given them to the maid.

As a matter of fact, we don't employ a maid. Our place is only moderately large and simply furnished, and mother and my sister Florence manage the house very easily without feeling spent at the end of the day.

Years ago when Florence and I [Continued on page 128]

# "Just Mention My Name"

By

MILT  
GROSS

(Pictures, Too)



"Your car's  
waiting, Sir!"

THE next oily specimen of a racoon-coated mammal, with a waxed up mustache, that sidles up to me and smirks in my ears the words: 'Just mention my name'—either gets a starved octopus planted in his bathtub, or so help me, I'll hide in his Christmas tree with a machine gun!

"Well, at any rate, I guarantee you that within one hour after he wallops me on the back, blows a noseful of smoke in my good eye and says, 'Ask for Alderman Schmeerkaze and just mention my name'—within one hour of that, mark you, the Police Commissioner will be on the scene with two cops and a sergeant making notes and agreeing that it's another 'Murders in the Rue Morgue' job—because only an escaped orang-outang with a meat cleaver would perform as nifty a vaccinating as I'll do on him."

Thus did Mr. Fungus Wooch expound his sentiments as we sat comfortably in the crowded back room of Riley's, the night after it was raided.

"Lookit that hand," he went on, extending a bony member that shook like a state's witness in a Chicago trial. "And I used to be a wrestler once—! Ah, once I was a happy man long ago! Now I scream in my sleep and I sit around contemplating perfect crimes. It all came about like this."

And he told us the sad story. And here it is as he told it.

IT WAS one of those glorious exigencies in a fellow's lifetime that takes years to work up to. I had my work at the office all even up and laid out to take care of itself for three weeks. All my kids had been through their measles, mumps and whooping cough for the year, and my wife's aunt and uncle were threatening a visit. So all told it was a rare ripe moment to Southward ho for a two weeks' trip to Bermuda or some such place.

The missus was one of all those in favor of the proposition, and everything was Jake. I had a nice starboard stateroom all reserved on the President Cleveland. We were going to take in a show the night before sailing, when into my life came the jinx.

It was entitled Mack McSalty and it was some kind of a bum newspaper man, with a cane and no underwear who used our office sink as a headquarters to wash his shirt in, and never let us get a word in edgewise in the restaurant except, "Check please." He also used the words, "till Saturday," quite frequently.

So when he'd snooped the info somewheres about me having made reservations, he shook his head sadly and spake thuswise:



"Hello! Gimme police headquarters"



# Read and Laugh!

## Showing Up the Pest Who Is Always Butting In and Can Fix Up Anything Except Himself

"Why do you do these things without seein' me? Call up these birds at once and cancel them tickets."

"But my trunks," I says.

"Will ya please leave all that to me, and just call 'em up as I tell you to," he came back.

I don't know why I did it but I did it.

"Now," he says, "we'll do this thing right. I'll getcha on one of the new boats. You'll sit at the captain's table, of course, and I'll give ya a note to the chief steward and Hugo, the barber. Do I know that mob? Say, lissen. There was once a young fellow sailin' boats in Central Park Lake, till I sent him down to the president of the line. He's doing well now, I believe. Captain Fried is his name. Do you want photographers at the pier? No? O.K. Now you meet me tomorrow, and we'll bust right in on the Mussolini of the outfit and get you the minimum rate. Then I'll have some letters for you to the big guys down where your going. By the way what are you doing tonight?"

"Well, we were going to take in a show."

"Payin' for tickets I suppose! I thought so!! Well, lissen now. You just go right up to the box office and two tickets will be there in your name. Leave it to me. If somethin' goes wrong just mention my name to the guy."

Well, being one of those native New Yorkers that responds to the thrill of pulling wires, I call the missus and we think it's only proper to invite our powerful McSalty for dinner.

All during the meal we hear of such big deals as how Scarface Capone was just an amateur picking pennies off newsstands till Mack took him in hand and other achievements of similar ilk. Then making a note to have our lease busted for us and to have my wife's brother-in-law appointed on the police force, he ducks, and we head for the theater all smoked up now that we're in with big people. I get to the box office.

"Two seats please in the name of Wooch," I pipe at pokerface behind the window.

"Lefkowitz, did you say?" he asks.

"Wooch," says I. "Dubblyoo, Dubblo, See, Haiche, Wooch!"

"Could it be Witzeldorfer?" he inquires.

"It could be John Roach Straton," says I, "but it ain't, it's Wooch."

"Deefenwilliger???"

"Nope, still Wooch, no change. Guess again."

ALL this time I'm grinning to myself, figuring the ace in the hole I had and that the minute I'd breathe the magic word, McSalty, they'd throw Otto Kahn and party right out of a box for us. So I let pokerface tire himself out a bit bouncing names at me and then I decide to let him have it.

"McSalty," I ripple, drawing up to my full five-foot nine.

"Stand back to one side please. You're holding up the line."

"But McSalty—"



"Did you ring, Sir?"

Well, I McSaltied out there right up to the exit march. The net result being that we found that our boiler, which I had left parked on Sixth Avenue in the excitement, had been carted off to the West Forty-seventh Street Police Station by the Street Cleaning Department in accordance with New Traffic Regulation H 2047 P. J. and it would cost ten bucks to get it out.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" I shoot at the sergeant on duty. "Pardon me while I discreetly turn aside. It's rude to laugh right in one's face. Keep the car, my good man, till my friend McSalty hears this. Then Grover can drive it up to my garage."

YOU can see that the horrible jinx had already gotten me in its claws.

My wife kindly refrains from comments on the way home. Two A.M. the phone rings.

"McSalty speaking."

"Yeah, well we went to the box office—"

"Never mind that now. Got great news for you. I can't meet you myself tomorrow. Gotta go out to Weehawken on a big story, but I got it all fixed up. You're sitting pretty kiddo!! Now tomorrow mornin' just go down to Pier 46, foot of Wall Street and ask for Mister Beezark, and tell him you're the guy I spoke to him about. It's all set. He's the big mug down there and I'm aces with him."

Then I tell him about the car and the summons.

"Oh, you did, huh," he laughs. "What's the cop's name on it? Klopstein? O.K. Just tear it up and forget you ever got it!!"

"But suppose—"

"—Then tomorrow morning on [Continued on page 132]

*A Very Modern Cinderella  
Finds Her Prince Charm-  
ing and Happiness in This  
Concluding Instalment of*

# Life Isn't

**W**HEN Kelly March saw Esta Gerald's bronze-colored head looking over the roof of a dairy shop in Hardwick Street, London, this sophisticated, saturnine millionaire knew that she was the girl he wanted as his secretary on a business trip to California.

That's how Esta happened to find herself aboard a liner bound for America in less than a week. She was a little bewildered amidst the splendors of the trip and by the attentions of Sir Tudor Charles, an impoverished young nobleman, who was March's other secretary. Yet she was troubled about March's attitude towards her. He seemed to be testing her and to disapprove of her interest in Sir Tudor.

It was not until she arrived in California that Esta learned that her brother Bobs had returned to London from Australia with a million dollars and that he and Tiny Ma, her mother, were traveling in Italy.

In Rome, Tiny Ma was having misgivings about her new-found romance too. It was because of Pamela Mackinnon. Ma could see that Bobs adored this beautiful woman who had trailed him from Australia—this woman, who had run away from her husband, Bobs' former employer in Australia. It was because of her actions that Bobs' employer had willed his entire fortune to Bobs.

But Esta did not know these things until she arrived in Rome. Nor did she foresee that Bobs might think Tudor a fortune-hunter and withhold the three thousand pounds a year he had promised her.

Well, money wasn't everything, Esta thought, and as long as she and Tudor loved each other, nothing else mattered. But every one seemed to be in league to prevent her marriage to Tudor. After a party one night, March made her return Tudor's ring, and the next morning Bobs burst into her room before breakfast and without any preliminaries demanded:

"Now, sister, who is this sap you've picked up with anyway?"

**E**STA played her childhood's game. When she was furious she used to ignore the person who made her furious. Bobs remembered it well. His sister sitting up in bed, as charming a picture of young womanhood as he had ever seen, wore on her face the same faint, vexing, sphinxlike smile that Esta, the child, had worn on a hundred occasions years ago. Loving her, he had always wanted to slap her then; loving her, he knew he could slap her now. He was very much man-of-the-family, and there was a knock coming to Esta.

He braced himself, feeling humiliatingly tender. He squared his shoulders, hunched them, thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his silk dressing-gown. He began again:

"This Tudor Charles, Esta, I don't like the cut of him. Who is he?"

Keeping the sphinxlike little smile on her face, she poured her chocolate. She heaped whipped cream in, and only then did she answer, lazily, but as if in surprise:

"What do you want to know? His family history, prospects or what? And why do you want to know, Bobs?"



Esta knew that she could not be seen from that lighted room. She watched breathlessly as Kelly's hand went slowly down into the drawer of the desk—she cried out as the revolver came into view

Now Robert administered the slap he thought was coming to her.

"I want to know because of that settlement I was proposing to make on you, Esta."

Her long eyelashes almost rested on her cheeks. She sat very still; her heart thumped, and sank. Robert's voice continued:

"In any case, I was proposing to tie it up pretty tightly; women make such fools of themselves over men, and women with money are the prey of all sorts of rotters that women without money never meet. Money, Esta, money is dangerous. It's fine for a woman to have it, but it's dangerous. Now about this Tudor Charles? Does he think you're poor, or that you're going to be well-off?"

# So Bad

By MAY  
EDGINTON

Illustrations  
by  
HARLEY  
ENNIS  
STIVERS



"Does it matter to you what he thinks, Bobs?" she hedged.

"Yes. When my only sister's in question."

"I'm grown up, my dear."

"In some ways women never grow up—not like men do."

A curl of Esta's lips indicated faintly what she thought of the infallibility of men. She was already angry because she was so apprehensive for her happiness with Tudor, and she could hardly have helped that curl of the lip. Bobs' superiority! His affectation of wisdom, when she and every one else could see quite plainly what was happening to himself! There was that lovely divorcée who had followed him to Europe, and tracked him down, bent on getting back that fortune that she had once—and so vainly—thrown away. Who

was Bobs to give a lecture on foolishness, she wondered.

And Esta's anger said to her, "He is the man who holds the purse." And her anger tried to refuse to believe that the purse was the key to the situation.

"You can sneer," said Bobs.

She remembered the sound of effort in his voice when he tried to control it.

"I am not sneering," Esta replied.

"Yes," said Bobs, becoming a little more hectoring, though. Heaven knew, he did not want at all to hector Esta, "you are sneering, my child. Well, don't sneer. You and I have got to talk this out calmly and rationally. I'm the head of the family, Esta—"

"What is a head of the family, and why are you it?" said she, faintly smiling.

"Find out!" Bobs replied inelegantly. "There won't be any mystery about it, I assure you. Do you want the income, or don't you, Esta?"

"Three thousand a year? It is possible that I might enjoy it, my dear."

"Then, my dear, let me tell you that it depends on your cutting out Tudor Charles. What you do about other men

subsequently, I shan't be able to help, but I can at least see that he's cleared out before I make you an independent lady of fortune."

"Why do you dislike him so?" she asked almost tremblingly.

"Dislike him? I neither like nor dislike him. I don't consider him in my plan of life at all."

"Your plan of life! Isn't it mine?"

"Put it like that if you like."

"I do put it like that," said Esta, trembling.

"Very well, it's him or the money," said Bobs, cruelly blunt.

"If you must know," Esta began with an effort, and then, flinging away everything but defiance, "I choose him!"

"Will he marry you if you haven't a penny?" Bobs pressed on.

"How dare you ask such a thing? He loves me!"

"Or," Bobs pressed on, "will he renounce you nobly, say he wouldn't take such a sacrifice from you? And all the rest of it. He's a glib chap. No doubt he'll get out creditably."

"Get out of here creditably yourself, if you can," said Esta.

**H**E STARED. She wasn't really determined, was she, his little sister? She couldn't really be going to throw herself away on this fortune-hunting baronet? And he said, after a pause, "No, Esta, I'm not going. Not till we've had this out, anyway. I'm very fond of you—"

"You've a queer way of showing it," she cried bitterly.

"It's the right way, Esta."

"You would think so."

"I want to protect you."

"Only I don't need your protection, Bobs. I shall soon have Tudor's."

"And a nice sort of protection that will be! You're not going to marry your Tudor, my girl, and don't you think it. Now, Esta, are you prepared to go to him and say that your brother won't countenance it, and will give you nothing?"

"Absolutely."

"Very well. I'm content to let it take its course then."

Esta had seen the softening of his heart, as in the old days. But he hardened again on that resolution, and merely stood looking at her, shoulders hunched, hands in pockets.

"You're going to be very much surprised," she said levelly.

"The boot's on the other leg, old girl."

"You have a great idea of human nature, haven't you?"

"I have a pretty correct idea of human nature. A man has to learn it—a good rough working idea, and don't you make any mistake about that!"

"So much for your opinion of yourself," said Esta. And now she lighted a cigarette, and was gratified if amazed to see that her cold fingers were steady. "You talk about women making fools of themselves over men, my dear, but what about you? What are you doing?"

"I?"

"You. With that Mackinnon woman?"

SHE couldn't help it, couldn't help slapping Bobs back hard. A brother-and-sister quarrel would relieve the tension, yes, a real ding dong quarrel. "Only," whispered Esta's heart, "at what a cost? Yes, this is going to cost something! But it shan't cost me Tudor at any rate. No, let the money go," cried her raging heart, "but not Tudor."

There was a stillness and a chilliness about the morning beauty of that room after Esta had made this *riposte*. And then Bobs spoke coldly:

"You speak of Mrs. Mackinnon?"

"Who obviously trailed you across the world. Have you fallen yet? We all thought so, last night. How," said Esta, not knowing or caring for the truth or the untruth of her statements, "every one laughed at you, in secret."

"Mrs. Mackinnon and I shall be married here, before we leave Rome."

"Ah, she succeeded pretty thoroughly. It came off."

"None of that, Esta."

"You've made a precious fool of yourself, my dear Bobs."

"That ends this discussion," said her brother. "And you can look after yourself. I'll never trust you with a farthing."

"Your Pamela will want it all, no doubt. She won't be a cheap toy."

"How dare you speak of her like that?"

"I speak of her as you spoke of Tudor."

He snapped his fingers! "That sap!"

Now it was a big quarrel for which there was no settlement; now one could glory in it, and stimulate one's unhappy, fainting heart thereby. And one was, secretly, so miserably uncertain. Tudor—yes, he made one miserably uncertain. One envied, so jealously, Bobs and Pamela. Yet one hated Bobs and Pamela somehow. It wasn't right, but one was so unhappy—

"I'm going to talk to you," said Bobs.

"I asked you to go. Mr. Kelly is paying for this room. You've no rights over me."

"I'm going to talk to you. You've got yourself wound up in a regular tangle of infatuation over this fellow. You're not in love with him, couldn't be. If you clear him out, you know what my offer is. Marry him, and you'll take your chance. But he won't marry you. That part of it will be all right. As for Pamela, you may leave her out of the business. When you've apologized to me for what you've said of her—"

"When you've apologized to me for what you've said of Tudor—"

A SHARP ringing of the telephone. She took a breath of relief at the interruption, and lifted the receiver. Kelly March spoke.

"Miss Gerald?—Esta. We start for London in an hour. You can be ready?"

"I? I'm in bed."

"I shall be obliged if you'll get up, and be ready in an hour. You're not entirely unpacked, are you? Good. We get the express to Paris, and then we'll fly over. I've got business—very important—in London. Be ready. Good-by."

As his voice ceased, she clacked back the receiver. Here was dilemma. She must see Tudor alone for a few minutes before she met him again on a business footing. She wouldn't go. And pausing in her fierce anger with Bobs, she looked up at him. He thought what a child she looked, sitting up in bed, lace jacket over silk night gown, tumbled flames of hair. "That's Mr. March. He wants to start for Paris in an hour."

"Then I will get out. Want help with packing?"

"I'll refuse to go."

"Chuck a good job, when you're a pauper?"

"Thank you for reminding me. No—I suppose not." No, she couldn't chuck the job. She seized the telephone, and put the receiver to her ear.

"Of course, you could cadge from Ma," came Bobs' voice behind her. Pride forbade her even to answer. Cadge from Ma? She who had never cadged?

She was glad, after all, that she wasn't taking Bobs' money, glad for herself and for Tudor. Hadn't she always stood proudly on her own feet?

No answer from Tudor's room, and the operator said from downstairs, "I think Sir Tudor Charles has gone out."

She clacked the receiver back, and sprang from bed. She must see him.

"I must see him!"

"He had a date with Ma," said Bobs in a drawl. "She meant, I believe, to keep him out all morning."

"Kelly'll want him!"

Bobs hesitated the fraction of a second, looked at her inscrutably. "Kelly will be capable of saying so."

And he went out.

SHE was in a whirlwind of preparation, all secretary, the butterfly Esta gone. She had to hold her job, had to be fair to her employer, meet his emergencies, earn her money. Pride was rampant in her after the cruel slings from Bobs. She had never let any one down—never, never. She wouldn't begin now. There was a great salve in pride; it stiffened and healed one. She snapped her typewriter into its case, flung into her trunk the few things she had so far unpacked and was ready, her traveling coat at hand.

But Tudor?

If Tudor wasn't going to London, she wasn't going either. Who knew how Bobs would insult him, or even appeal to his sense of honor? She had five minutes to spare, and she sat down and wrote:

"Oh, Tudor, my dear, March has some urgent business in London, and is starting at a moment's notice, taking me with him. I've got to go. He hasn't said anything about you. Shall you be following? I wonder if you know. As usual, he gives no details, only the bare instructions. He's an inhuman brute. I've rung through to your room, and got no reply, and my brother says you are out for the morning with mother. Why does it all happen like this, when I so wanted to talk to you, dear, and explain?"

"My brother has been simply abominable. He isn't going to give me that money. We have to start poor, Tudor, but you don't mind, and neither do I."

"I let Bobs know, with brutal candor, that if it was a question of his money or you, I would choose you. I like being splendid, don't you, Tudor?"

"Life is splendid."

"What I want to explain is about the absurd return of the ring last night."

The telephone bell rang sharply. March's voice said crisply, "Esta. The car is here. No time to waste."

"I'm ready, Mr. March."

## LEARN TO LAUGH

With Donald Ogden Stewart, who will contribute a regular monthly article to SMART SET. Sometimes the article will take fiction form, sometimes—as in this month's case—it will be a play (for Mr. Stewart is a great actor, and is, at present, starring in the Broadway production of "Holiday"). And sometimes Mr. Stewart will, in his inimitable way, translate for you the news of the hour.





Kelly and Esta were really alone at last—alone with the pale luster of many candles, and the glow of a wood fire and the sparkle of romance

Ready? She wasn't ready. All her heart and brain feverishly hunted on the problem of Tudor. No chance to see him, to speak, or even to write fully! The car was waiting, soon the train would be starting—trains didn't wait even for a Kelly March. She dashed down a few more words:

"But there's no time. We're just off. Only don't believe anything he said. We love each other, Tudor. Follow me quickly, won't you, my dear? Esta."

SHE went down in the lift, note in hand, and found March waiting in the vestibule. He looked unusually young and gay, his hard blue eyes alight, and he wore a suit she hadn't seen before, a fine tweed of lightish gray. He had a gray hat in his hand. The absurd thought crossed her mind, "Tudor might look like that, going off on our honeymoon."

"Ah, Miss Gerald."

No "Esta" now. She was all secretary again. They were

starting on a long, swift journey for strict business. And though, four months ago, the mere idea of being a well-paid and privileged secretary to this man would have seemed to her fortune enough, now she had a sudden ebbing of spirits at dropping, after the excitement and promise and pleasure of the last few days, into the coldness of mere business relationship.

"I'm quite ready, Mr. March."

"A note for the desk? Let me leave it for you."

"I'll leave it, thanks."

She handed in her letter, addressed to Sir Tudor Charles, with instructions that he was to have it immediately upon return. March, hovering near, heard the instructions.

She knew he heard and wanted him to hear. He would then, surely, say to her, "Charles is following us, of course," or, less satisfactorily, "Charles is staying here. We shall come back."

[Continued on page 111]



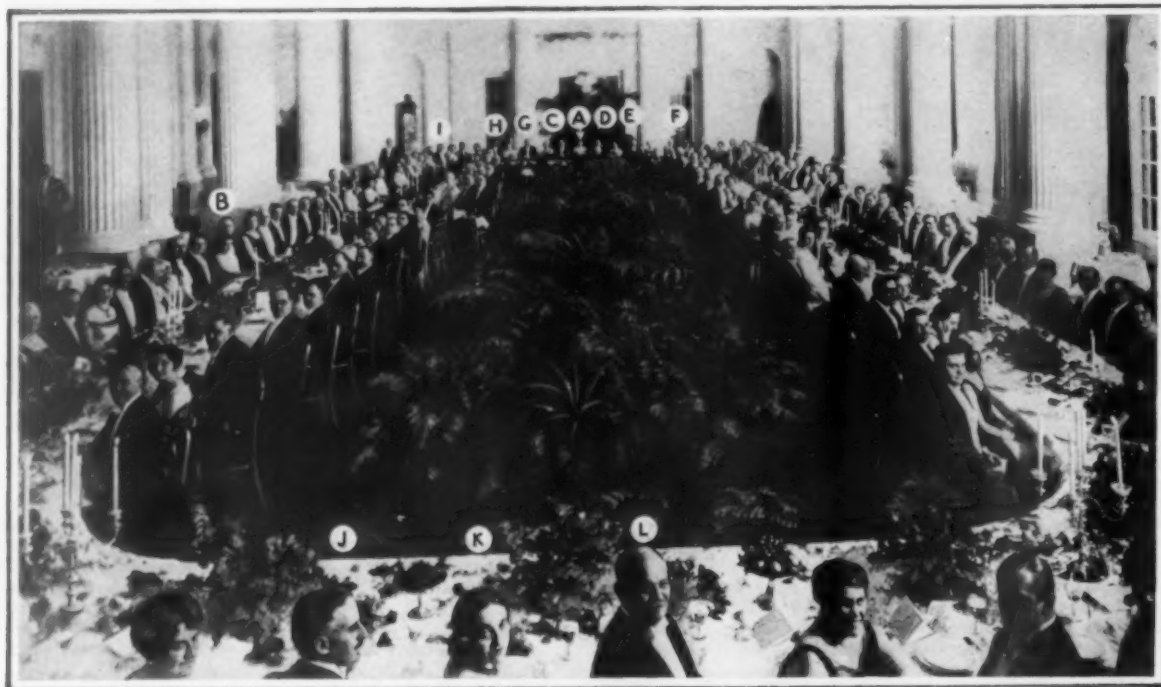
This is "Dolly Gann"—the lady who has raised such a tempest in Washington's social teapot!

# Washington's Puzzle

By

JANET BUCHANAN

**W**ARY Washington hostesses have no need of cross word puzzles or "Ask Me Another" books. A scrap of paper, or the back of a visiting card on which is drawn a large oval to represent a table, with little x's to mark the places, is puzzle enough. The game is to juggle the names of one's guests until every one is in his proper place. It is played in taxis, restaurants, clubs, the Senate galleries! It is played everywhere. For it is far from easy, and requires time and skill. Mrs. Jones must be placed in the precise seat to which her husband's official position entitles her, and there must be no room for doubt. For, as every one knows, it may just happen that Mrs. Jones is one of those who will not sit at all unless she is given a



Triumphant, Mrs. Edward E. Gann, sister of Vice President Curtis and his official host, reigned over a brilliant diplomatic fete in Washington in accordance with recent ruling on her status, which ranks her as second lady of the land. This actual picture of the dinner shows (A) Mrs. Gann, (B) Mr. Gann, (C) Ambassador Hernan Velarde of Peru, (D) Ambassador Don Carlos G. Davila of Chile, (E) Senora Manuel C. De Tellez, wife of the Mexican Ambassador, (F) Andrew W. Mellon, (G) Harlan F. Stone, Justice of the Supreme Court, (H) Ray L. Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, (I) Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York, (J) Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson, (K) Senora Davila and (L) Vice President Curtis

# Place Card Game

*Which May or May Not Prove  
That If You Want Anything  
You Should Insist on It*



P. G. A.

**Charming and clever—Alice Roosevelt Longworth is one of the few Washington hostesses who dares to be herself. Without compromise she entertains whom, how and when she pleases**

particular position which she considers her due.

To assist in the game, there is, of course, a set of rules, and a list of officials which gives their rank and precedence. But Secretary Stimson has taken away the referee—and there is no set of answers in the back of the book of place card puzzles! There was no way of solving the problem brought up by Vice President Curtis when he wished to make Mrs. Gann his official hostess, except by referring it to the State Department.

In an etiquette book widely used by Washington society, it says that no member of an official's family except his wife shall be entitled to his rank—even when acting as official hostess—except in his own home. But there is no real authority behind this statement, and the Vice President referred the matter to the State Department. And now, after informing the diplomats that they must decide the matter for themselves, the Secretary of State has decreed that such matters may no longer be referred to his department.

**T**HERE are still many unsettled problems. Woe to the hostess who invites both the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and an ambassador at the same time, for they rank equally, and there is no way of deciding which one should sit at her right hand. No one even hopes for a solution here, it is simply agreed that they must not be invited at once. Though they may be excellent friends, they never meet at dinner!

Most of the etiquette, however, is quite automatic. The President, of course, ranks first and highest always. Below him comes the Vice President, then the ambassadors, and so on down the list. To the uninitiated it might seem that all congressmen, at least, rank alike—but they don't. They rank according to length of service. If two came at the same time, then he whose state was first admitted to the union, outranks the other. One lady may hold precedence over another by a matter of five minutes! Their husbands, each from one of the thirteen original states, came in together. But fortunately one was sworn in five minutes ahead.

Even when the rules seem quite clear there are occasional snags. For instance a lady in official society entertained at luncheon and invited three women of equal rank except for their husband's length of government service. One of them, the ranking lady, sat at her right, the other at her left. The third could be provided for only by making her a sort of associate hostess—so she was placed exactly opposite the one who

was giving the luncheon. On the little paper plan, that is.

When the guests found their places, the third lady was not exactly opposite, but a seat to the side, and the place she should have occupied was assigned to a guest of lesser rank. While every one stood waiting the lady said in a tone coolly polite:

"Was I not supposed to sit opposite you, my dear?"

"Of course," the hostess replied at once.

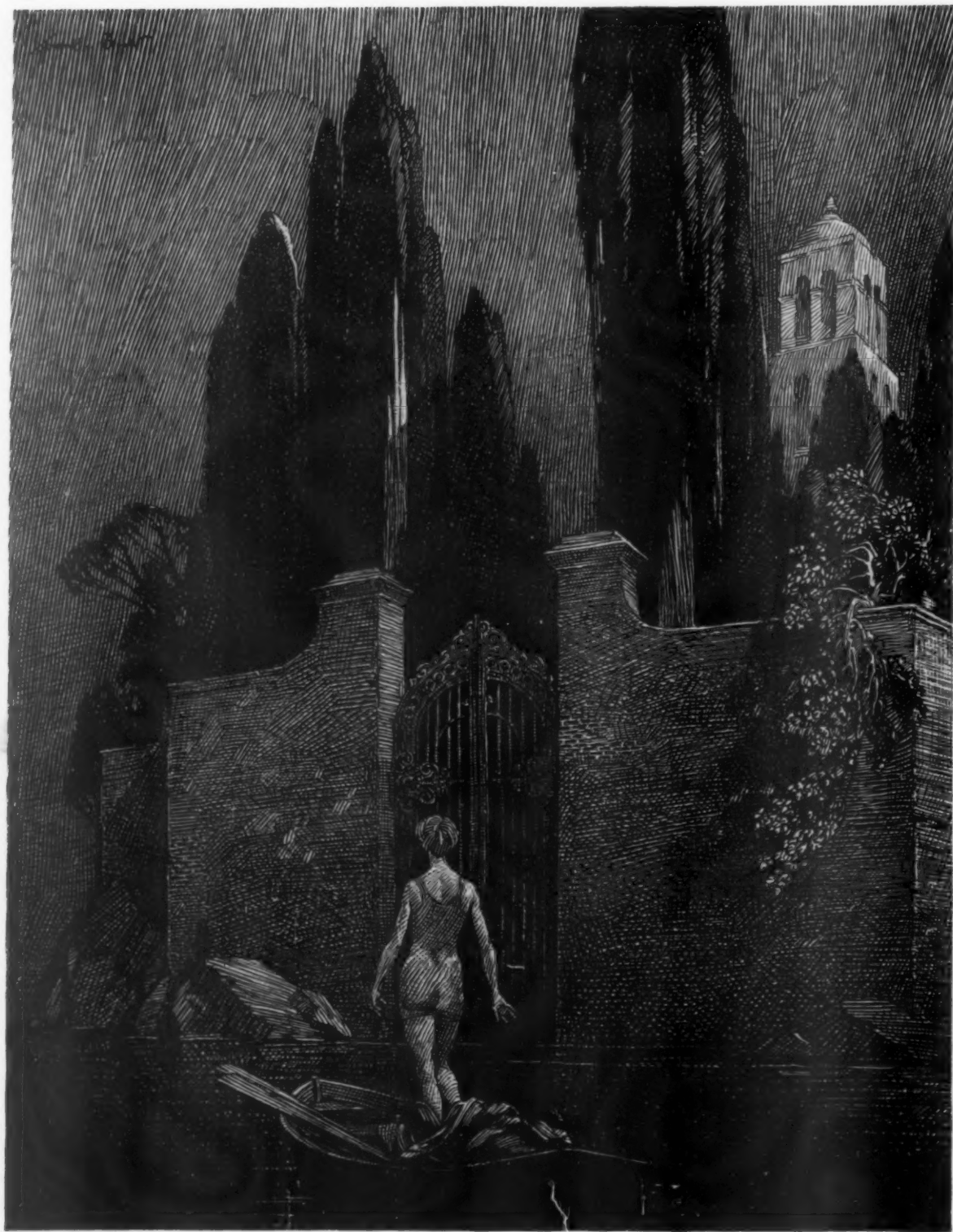
The lady then pointed out that her seat was not correctly placed. The one of lower rank volunteered to change with her. But the hostess threw up her hands in horror at that suggestion! That would throw the whole thing out.

"You'd all be out of place, then!" Much embarrassed, she called her secretary, while the ladies all stood. And they stood a good while longer till the secretary had figured out the ranks of all the guests, and finally arranged them. Some one remarked later that she had heard of people leaving parties because they were not seated properly; she would have liked to leave this one because they *were*—it took so long!

The controversy over Mrs. Gann has revived many stories. Indeed there are so many of them that one might suppose that official Washington thought of little else. Which is, of course, far from true. But there are actually instances of ladies calling up their hostesses to find out where they would be seated before accepting invitations. There are instances when they did not call, and then learned with dismay that they had not been properly seated—to some of them a very vital matter.

One of the famous cases is that of Admiral and Mrs. Dewey. Mrs. Dewey, at least, felt that she had not been given the seat she was entitled to have at a White House dinner. They stayed until the coffee, but left immediately after in dignified dudgeon. Another story, equally familiar, tells of a Supreme Court Justice who left a dinner in anger because he had been placed too far from the place of honor. And a senator's wife left a luncheon once because an *ex*-senator's wife was at the right of the hostess.

[Continued on page 110]



Benita may have been less calm than she wished to seem, as she propelled her wobbly skiff towards the grim shape that was the island. Within twenty feet of the closed iron grating she stopped, put down the oar, and rose to her feet. The moment had arrived!



*Only an Utterly Fearless Girl Would Have Dared to Brave the Dark Mystery  
Beyond the Grim and Guarded Gates That Shut the World Away from*

# Hermit Island

By ALICE N. WILLIAMSON

*Illustrations by* FRANKLIN BOOTH

ANY moment the Senator might call her to take dictation. Benita Farr was hurrying to finish the letter of resignation she was typing so that she might sign it and hand it in. But she couldn't keep her mind off that secret seance going on in the next room. Apparently there was something afoot which Senator Cranmer didn't want her to know. She kept wondering what it could be. That phone message which was for his private ear! And now that man with the scared face who had asked to see the Senator alone!

Not that it mattered to Miss Farr. All she really cared about was to escape for the holiday that her boss had refused. He said he couldn't spare her, but she simply had to go—*had to*, or scream and tear things.

Click, click, tapped the typewriter under the skilled fingers, famed for a record number of words a minute—the last sentence—but hang it all, the telephone again!

"YES, Miss Farr speaking. What? Write an anonymous article on his private life? No, not for ten thousand. I'll do you one on the private life of a senator's secretary if you like. What's that? I wish I knew what makes everybody ask if I wrote 'Man Snatchers.' Wish I had written it. Must be coining dollars. That isn't journalism anyhow. Good-by!"

Oh, the mail! A pile of letters for the Senator and one envelope addressed to Miss Farr. Benita cut the envelope displaying the name of her publisher—the one man who knew for certain that Ben Nearly, author of the season's best seller, was Benita Farr. Good big check inside! Hurrah! That would pay for the expensive vacation trip she was planning.

Benita finished and signed her formal letter of resignation. No sign of the Senator yet. She needn't have given herself the jumps!

Not for a good deal would Benita have Senator Cranmer guess how upset she was! Stupid! She opened her smart handbag, fished for her vanity case, powdered her charming nose, gave a touch to her curly copper bob, flickered her long lashes and decided that the childlike expression she had assumed was as useful as a Benda mask.

SHE sorted the Senator's letters, those he would want to read and those he wouldn't. Then there was nothing to do but wait. She cultivated calmness and studied the book she had bought that morning.

It was called "Historic Beauty Spots of Italy," and Benita turned over the leaves till she came to Venice.

Her maternal great grandmother had been a Venetian by birth, and Benita had inherited her auburn hair as well as her name and a little money.

The girl had always dreamed of going to Italy. Now she had come to the end of her tether and she was going—going if the sky fell.

She saw herself in a gondola, floating along the Grand Canal out into the lagoon, to find the island of her favorite illustration. She gazed at it, while awaiting the Senator's summons, and forgot the delay.

Past Murano where they made glass, the book said, and past Burano where they made lace. Then you came to the Isola Deserto, a strange, sad island where a band of monks, vowed to silence, lived behind a wall of cypresses. But it wasn't the Isola Deserto that had caught the imagination of Benita Farr.

It was the small Isola Solitario, "Hermit Island," which fascinated her. She felt she would like to buy it, and live there for several months each year. If the sale of "Man Snatchers" went on bounding, and the play materialized, to say nothing of a picture, she could afford to buy any Italian island!

The photograph of this one looked almost too perfect, too romantic to exist in reality on this prosaic earth. There was a wrought iron gate set in the wall, with a glimpse of a water lane beyond, leading to the heart of the island mystery.

That there was mystery, lines facing the photograph proved:

"The tower and wall on the Isola Solitario were constructed in the early seventeenth century by a doge of Venice for the internment of his younger brother, supposed to be insane. During the next century, the island was owned by a small band of monks. Later it was used as a retreat by a famous lady whose beauty had been destroyed by smallpox. After the revolution of 1847 the Isola Solitario fell into ruin. Only within the last twelve years has it been restored as a residence, not less mysterious than in olden days. The present possessor, known only as "Signor Exe," has lived there with a few chosen comrades since 1917. None of the band has shown himself in Venice, nor have any of them received visitors. These island dwellers are said to be wounded war heroes, who for some reason have shut themselves away from the world."

Benita Farr could hardly have explained why the picture and description fascinated her. Probably the mystery was exaggerated. Signor Exe might be a miser, or the leader of a religious cult whose members ate nothing except fish out of the lagoon. Nevertheless, she longed to see what lay behind that wall.

"And I will if I get to Venice!" she vowed.

JUST then the door opened between Senator Cranmer's room and hers.

She looked up in surprise. His habit was to ring or telephone, but there he stood, staring.

"Did you ring for me, Senator?" Benita asked, certain that he hadn't.

"No—er—no," he answered in a queer, absent-minded way.

"I—look here, Miss Farr, you told me you needed a rest. You wished to go abroad—to Italy, I think. My reply was that you couldn't be spared."

"Here's my formal resignation, Sir," Benita broke in briskly.

"Don't hand it in," the Senator said. "I don't want your resignation. I do want you to go where you want to go—to Italy."

It was Benita's turn to stare. Good heavens, was she so important? Was Senator Cranmer groveling? She'd thought she was pretty good, but—

"Didn't you tell me you had an Italian grandfather?" Cranmer continued.

"Great grandmother. She was Venetian. Red haired like me."

"Ah! You studied Italian?"

"A few conversational lessons."

"Just so. Miss Farr, you've had secrets to keep in the two years you've been my secretary, and you've kept them."

"Of course. Also one or two of my own."

He hardly listened. "Now I have a secret for you that's more important than the rest. It includes—well, I might call it a—bit of secret service. It will take you to Italy, perhaps to your—er—ancestral home. Anyhow you may as well begin there. You will go of course at the expense of the—well, let's say at my expense. As for the length of your stay, it will depend. In an hour your cabin on board the ship 'Douilio' from New York to Genoa will have been engaged by wire. The train journey from Genoa to Venice is only—"

"You've arranged it all without consulting me, Senator Cranmer!" exclaimed Benita. "Really—"

"I counted on you!" he disarmed her.

"But I don't know what you want me to do, or if I can do it."

"You can if any one can. You'll have to question people without letting them guess what's behind the questions. You may be led from place to place. You may have to travel away from Venice. And Italy may not be the end. What we have to work on is that he was sent there by persons who claimed to recognize him, after it all happened. Then he disappeared, and has left no visible trace."

"Are you sending me to look for a criminal?" the girl asked.

"No," said Cranmer, "we could never have arrested him while he kept out of this country. But if we could have found him, we might have got him some other way. Now, things have reached a crisis. I've just heard amazing news. I have been a good deal disturbed."

"You needn't tell me, Senator. I've got eyes as well as ears!"

"That's why I'm sending you to Italy to look for a man," Cranmer told her. "Your ship sails day after tomorrow."

**W**ELL, there was the island, the Isola Solitario! At last! It was even more picturesque than she had imagined. But the book-photograph had been taken in noontide sun. Now a full moon poured its radiance over the Venetian lagoon, a May moon so bright that Benita Farr in a gondola could pick out each detail against the silver sky.

"I beg the Signorina to reflect," pleaded her guide for the dozenth time. "It is impossible—worse than impossible—that which she undertakes. No one—not man, not woman, has passed the gate, in all these twelve years since the unknown one took up residence with his companions and servants. Even the commissioner from Venice is met at the gate and the supplies taken in. I warn the Signorina that the island is a place of mystery."

"None of the band has ever left it, to tell tales, except a gardener discharged shortly after the occupation. He was a man of Venice, known to be a liar, yet even so the papers interviewed him. It availed them nothing, and long ago such men gave up hope. To lose hope is to lose interest in the end! The island is now forgotten by us Venetians. Let the Signorina forget also, and go safely home to her hotel."

The guide was a very superior guide, who had been suggested by the American Consul. What Guido Rossi didn't know about Venice was not worth knowing. He could reel off information on all subjects by the yard—that is, all subjects except the Isola Solitario, translated "Hermit Island." About that, he knew only its mystery, which he harped on till Benita ached to box his ears!

She meant to carry out her plan to land on the island even if she had to drown.

It was only a "hunch" that the man she'd been sent to find was the chief hermit of the island. But "hunches" were among Miss Farr's valuable qualities. Besides, if the hermit were not the wanted man, who the dickens was he? At worst, he must be some one of interest to the world he had deserted, therefore of interest to Benita Farr. She had always considered curiosity a misunderstood virtue!

All that concerned the island had excited curiosity in her from the instant she opened a certain book at the picture of Isola Solitario. When Senator Cranmer had said, "Begin at Venice."



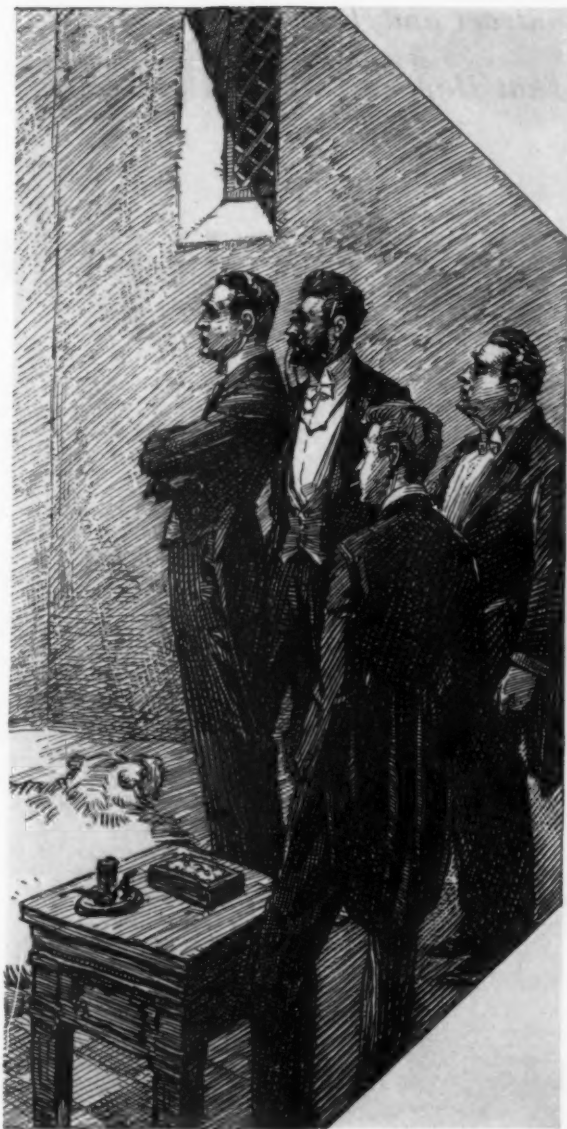
"She looks more like a fish than a costume for a young girl to wear when she

He was seen there after it all happened," Benita's mind had jumped back instantly to the picture and descriptive paragraphs in the travel book.

**H**ERE in Venice her inquiries about the island had been discreet. She had gone to the agency which employed Guido Rossi. She had told the manager that she was a writer and wished to rent the Isola Solitario for a season. Of course she had been told it wasn't possible, but in talk had learned a lot about Signor Exe.

In fact, Benita could not have come to a better source of information than Molinari. He admitted that he had bought Isola Solitario for Exe. No, he didn't know the gentleman's real name, and would not in any case betray a confidence. But with pleasure he would tell details of the strange story that had at the time been much talked of in Venice. That was long ago—twelve years.

Molinari had purchased the island at a low price from the noble family who'd owned it for generations. The house and grounds had been restored—a garden planted, furniture bought.



woman," taunted Exe. "What a thrusts herself on a household of men!"

A long list of books was chosen, and a magnificent piano imported. Then an advertisement written by Exe himself, was inserted by Molinari in numerous newspapers. Four men were invited to retire with Exe to the island: a musician, an artist, a singer, a doctor with both surgical and medical experience. All must be of good repute, must have fought in the war on the side of the Allies, and have been honorably discharged. They must be willing to retire from the world, for at least five years. These men must have been disillusioned by women, and their ages must be from thirty to forty. To the right ones, a salary amounting to ten thousand dollars yearly, would be guaranteed. Servants also were required, war veterans, willing to lead monkish lives—a chef, and a gardener.

Molinari was appointed to receive answers, but Exe, in a private room behind the agency, judged applicants. An incredible number came, and the right men—with one exception—were chosen. That exception was a gardener, a man of Venice who had to be discharged for trying to smuggle a reporter on to the island. His revenge was to spread gossip about Exe which he pretended to have heard from the chief hermit's own soldier-valet.

According to the tale, a disappointment in love and a betrayal of friendship had disgusted Exe with the world. The story ran that Exe was of mixed Italian and English or American parentage, very rich and inheriting a title. He'd joined up with the Italians when Italy went to war. His best friend was a lieutenant in the regiment of which Exe was captain. Both loved the same woman; Exe had millions; his friend thousands. There was a rope of pearls, an heirloom in Exe's family, which the lady coveted. She engaged herself to Exe and begged him to lend her the pearls till the end of the war. He agreed. The friend was mad with jealousy. During a battle, he shot Exe, and left him for dead, but Exe recovered and was invalided out of the war. Only he, and his soldier valet knew of the attempted murder. The servant was sworn to secrecy.

Exe heard of Isola Solitario and devised his scheme for retiring there with a few comrades. As for the jewels, the lady reported a burglary which had robbed her of them. Before Exe recovered, she went to South America, where, at the end of the war, she was joined by the man she loved.

**T**HIS tale Benita Farr only half believed. It was a plot so musty that no self-respecting author would submit it to an editor! She guessed that the soldier servant hadn't betrayed a confidence, but had been ordered to exaggerate the truth or mount a story to camouflage the real secret which Benita thought she knew. She was ready to risk a lot to make sure.

She thought of these things as she sat staring at the island, forgetting to answer Rossi, forgetting that her adorer existed. As she stared at the island, Rossi stared at her. In his opinion she was the most beautiful American girl he had ever seen in Venice.

"Signorina!" he began again. "May I hope you change your mind? Regard the height of the island well!"

Benita regarded it. The wall was certainly high and solid. It looked as old as the world, and seemed to be part of the rock foundation from which it sprang. It had been built of brick in the days when bricks were things of beauty. In the moonlight that turned sky and water to steel and the tower and cypresses to ebony carvings against the stars, those piled bricks had the rose, and gold, and purple tints of pressed flower petals.

"Of course I won't change my mind," replied the Signorina. "I'm more resolved than ever. I'm going to succeed, with your help!"

"Oh, Signorina, if I but had the strength of mind to refuse!" Rossi groaned.

"I'd have to go all alone, if you refused," said Benita. "It would be hard, because I depend on you. Not only now, but after I get on to the island—"

"After you get on to the island!" Rossi echoed.

"Yes. One would think to hear you, it was inhabited by ogres. Yet you say the men there, from the head hermit down, all are honorable, and I've heard that Exe sends Molinari thousands of lire every year for charity and for dead soldiers' families. He can't be a devourer of women and children. Tell me again about the night you saw him in a gondola."

"Thought I saw him, Signorina," Rossi amended. "Possibly it was another. They all come out at night on the lagoon, when they can have it to themselves. Now, since the Isola Solitario and its hermits are practically forgotten, they—"

"But you said you felt sure it was Exe," Benita insisted.

"True, Signorina, I had the impression. There was something so masterful—and then, Signor Molinari said he was notably handsome. I beg you—"

"Don't change the subject," said Miss Farr. "I want to hear the story again. In sight of the island, and the gate, you saw the gondola come into the moonlight. Please!"

Rossi yielded. "As I mentioned, Signorina, it was long ago, while all were curious about the island. One says in the proverbs, a cat may look at a king. Why not I at the mysterious hermit? The lagoon is free! I had a right to be here at midnight—"

"As we have now!" murmured Benita. "Go on!"

"Out floated one of the two gondolas belonging to the island. By day, if you get near the gates, you can look through the gratings, along the water lane between the cypresses and see the gondolas moored at the landing. Buono! I sat watching. For an instant I caught a good picture—the gondola and the gondolier black in a flood of silver; [Continued on page 103]



*When It's a Matter of Contract and There's an  
Empty Chair, Any Man That Happens Along Is*

# The Glorious Fourth

By

DONALD OGDEN STEWART

*(All dramatic rights, etc., retained  
by the author — and why not?)*

Drawing by HELEN HOKINSON

THE action takes place in the living room of the ground floor apartment of Ted and Julia Wycoff, overlooking the East River at Sutton Place, New York City. There is an air about the furniture which suggests that Ted and Julia want to sublet the apartment for the summer, at \$525.00 a month. (I'm not quite sure how this suggestion can be conveyed to the audience, but as there probably won't ever be any audience for this sketch anyway it really doesn't make much difference.)

A large window at the back gives a view of the river and Blackwell's Island or, rather, what used to be called Blackwell's Island and is now termed "Welfare Island" on account of it being the temporary residence of many of the city's more prominent criminals. In the center of the stage are a bridge table and four chairs all ready for action.

As the curtain goes up (if it ever does), Julia is seated at the telephone. (I forgot to say there was a telephone.) She is thirty and obviously a New Yorker, which leaves quite a bit of latitude at that.

JULIA: Hello—hello, operator. Yes. But they must answer. That's the Yale Club. The Yale Club. Yes, it's a private club—well, sort of a private club. Please try them again. Murray Hill 8180. Yes. (Waits.) Well, then—(Consults list.) Mr. Edward Pope. (Waits.) Are you sure? Well—Mr. George Talcott—no, Talcott. (Waits.) Oh, dear—where do they all go on Saturday afternoon? Well, then (with a sigh) try Mr. Adolph Klein. (Waits.) Hello—Ad? Listen, Ad, this is Julia Wycoff and you've simply got to help me out. Right now. Contract—and I need a fourth. Oh, Lord, how I need a fourth! Hop right into a cab—Oh, now listen, Ad, you don't. [Continued on page 86]



Clifton, a somewhat "different" prisoner, appears at the window. He wears the conventional black and white, and is dripping wet. He does not see Julia, and she—this being a play—goes on with her phoning



# Smart Set's Service Section

Charm

Clothes

Beauty

Personality



Career

Home

Education

Amusements

AT THE Naval Aircraft Factory near Philadelphia, Pa., recently there were experiments being made with a new parachute device. Like all parachute devices the big trick was whether it would work or not. Parachutes are like that—fundamentally simple.

But a parachute has no personality of its own. Without a human being hanging off the end of it, it is just so much unused umbrella. It simply cannot be tested.

There was a girl worker at the Naval Aircraft Factory named Marie Smullen. She had never been up in a plane. She worked around them but that was as far as it went. But when she heard about the parachute, she decided she might as well go further. "I'll test out your new device," Marie offered.

I don't know why they let her go up, but they did. Think of the girl's grit. A first flight—and she stepped calmly forth when the ship was up a thousand feet in the air and dangled from the end of an untried parachute midway between the clouds and eternity, all in the interests of aviation.

When she got down—and she landed in complete safety—Marie faced the inevitable reporters and naturally they asked her why she did it.

"As long as I was getting a thrill I thought I might as well get a real one," Marie said.

NOW far be it from me to seem to advocate a girl's foolhardy gesture as a possible mode of life. Nothing could induce me personally to play ballast to a parachute. And I certainly do not advise it to others. Yet I feel Marie Smullen's attitude, basically, is a wise and fine one.

As long as we are getting the thrills we might as well get the real ones.

It's a good guide to conduct, really.

Some of you may have wondered sometimes as to our reason for having the service departments of SMART SET right here in the middle of the magazine, a magazine within a magazine, as it were. In most publications departments are pushed into the back along with the soup advertisements.

We have put them forward because we want them, very definitely, to serve you. In the office we unofficially call them the charm section. We want the advice they offer on

## Thrills

by

Ruth Waterbury

Associate Editor

the high "C's"—clothes, complexions, careers and character—to help you towards the things young girls are after.

It is very, very new for women to admit they want thrills and to have the courage to go out and get them. Yet it is what our generation seeks—the real thrills of living. It is only girls of this decade who perceive so clearly that any new way of approaching life broadens its scope and gives it purpose.

It would be a good thing if more mothers understood this grand and glorious feeling. Too many mothers become alienated from their dancing daughters because they can only remember when six dresses a year constituted a luxurious wardrobe and when a walk in the park with a young man was the height of romance. Such a mother finds it hard to understand her child's feeling that a walk to the Zoo is so much kindergarten and a four months' old hat is a public disgrace.

THE elders think this means we want so many more things. It doesn't. It means we want finer things.

What are these finer things—these thrills? I got the answer last week when I attended the graduation exercises of one of our better finishing schools. The girls graduating were all about eighteen. Regular, eager, young moderns.

I asked one of them what she would desire if she were quite free to choose from the world exactly what she willed. She was a charming girl, eager and vibrant and lovely to look upon. At first she was shy. But finally when she discovered I was genuinely

interested in what she and her little sisters thought about she began to talk. And this is what she said:

"I'd like, first of all, and I'm quite sure all my classmates would like—all of us being terribly feminine—to have beautiful clothes. We all of us hate sensible lingerie and stockings and shoes. We want frivolous things in those lines and enough dresses so that we could always seem new to ourselves, and perfume in quarts.

"I'd like to find my work, work that would quite enthral me, so that my leisure time would be dedicated with enthusiasm to my work and my working hours directed with eagerness to my freedom.

"Friends, next, a few close ones, who could talk or dance or play bridge or just be quiet. With acquaintances, parties, about six a month with different crowds, and occasional little meetings at luncheons and tea dates.

"Money that I'd earned myself, enough to live on politely in nice surroundings and yet enough that I'd be able to save a little.

"To keep, above everything, the excitement of life—going to the theater to see the new plays, reading the new books, listening to music and dancing in night clubs, every little while, with some boy I had a crush on.

"Not to grow old gracefully but to find so many new interests that something frightening like a thirtieth birthday would just be a new milestone towards greater happiness.

"Never to get jaded or superior but to approach each new experience with vitality.

"To hope always that I will find the boy who won't be just a crush but a man I'd love. But whether I do or not, or whether I marry and give up my job, or keep on with a double career—to keep knowing life is to be lived with the whole mind and heart and spirit and that whenever I stop living it completely I'm not only being slack but stupid."

That's one girl's description of the real thrills of life.

Does it correspond with the description you would give, you girls who read SMART SET?

I believe it does. But I would like very much indeed to hear your own opinions on the subject.

# The BURNING

By

MARY LEE



Young Helen Cohan, daughter of the famous star and producer, George M. Cohan, dashes through the waves, a care-free, representative modern girl. Follow her style if you can but—word of warning—for beauty's sake, don't let summer burn you up

MARCIA, aged eighteen and lovely as only eighteen can be, had a birthday, and I was there while she opened her gifts. Among other things there was a bulky parcel from a favorite uncle. She laughed in gleeful anticipation. "Uncle Bob always gives me something grand—wonder what this is?"

We opened it together. At first sight, it was indeed grand to behold. A traveling case of scarlet leather filled with every sort of beauty need, from nail polish to eye lotion! The first blow came when she tried to lift it— It was so heavy that no one but a husky porter could have carried it very far. And that's a tragic discovery about something every girl wants to keep near her all the time! We found that it held a lot of unnecessary things; there were too many cosmetics that Marcia never uses.

After the first moment of disappointment we discussed it together. Tried taking out some of the creams and lotions—but we left only gaps that weren't big enough to hold anything else. When I left, Marcia was wishing hard that Uncle Bob had asked her first about the kind of traveling case she wanted—a case with just the right number of beautifying things in it and room left over for nightie, bedroom slippers and negligee. Uncles are so thoughtless.

KEEPING yourself looking fresh and lovely when you travel isn't always easy. Any sort of case or container you have ought to be planned as carefully as you plan your daily beauty care routine. In fact, my advice would be to duplicate when you travel the things you use every day. Certain necessities will have to be added, especially if you are going to a different climate. But in general your skin is the same skin you have every day and your hair needs the same careful attention. If you use cleansing cream, take along enough to last you through your vacation trip. If you are partial to a lovely soap and are going to a rather remote spot, take your own favorite toilet soap along. And for your hair, put in your shampoo preparation—I hope you use the one that is best suited to the condition of your hair and scalp.

Don't depend on your hostess's supply of cosmetics, even when you go to a luxuriously equipped household. The perfect guest comes with everything she needs, down to the least bit of cotton for patting on lotions and her very own roll of cleansing tissues for removing creams.

IF YOU are going to the shore or to a resort where you'll expose yourself to sunburn, make sure that your traveling case has a supply of protective cream and healing sunburn ointment.

"But," says the girl who likes to tan, "why should I protect my skin when I like to be brown and tawny in the summertime?"

Because the first few times you expose yourself to the sun are dangerous times. Unless you are very expert at tanning yourself, you'll get a bad burn in a few minutes the first lovely day on the beach. Experts who have studied skins and their reactions to the sun's rays

# QUESTION

## *To Tan or Not To Tan Is The Great Holiday Decision*

declare that the effect of the sun is beneficial but they warn us repeatedly about burning.

A serious burn isn't only a burned skin; it goes deeper, upsetting the whole nervous system. I've known girls to be kept in bed for days or even weeks from the after-effects of a bad sunburn. So, I say, use a protective cream, at least till your skin has become accustomed to the tanning process. And even then I believe in protecting it if you go off on an all-day sail or a canoe trip where you are exposed to the merciless rays for long periods of time.

**I**F YOU do get a burn, use the healing ointment as soon as possible, and use it generously. An old towel or a piece of soft linen laid over the anointed spot will keep the grease off the bedclothes.

As your tan gets deeper and richer in color, you will have to adopt a darker powder than the one you are accustomed to use in the wintertime.

If you are not the glowing sports type of girl—maybe you burn black or red or freckled instead of a golden tan—there are all sorts of new artificial sunburn make-up tricks that will give you the advantage of an outdoor appearance while on vacation. This "tan" you can shed as easily as you kick off your low-heeled shoes when you return to the city. If you decide that you are going to pretend you are sunburned, you must, of course, be especially careful to protect your delicate skin from the sun and wind. This does not mean that you will have to sit on the porch all day long and never step out till twilight.

If you use plenty of nourishing cream at night, and defend yourself from the sun with a liberal use of protective creams before going out in the daytime, you may escape real sunburn. And by the skillful use of special foundation creams or oils for the sunburn effect, and the discreet application of sunburn powder or liquid powder you may have just the shade of bronze tan that suits you. The whole question of how much tan you want and how long you want it to last is so easily settled nowadays. There are so many delightful preparations for all stages of sunburned color and for all types of girls that you must surely find yours among them.

There are really only two kinds of girls in the summer. Not those who tan well and those who don't, for most girls have learned about that. The two kinds of girls I mean are those who keep cool and those who don't.

Just about half the girls I know meet the summer with a smile. They are the ones who know how to keep cool. You know the kind. Some of them are not what you and I would call beautiful—until midsummer, when their appearances bear up so wonderfully that every one admires them. They are the girls who understand the irresistible charm of lovely, light,



**You may choose one of two ways for vacation days, pale face or Indian tan. They're equally modish as Madame Frances, New York's smartest dressmaker, here illustrates. Madame wears beach pajamas and chic rubber beret as she saunters seaward so that she will tan not, nor yet suffer from the heat. In this article are vacation instructions that can make you equally wise**

freshly laundered summer clothes, of the daintiness that is so conspicuous when people all about are perspiring and ruffled by the heat. They are the fresh, fragrant, sunny girls who know how to keep cool.

**G**IRLS who don't know how to keep cool usually blame their summer dispositions on the weather. Nothing could be farther from the truth. We always blame something else, you know, when we are dissatisfied with ourselves. The girls who don't know the secret of keeping cool—unless they are quite, quite stout—have no excuse for letting their loveliness be dimmed that way in this modern age. I have seen many beautiful girls who could learn much from their plainer sisters in hot July and August.

For instance, there's Jane. Last summer I went on a week's holiday with her. Ordinarily she is very gay, vivacious, beautiful and happy. But we struck [Continued on page 125]

*Here, on These Four Pages, Are Ideal Costumes for Every Hour And*

*Occasion of the Midsummer Day*

# Warm Weather Wardrobes

By

GEORGIA MASON



*Don Diego*

First, bathing suits, for the mode rules the waves this summer and suits are very, very new. You must have several. The seated girl wears black jersey trunks and a red and white checked shirt. The standing bather features trunks of black moiré and a light green jersey shirt saucily trimmed with white sailboats. She carries a white duck gob hat. The beach pajama-ed girl has an ensemble formed of knee-length jacket of blue and white dotted silk, striped blue and white trousers and a white silk bodice

*Courtesy of Stern Bros.*

**W**EAR a coat of tan this summer and you will at least have laid the cornerstone for your warm weather wardrobe. Not that your problems are over when the sun-burning question of the season has been settled. Even in these sensible days of censorless beaches the most sophisticated modern will add some light but very consequential garments to her itineraries for swimming, sports wear, week-ends and the fragrant midsummer night dances.

This sun-tanned vogue is not a matter for mermaids alone. The low décolletages of the new evening gowns will reveal backgrounds of deep tan and the usual abbreviations of informal and sports costumes must also provide a setting for



*Don Diego*

For late morning or early afternoon comes this dashing little frock of blue wool crepella employing a modernistic boat design across the bodice. A chenille beret in two-tone blue makes this an amusing ensemble for sports wear

*Courtesy of Henri Bendel*



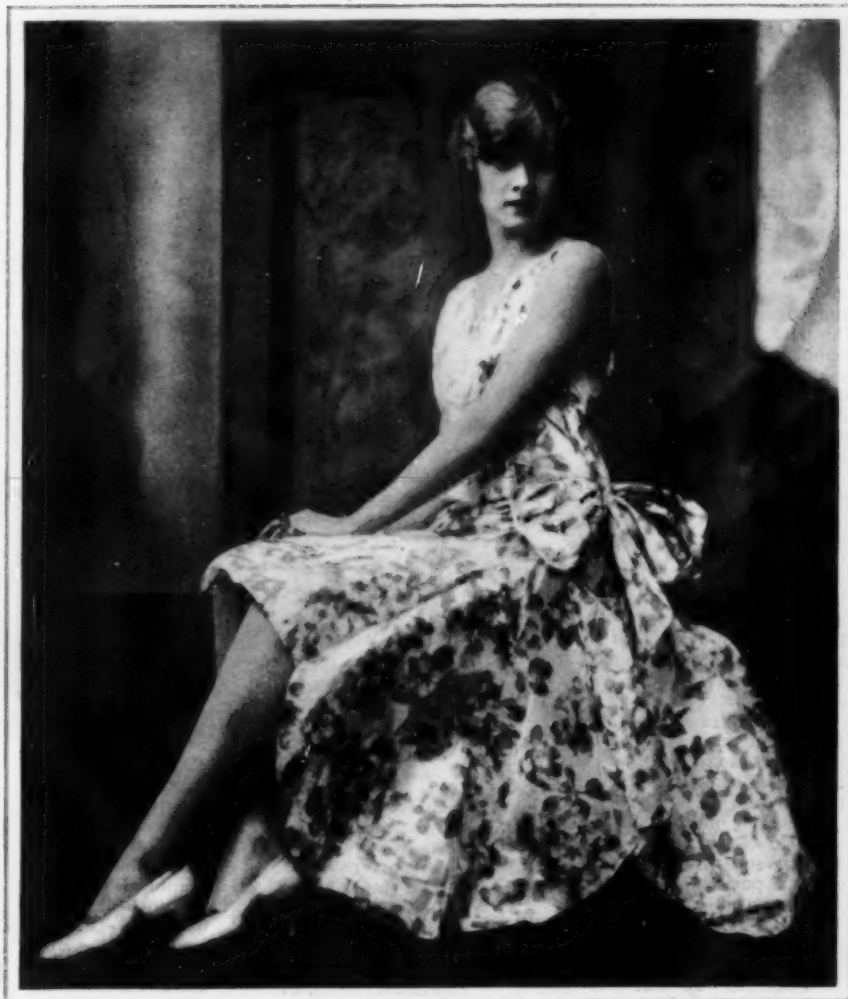
sun-tanned arms and necks. And so in my pilgrimage through the shops this month I am warning you in advance that we shall have to watch out for companionate colors which will not clash with this very essential tan. By companionate colors I mean those which are not necessarily inseparable but which can form a pleasant liaison for the summer months.

Our tour starts at the shops which carry the smarter bathing suits. Before we look at the new beach costumes we have got to decide a very vexatious problem. You know, of course, that fashion is now presumed to be in the throes of a reaction towards femininity. The mannish coiffures, the severe garçon ensembles have all been discarded by smart



Afternoons when you must be formally dressed, choose a gown of black and white chiffon with a large flower motif, long sleeves and draped skirt. Add white gloves and a shade hat for perfection

*Courtesy of Lord and Taylor*



This evening gown belongs to youth and femininity. Developed in soft, printed taffeta it is quite straight of line except at one side where two petals of self material are inserted. These fall below the hem and extend to the waistline where they are topped by a taffeta bow

*Courtesy of Henri Bendel*

young women in favor of the more frilly frocks of the moment. Furbelows have decidedly come back to their own. Now any one who is even casually acquainted with the history of the mode must remember that one of the first instances of the revolt from Victorianism in dress was the simple, one-piece mannish bathing suit. A daring young swimmer—she was daring for those days—from England precipitated the vogue. Her name was Annette Kellermann and Grundys the world over denounced her for many summers. Eventually the shouting and the tumult died, and for the last few summers women have paraded the smart beaches in the briefest of suits, with no official or unofficial remonstrances.

SO THE bathing costume situation as it exists before the curtain rises for the new season is a little mixed. The undeniable vogue of femininity argues for a return to skirted bathing dress. The fact that the censors of the sands have given up the ghost is another powerful reason for the return of the feminine swimming frock. Add to this the fact that stylists in Paris and New York are quite unanimous in their approbation of this gentle, more girlish beach garb and you have what appears to be a most logical case for the skirted bathing frock.

But youth, sometimes fortunately and sometimes unfortunately, is not logical. The smart young damoiselles are perfectly willing for a renaissance of these more furbelowed types of swimming clothes, but it is their feeling that the revival can be much better taken advantage of by matrons than by themselves. Modern youth is having such a difficult time shaking itself loose from the very hardy and perennial war youth of a

decade ago that they welcome every opportunity that creates a distinction between the two.

And so we are going to forget the skirted bathing dress in our shopping tour this month and we shall proceed to pick out the most alluring costumes in the shirt and trunks category.

The athletic swimming suit is a very simple affair yet its effect has got to be vivid. We shall, therefore, insist upon a sharp color contrast between bodice and trunks or, as a variant to this idea, we can incorporate a combination of three or more colors in the bodice along with contrasting white or black trunks. A mixture of opposite printed effects is also striking and quite in the picture of the moment.

I have selected three suits which you will find photographed on these pages. One of them combines a pair of black jersey trunks with a red and white checked jersey bodice, the latter bound with black. Another unites a light green jersey shirt trimmed with white sailboats and trunks of black moiré. In the third suit the same colors appear in both trunks and top—they are three shades of green jersey and the middle of these three hues is used for the jersey coat which completes a very attractive beach ensemble.

One thing must be borne in mind in the selection of your bathing suit this summer and it is a point which will very likely prevent you from using last year's costumes. The décolletage has got to be such that the sun-tanned effect can be achieved. To that end the new suits must incorporate a wide and deep U cut-out in



In this powder blue crêpe dress the freedom of motion essential to the lady of the links is achieved by three deep box pleats extending from shoulder to cuff and down the back and sides of the plain skirt

Courtesy of  
Arnold Constable



Gabor Eder

Do not fare forth on week-end visits without a boudoir ensemble. Photographed is a smartly youthful model of knee-length night robe and matching coat both combining cream Alençon lace and chiffon

Courtesy of  
Bonwit Teller



This is what is known as the spectator sports costume though it will serve for all informal summer occasions. Both dress and coat are knitted in a striking beige and brown, piped and collared in white piqué. The brimmed hat, which is of the same material, is trimmed with bands of black

Courtesy of  
Franklin Simon



Don Dirge

A bathing suit that should thrill the most blasé mermaid is of jersey striped in three shades of green with a matching coat and turban. The lady leans against the newest folding beach chair

Courtesy of Stern Bros.



Gaber Eder

The formal interpretation of the sleeveless theme. Beneath the hip-length jacket is a sleeveless bodice with a deep V décolletage. Jacket and skirt are of red faille, the blouse is of white silk

Courtesy of Russek



Cotton has come back and if you would be very smart this beige and brown print cotton is your frock. Its gracefully girlish features are a cape collar which disguises its being another sleeveless model and three circular skirt flounces which give dash to its silhouette. The little hat is of natural colored straw

Courtesy of Best & Co.



Gaber Eder

A tennis frock both practical and smart with its chic sleeveless effect and deep back décolletage to permit the new sun-tanned effect. In egg-shell crepe de Chine, it has a side lacing of blue silk

Courtesy of  
Franklin Simon

back, reaching either halfway or all the way to the waistline. There is no middle course if you would be smart.

We shall really have to include a beach pajama ensemble in our wardrobe this summer. The day is long passed when this item of dress was considered too daring and too bizarre for informal and semi-sports occasions. At Palm Beach last winter and all along such smart Continental watering places as Nice, Cannes and Monte Carlo the beach pajama held a most important sartorial position. And so you will have an excellent precedent in adding this item to your summer outfit.

The pajama I have selected, which you will find photographed in the group of three beach costumes, sounds the contrast theme which I have mentioned before as being so essential. In this instance [Continued on page 126]

This summer of grace recognizes no smarter hat than this horse-hair chapeau whose long, one-sided brim is in pleasant contrast to the curt, brimless turban so generally worn. Simply trimmed with ribbon, it comes in all colors and the breadth of brim can be modified to suit you. Distinctly for the picturesque

Courtesy of  
Bonwit Teller



Gaber Eder

*Style Secrets for the Gay Weeks of Summer When the*

# Paris Helps You Plan

By  
**DORA  
LOUES  
MILLER**



Sweaters are indispensable. If your income is limited, buy sweaters and skirts rather than dresses and hats. You'll be smarter. Here a lemon-colored slip-on is worn over black shorts for bathing and over a yellow pleated skirt for sports



You must have a silk suit for travel and afternoons. This is of blue crepe de Chine, with printed overblouse



Feature your footwear with your leisure day frocks. For sports wear comes this smart cut-out model in tan calf; for dress, black antelope pumps with green heels and straps

**T**IME for vacation! And in Paris, I find, people look forward to the annual break in the routine of work with much more anticipation—and plan for it with a great deal more care—than we do at home. It becomes an **EVENT**, all spelled in capital letters, and is the subject of much serious consultation with all of one's friends.

For the French feel, and rightly, that in these two or three weeks people must find both rest and recreation in such quantity that they will come back from their holidays not only physically fit and full of energy, but with memories of happy times that will gild all the year's work days.

**O**F COURSE for all the feminine world, that means clothes that are so becoming and flattering that they will help all the tired months to vanish and be forgotten. But before you open your closet to start packing your clothes, there is something else to do. And it is a thing which we are apt to leave for the last moment, the "Oh, I can manage that in no time at all!" What is it? The buying of your powder, make-up, all those other accessories that help to make you look young and fresh, without any aid from clothes.

We are tremendously inclined to dash by the drug store on the corner, on the way to the train, and buy the first box of powder



Only Paris would produce an accessory like this—a sleeveless, V-backed cape of Terry cloth to don over one's bathing suit



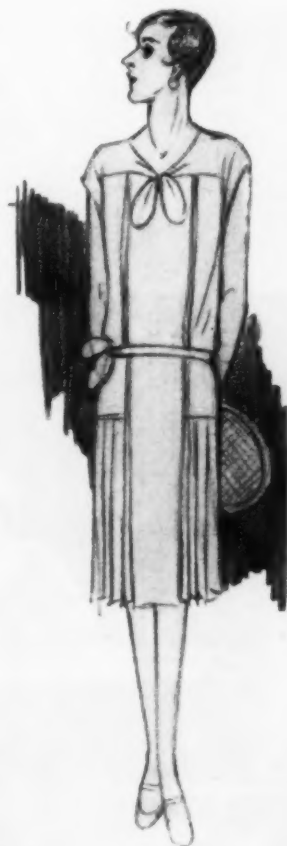
## *Business Girl Transforms Herself into a Social Butterfly*

# for Your Vacation

and lipstick we can lay hands on, and consider the job done! Not so, here. And that is one thing I want every single reader of SMART SET to learn from my Paris neighbors.

The tint and texture of your powder, the type of cold cream and vanishing cream, the lotion, nail polish, tinting for your nails, shading for your eyes, all the rest of the things that I hope are on the toilet tables of every one of you—they are all things for very serious consideration. And you can't expect the clerk to be a magician and at a single glance tell you just which is the very best powder for you to use.

EVERY week or two some one comes to see me, here on the Parisian Boulevard, and expresses wonder when they see the shop window just across the way, where some sixteen shades of lip rouge are displayed. Why not? And then they admit, naively, that they have a compact and that suffices for them. I assure you if the Frenchwomen were so careless they would never have attained their international reputation for chic and charm. And why should we, the most richly endowed of all nations—for American women are naturally more attractive than the women of any other race—dare to throw away our natural heritage? Having the greatest advantages to start with it is to our shame that we do not stand out pre-eminently. Let's start doing it. [Continued on page 129]



And what is vacation without a sleeveless frock for tennis champions or mere onlookers? Of white silk piqué, it is easily laundered



Down to the sea in pajamas go all the modish maidens this summer. Here white shantung is tailored into trousers with a pleated top and a blouse that buttons at the hips. The crowning touch is a white rubber beret



A change of blouses can remake a costume. This smartly simple lemon satin blouse would prove a delightful variant with a silk suit



A cap of taffeta edged with white, a matching bow to tie about the throat, a dash of French dressing for the American miss

# You Must Kill That Inferiority Complex

Says HELEN WOODWARD

**A**RE you bothered by the thought that you cannot get along with people? Does it seem to you sometimes that your character is made up entirely of angles and that those angles, sharp pointed by irritation, are always jutting into the people about you? I tortured myself pleasantly by the hour over such notions when I was in my teens and early twenties. I felt sure that I should eventually have to become a sort of female hermit—that I should wind up a retired student in a lonely study—so impossible did it seem that I should ever adjust myself and my angles to the angles of other people. If I had only known that these were the usual inevitable miseries of all girls, how much easier many things would have been.

The miseries of youth are so varied and so great. If any

## WHO DID

one tells you that youth is a happy time, do not believe it.

Tell them that youth is a time of uncertainties and lack of self-knowledge, of feeling one's way in the dark—of walking on life as though it were a tight rope, fearful of each step ahead. Youth is a time when every person we see seems more secure and more powerful than ourselves. It is the time when we are such a mixture of conceit and humility that we are a nuisance to ourselves.

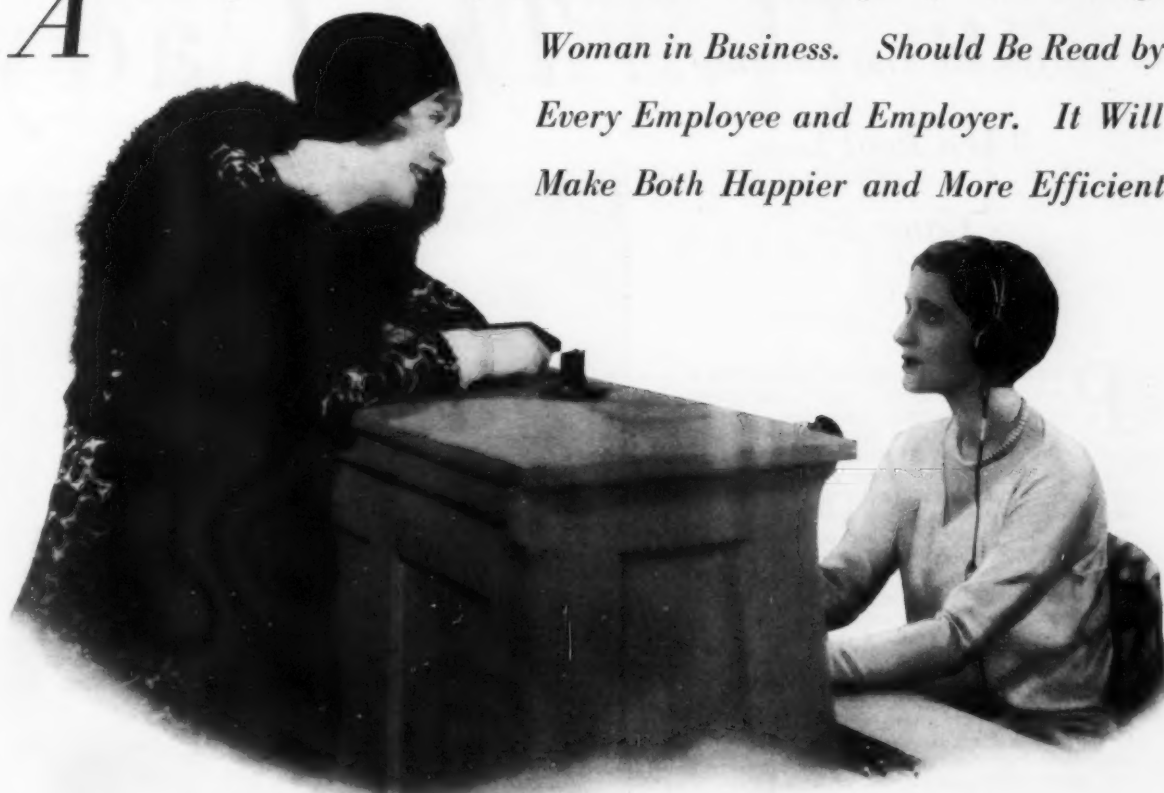
**It is this uncertainty which makes it so difficult to fit ourselves into the pattern of life. The more uncertain we are of ourselves the harder it is to get on with other people. And each time we fail in some relation**



*Courtesy of First National*

**When the boss is distraught and hard to please, don't feel that you, alone, are to blame. It may be that his especial brand of inferiority complex is working overtime. Success doesn't always bring self-confidence—but it should!**

**A Startling Revelation of the Hidden Handicaps of the Average Woman in Business. Should Be Read by Every Employee and Employer. It Will Make Both Happier and More Efficient**



*Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

**A smile and a word of encouragement given at the right moment have saved many a business career from disaster**

with those about us, we become more uncertain, and so most of us walk in a circle, round and round, until experience and practice show how foolish we have been.

You can break the circle and walk out freely. The way to do it is to stop worrying about yourself and to start to wonder about the people around you. Start to wonder not what they are thinking of you but what they are thinking about themselves. Try to put yourself out of the picture if you can. Imagine yourself sitting in the third row of the orchestra watching a play—the play that is going on in the mind of your neighbor. You will realize when you consider their actions in relation to themselves, and not to yourself, that the problem of getting on with them becomes smooth and simple. We are so apt to think, childishly, that everything revolves about ourselves. When our neighbor has a frown on her face we assume she is frowning about us, forgetting always that she is the center of her own world and has forgotten our existence.

For instance, when you meet a girl coming down the aisle of your new office and she barely replies to your "Good Morning," do not say to yourself, "Am I not good enough?" or, "Is she jealous of me?" Say, "I guess she had to get up too early this morning," or, "She has had a quarrel with her beau," or "She thinks she has said good morning cordially. She doesn't realize how frosty she seems." This isn't always true of course. It may be that she is so uncertain of her own place, either as a business woman or as a social person, that she dares not be cordial for fear of losing some of her own prestige.

A famous business woman—head of a great organization—has carried this state of mind to a preposterous conclusion. She has sent out official word, that is, she has had a sign put up in the outer office which reads as follows: "Mrs. Blank

does not care to have the members of the staff say good morning to her." It sounds funny, doesn't it? But it is really rather pitiable. Mrs. Blank is a charming woman on occasion, usually when she is away from her office, but she has had a sharp struggle. When she was a young girl with a small job, she formed a preposterous idea of the grandeur of certain people, and she simply cannot get over it. She dares not be simple and human in her relationship with her subordinates for fear that it will hurt her position. She doubts her own ability and even more she doubts her social graces. A woman more sure of herself would be kinder and simpler in her relationships with the people about her. By exceptional ability and hard work, Mrs. Blank has accomplished what she wanted to, but she has done it at the expense of such torture of spirit and such loneliness that no woman in her senses would envy her. She is afraid, and in that she is like nearly everybody else.

**We all of us stay afraid of something as long as we live: death, or poverty, or failure, or self-surrender. But while we are bound to remain afraid of some big thing we may as well get rid of a few little fears as we go along.**

**T**HERE is no use in being afraid of other people—they cannot really hurt you; at least they cannot as long as you realize that they too are afraid of something or some one. You will realize this more fully the first time you discover that some one is afraid of you.

I have always been a little shocked when some one seemed afraid of me, since I do not seem at all a fearsome person to myself, being very small and not at all strong. Apparently people are so anxious to find [Continued on page 102]

*Her Way Of Life Grew Both*

*Difficult And Exciting*

*When Real Love*

*Came To*

# The Lady

PEGGY didn't know whether it was Robbie's forlorn little-boy look or his bewildered air of helplessness that clutched at her so queerly. At times she felt so viciously resentful about the whole thing she was savage. Robbie! His adorably absurd figure had just disappeared into Hughes' office and her fingers ran furiously over the erratic keys of her typewriter to keep pace with her pounding heart. How often must she tell him that editors mustn't be pestered!

"Idiot! Idiot!" she fumed over a feminine interest story about the latest gang war. "Hard-boiled Peggy, young cynic of the Gazette staff, head over heels in love with the world's worst poet. What a laugh!"

Becoming aware of the curious eyes of the other reporters, only sheer will-power kept her from reaching for a powder puff. "The wife of O'Banister wore summer ermine and pearls"—her fingers were pointing out determinedly. A slow blush started at her throat and coursed through the tawny skin. Peggy was sure she heard some one, probably a fresh cub, snigger—Robbie was beside her desk.

Slim and brown as an Indian he was and his eyes were clear and ingenuous as a child's. She felt her firm resolution to have no more to do with him slip away like water through a sieve. No good could ever come of falling in love with a man without visible means of support, especially one as helpless as Robbie.

Peggy for all her twenty-two years had few illusions about men. She had interviewed too many of them in jail. Oscar Hughes, the city editor, regarded her as one of the wheel horses of the staff.

"When that Terhune kid goes after a story she doesn't miss half of it by wearing rose colored glasses," he used to say. "Not a soft spot in her."

In consequence Peggy had reported prize fights, tea fights, gang murders, political scandals, and even written diaries for ladies who had popped off their husbands.

Men entered into her scheme of things only when they took her to dinner or acted as free taxi service.

"A little white house and a fat bank account for my old age," she had jeered at a sentimental sports writer who was thinking about getting married. "Love is like a permanent wave—it lasts six months."

NOW here was Robbie leaning over the desk smelling faintly of pipe tobacco and rough tweeds. Peggy thought how much better he would fit on a pleasant country road with a gun on his arm and a pack of dogs at his heels. How could he waste his time writing sickening drivel and letting a crew of pasty faced cynics who weren't





# of the Hard Heart~

By

VIRGINIA LEE

Illustrations by R. VAN BUREN



Peggy knew, without looking up, that Robbie was beside her desk. As she lifted her eyes to meet his adoring glance she blushed furiously—she who had been called so blasé—to realize that the whole joyously grinning city room was also aware of him

fit to clean his boots laugh at him like these saps were doing?

"How's the young poet this morning?" Peggy's voice attempted sarcasm and succeeded only in achieving gentle concern.

His eyes were so like a little boy who has been slapped unjustly that an intense longing to cradle his head on her shoulder and smooth away his troubles almost made her forget the watchful eyes.

She reached for his daily poem:

"Alley cats, garbage,  
Moon like a slender slice of cheese,  
My love awaits in a near seal coat—"

"I—I think it's lovely," lied Peggy not trusting herself to read the rest of it. "Hughes wouldn't know a good poem if it bit him."

Robbie looked greatly cheered.

"If you really think so, that is all that matters. I'd do anything in this green world to please you," his voice choked a little, "even write poetry."

"Ever try driving a truck?" rose to Peggy's lips and subsided unspoken.

"I know you are busy," he went on twisting the wretched thing in his hands, "but won't you take time to lunch with me at the Blackstone?"

Peggy nodded quickly. Anything to get him out of the gaze of those grinning reporters. Her fingers went back to their task, but her mind was still on Robbie.

How like him to select the most expensive place in town! The poor innocent would spend his last cent and she'd have to worry about him being hungry the rest of the week. The O'Banister pearls took on no added luster as she typed.

SHE slipped the story to the copy boy and eased out of the office before Hughes found something else for her to do. The slender heels tap-tapped along as she twisted her head to catch a glimpse of herself in the mirrored doorway—a smart figure in a tightly crushed turban and a shaggy raccoon coat. Peggy could wrap herself in a table cloth and look as though she'd been turned out by Poirer.

Robbie leaped out of a waiting taxi and helped her in as if she were spun glass. Peggy, who could go through a fight crowd like an All-American halfback through a high school team! A mass of yellow orchids winked owlishly from a box on the seat.

"The saints protect me! There goes a month's rent!"

"I thought they'd be nice with your hair."

Peggy winced as another chip went off the enamel of her heart. How dared he be so good looking and brown and lovable, sitting there and upsetting the appletart of her notions about herself! In a minute he'd propose again. Not that she had the foggiest notion of accepting, but it hurt to want to so terribly.

"Robbie," she began sternly. "This is nonsense. I'm a modern woman. If you want to have lunch with me you've got to let me pay my half. I won't be treated like a clinging vine of the hoopskirt era."

Robbie's worshipful eyes looked startled.

"But, Peggy, I couldn't—I mean a man has to think of his position a little, too."

They had passed the last stop light before the turn from the boulevard and she knew she must be firm.

"All that went out with bustles," she declared wrinkling her nose for emphasis. "Either I pay my half or out I get. That's final."

Robbie's chin settled firmly for an instant and then he became the obedient little boy.

"I'll do anything you say, just so you let me tag along."

THE hotel lobby was gay with the first touch of spring. The laughing crowds and the merry confusion were like wine to Peggy's flair for life and color. She nodded here and there to acquaintances and noted more than one glance at the slim strength of her Robbie with appreciation.

He made his way through the mass of people clamoring for tables and when the headwaiter greeted him with a deferential "Good afternoon, sir," Robbie shook hands with him cordially. It wasn't until they were seated at a perfect table overlooking the drive that it occurred to the sophisticated Peggy that the warm handclasp had doubtless contained a banknote.

A waiter interrupted him in the midst of his sixth proposal. Peggy ordered a lettuce sandwich and a cup of tea. Robbie sadly followed suit and her heart misgave her when she saw his eye wander after a passing tray laden with lobster cocktails. Most likely she should have made him take a nice nourishing bowl of soup.

It was two weeks now since she had met him at a literary tea given by Mrs. Partridge, the wife of one of the owners of the Gazette, who divided her amazing energy between a farm devoted to raising cattle of famous pedigree and entertaining genius of antecedents utterly unknown. A clammy youth had been reading a poem analyzing the emotions of an aesthetically inclined sewer digger, while Peggy's scornful soul was covered by a frozen mask of admiration, as became a servant of the public press allowed in the rarefied atmosphere.

After the breathless "Ohs" and "Ahs" had broken into a gabble surrounding the poet, Mrs. Partridge bore down on her like the Leviathan under full steam with a bronzed young giant in tow.

"Dear Miss Terhune," she said, "I do hope the paper will carry a worthy account of the upper regions of the soul we have glimpsed this afternoon, a soul so far removed from the crassness of the mart."

And Peggy, privately wondering how anybody who was so smart about cows could be so dumb about poets, agreed in fervid tones and somehow Robbie McGregor had been presented.

"Mr. McGregor is a novice at the feast of the spirit," the good lady said, "but learning, my dear, learning."

PEGGY wondered how this chap who looked as if he should be swinging a neat mashie had become a part of the Partridge menagerie.

"Did you like the a—poetry?" he asked hopefully.

Peggy's naturally truthful nature had become somewhat atrophied by her contacts with the false world.

"Marvelous," her voice quivered a little. "Such a relief to find a creature apart from the vulgar commercialism of this machine age."

"You don't like machinery?" and Peggy was astounded at the pleasurable tickles that ran down her spine at the sound of his voice.

"O, my de-e-ar," she drew out until it expressed a volume of deep-rooted contempt.

She was taking no chances on saying the wrong thing to one of the big boss's pets.

"You believe then that a guy—I mean a man who does what you heard this afternoon is more in the world than one who makes an aeroplane or say a threshing machine?" he demanded earnestly.

"Can there be more than one answer to that?" went on Peggy, who believed in telling the truth where it was not likely to be understood.

"You're the sweetest-looking girl I ever saw," he said, an incredulous hurt in his eyes as Peggy reluctantly went to work getting the names of any of those present calculated to reflect glory on Mrs. Partridge. As she was leaving she saw that Robbie was deep in conversation with the poet of the afternoon.

Two days later he appeared at the office with a shiny portfolio full of poems.

"Easy," warned Peggy as the choleric city editor showed an inclination to kick him out bodily. "He's a protégé of old lady Partridge."

"O, migawd!" said Hughes turning a brick red. "So I'm to play nurse!"

But the rest of the staff did not suffer from the editor's restraint and Robbie dogged Peggy's footsteps until she found herself protecting him from the gibes of the others. It became impossible for her to go anywhere without his turning up in the course of time. When he didn't she began to worry for fear something had happened to him. At carefully spaced intervals he asked her to marry him and she refused with the same gentle firmness mother uses when she tells Jimmy he can't have the carving knife for a plaything.

SHE was waiting in a crowded hotel lobby to get a prohibition interview with a senator who was publicly dry and privately damp, when Robbie appeared with hopeful persistence, looking more like a little boy than ever.

"I wish you didn't think I was such a washout," he said humbly. "No one could adore you more than I do. Won't you marry me?"

Peggy's eyes grew misty but at that instant the senator emerged from the elevator.

"Run along, Robbie," she said preparing to corner her quarry, "I'm not taking any this week."

Just the same she went to sleep that night thinking how nice it would be to have a little white house with Robbie practising puts on the front lawn. Peggy, having been born in an apartment house, always let her romantic imagination run to wide front lawns and places where people could have their own sweet way with their very own furnaces.

But the next day a cold drizzling rain fell with melancholy determination. In and out of the tangled traffic of the city she dashed, her feet wet and her hat a sodden wreck. Taxis were impossible to obtain and she was standing on the curb waiting for a bus when a glittering town car splashed by, drenching her.

"Nasty pig," called Peggy in its wake when the car stopped abruptly.

A thick-set man with a ruddy neck opened the door and revealed the solid bulk of Thomas Marston, who made the most soap in the world.

"Jump in, Peggy," he commanded with heavy joviality and she sank back in the luxurious upholstery with a sigh. "Fine day for ducks."

"Better for the soap business," she retorted, eyeing her mud-splashed clothes. "Having your chauffeur drum up business?"

A throaty chuckle from the man while she went on, "So good of you! My Rolls is laid up in the shop with lumbago."

"Wet as a water rat, but her chin still up and her tongue ready," he thought glancing sideways at her. "Make a fine wife for some man of affairs."

"How about dinner?" he said aloud, attempting to capture her hand.

Peggy, wondering whether Robbie had had sense enough to wear rubbers on such a day, retrieved the hand but nodded an acceptance. She never bought her own meals if she could help it.

THEY dined in the gaudy magnificence of the Pompeian Room and the girl in spite of her bedraggled clothes had a jaunty arrogance that pleased the soap king mightily. He liked nerve, especially in women.

Peggy cast a speculative eye on her companion. Properly encouraged he'd ask her to marry him. A big house in Lake Forest, a flock of servants and half a dozen cars, wouldn't be so bad. Peggy was not one to sneer at soap though she did at poetry that needed it.

Two sycophantic waiters hovered while he ordered with fine disregard of caloric content. Still a girl doesn't get a chance like him every week. She resolved to be very nice.

"Poor kid," he patted her hand with his pudgy one, "if you were my little girl you wouldn't be scurrying around like a drowned kitten."

Just then a familiar figure came swinging in the door and was seated across the room. With a stabbing pain she withdrew her hand while the blood pounded in her ears. Wasn't it like

Robbie to bob up so inopportunistically and remind her that goats still walked the earth? Mentally she had just hired a butler and now she had to fire him without so much as throwing a party.

"You half-baked little fool," she stormed to herself as she tried to sleep that night. "Some cutie from the Follies is going to make herself the Bubbles Queen while you listen to a bum poet make bum poetry about alley cats and cheese moons."

Then she remembered Marston's paunch and asked herself why Robbie had the nicest, cleanest eyes in the world. Still she wasn't going to marry him or anybody else. She had a good job and she'd seen too much love go aglimmering in a kitchenette full of greasy dishes. She was all through.

**Y**ET there she was the very next day lunching with Robbie and ridiculously happy because of it.

His eyes looked straight into hers and with the sudden exhaustion of one who has fought too long against the tide she felt herself slipping into their clear depths. How she wanted Robbie!

"I won't interfere with your career if you are so bent on being independent," he was holding her gaze. "I want you any way I can get you. I'm unscrupulous about it."

**Unscrupulous!** Robbie! Peggy smiled tenderly at the idea.

"I love you so." His eyes were lighted by dim bonfires. "Can't you care a little?"

Her very veins seemed to throb with a crazy, feverish longing as the steel of resistance melted in her.

"I do care, Robbie," she whispered. "I guess I haven't a darn bit of sense, but I do."

"Then you will marry me?"

Just then a waiter came with the check and to her consternation he absently tipped him two dollars.

"O, you helpless lamb, fifty cents was plenty for a tip." Peggy's eyes were half filled with tears but she laughed. "I'm afraid I shall have to marry you to keep a sprinkling wagon from running over you. Poets may not care anything about money but, child alive, I'm splitting this check with you!"

Peggy's small hand swallowed Robbie's hard brown one; they drove back to the office, the girl overwhelmed by her decision and the boy awed into reverent silence. And a new Miss Margaret Terhune, whose existence Hughes would have profanely denied, sidestepped an assignment to cover the Master Milliners' Convention and had an interview with the youngish vice-president of her bank.

"I'm as balmy as a tic," the bubbling undercurrent of her thought was saying. "If this bank official knew his onions he'd bundle me over to the psychopathic hospital—pronto."

But he was blindly unaware of this urgency.

"Of course, my advice is to hold on to those bonds till you get a better market," he said with an air of becoming paternalism. "But as long as you insist the bank will take them over. May I ask what you are planning that you need money so quickly?"

Peggy's nose wrinkled with an impish twist.

"Starting an orphan asylum," she laughed uncertainly. "Though I've only one candidate as yet."

She left the bank with the proud consciousness of having twelve hundred dollars in her checking account and the slightly sheepish feeling that she was the town's prize sap.

**T**HE next weeks were an exasperating puzzle to Hughes.

"Every time I try to lay my hands on that Terhune kid she just ain't," he complained. "Her stuff's falling off something terrible and she's flinging in and out of here as busy as a one-armed paperhanger with the hives. If I thought that damn McGregor pest was at the bottom of this I'd wring his neck, but even he can't find her half the time."

Peggy had rented a four-room apartment not far from the park and had bullied the real estate agent into giving her a month's concession.

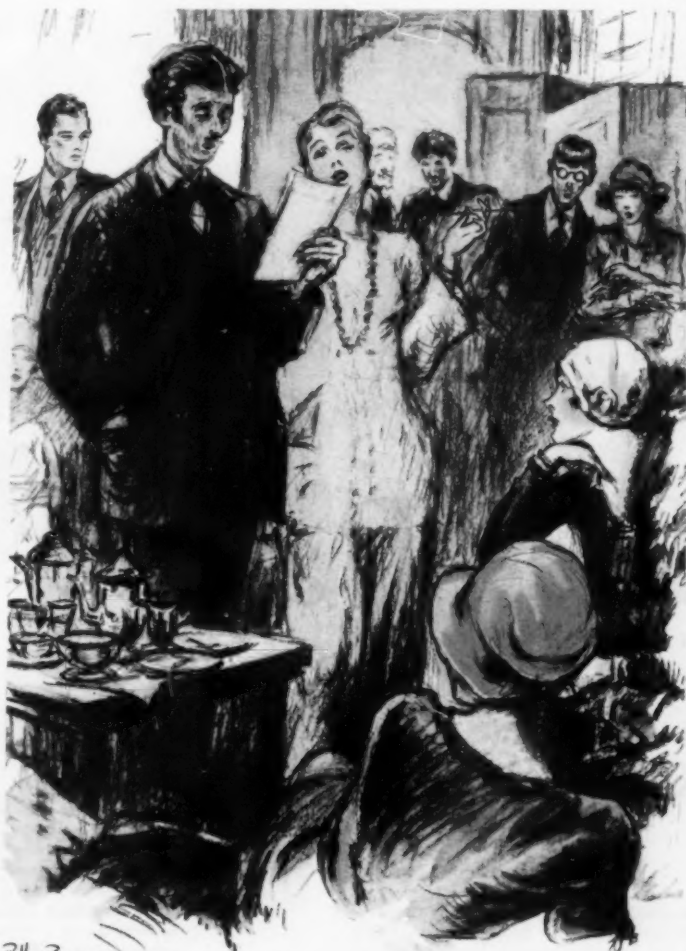
"And dear Mr. Johnson, won't you have your wonderful carpenter build some simple little bookshelves on either side of the fireplace?" she cooed and opened her

eyes wide. "And I'd be so grateful if he would measure for my draperies and make a few flower boxes, I always think flowers add so much."

Completely enthralled Mr. Johnson promised and then had to pay the carpenter overtime when that sweet Miss Terhune telephoned please wouldn't he be a dear and hurry.

The advertising department had flattering visits from Peggy, who scooped the latest furniture sales long before the news reached the breakfast tables of the most assiduous shoppers. She found a scratch on the loveliest highboy and got a substantial reduction. There was a marvelous sale of woolen blankets and Peggy arrived at the store before it opened. An elderly clerk picked out the finest for her because she told him he reminded her so much of Coolidge.

French provincial furniture with comfortable winged-back chairs she bought for a song. An interior decorator was promised a mention in the paper and the [Continued on page 130]



Peggy had first met Robbie at a literary tea. He had seemed godlike when compared to the clammy boys who read verse



*When In Doubt Of  
Your Welcome Go  
Home—And All Will  
Be Well*

# Peter and Mrs. Pan

*By*

FRANK R. ADAMS



THE day that Peter Hughey, the successful young playwright, wired Corinne Renshaw to join him in Atlantic City for lunch he set his feet upon a long, long trail that led him to the very doors of heart-break house. When he married this bewitching "Queen of the Elves" a few days later, he took her at her own valuation.

He loved her blindly, adoringly, without reservation. He knew nothing of her family or her background—so Corinne was able to make him believe that an old admirer of hers—"Daddy George Herk" who appeared on their horizon at exactly the wrong moment was really her father.

And she continued to lull Peter's suspicions regarding Herk to rest with the most preposterous string of lovely rainbow lies—until the night before Peter was drafted into the A. E. F.

To send a man of Peter's caliber off to war—with the certain knowledge that the woman he adored had been deceiving him for months was to send him to face death in a devil-may-care mood.

When a further combination of circumstances led Peter to believe that Corinne had died bringing their child into the world he lost all interest in life—save that overwhelming hatred for the man who had been a part of Corinne's life before their marriage—and who had indirectly been responsible for Peter's disillusionment.

Nothing short of murdering Herk would satisfy Peter and

When Peter professed complete ignorance as to his name and regiment, the orderly was annoyed. But a passing nurse, who knew that Peter's case was a pet one of the chief medical officer, shoved the orderly away. "The patient is not supposed to talk any more!" she said very firmly

the Fates gave him a winning hand when they placed him in such a position overseas that he could assign himself to Captain Herk's outfit just before a big drive.

THE American guns and some French ones obligingly loaned by Marechal Petain were tossing the wrath of God noisily overhead as Peter hastened through the dark communicating trench to the jump-off ditch.

The other men were already there with bayonets fixed. The sandbags which constituted the parapet had been taken down out of the way so that it would be easier to step out of the trench.

"Just in time, brother," greeted Sergeant Garrety. "We were about to pay our little call without you. Put your pie-knife on the end of your bean-blower and we're all set. All right, boys, here's the skipper."

An almost imperceptible movement passed through the group,



Illustrations by  
T. D. SKIDMORE



a sort of a silent tribute of confidence stimulated by the presence of their chief.

"All here?" questioned the officer.

"So far," the non-com replied.

"Let's go!" Captain Herk stepped up and over.

The Germans by that time suspected that something detrimental to their best interests was being put across. Although they could not guess just where the lightning was about to strike they were replying with a haphazard machine-gun fire that, if it were concentrated upon the tiny group of raiders, would exterminate it in ten seconds. The enemy did make a belated attempt to locate the danger point by sticking the sky full of star-shells but the illumination came too late to do them any good. The raiding party was already on its way behind a thick curtain of barrage.

But Peter was grateful for the clear vision which was afforded by the enemy flares. It made his work much simpler.

Ahead he could see Captain Herk walking slowly, as if picking his way across a muddy street. Close behind was his faithful dog, Sergeant Garrety.

The rest of the men were over the parapet. Peter had purposely hung back a couple of paces. He did not want any one in back of him and besides that he had thought of a final kindly act to perform. That was to yank off his dog tag and grind it into the mud of the trench with his hob-nailed shoe. No need to involve the stolid Joe Horovitch in disgrace or even to worry his family with an erroneous casualty report.

Peter rather sneered at himself for having kindly feelings towards any man. The machinery of a personally conducted vengeance ought not to be halted by considerations of mercy.

**P**ETER was out in the open, two yards behind the straggling line and perhaps six paces directly in back of Captain Herk. He was sure of his man both because he was in the lead and also because of his bulk.

Peter dropped to the ground, not in a shell hole but on a high, exposed spot. That was all premeditated, planned in advance. Observers behind him would think him dead or at least very seriously wounded. There was plenty of precedent for that. He had seen a man fall two files to the right of him. Once down he hurried a little lest his vengeance should be forestalled by an enemy

bullet in his own heart. Afterwards, yes, but not until then. Besides Peter knew he was not a very good shot and his target was moving away. At this distance he could scarcely miss but in a moment— Peter aimed hastily, shut his eyes and fired.

When he looked again the bobbing shadow that had been his captain had disappeared. The other shadows were carrying on, but that bigger, broader one was gone.

A sudden revulsion turned Peter sick. He had done it! He had killed a man, not as an enemy in battle, but by assassination.

It was what he had planned to do, but the triumph did not follow. In the flashing illumination of the battlefield his soul saw clearly for the first time since his mind had stepped down to make way for the spirit of revenge.

What he had just done was a crime—murder!

The fact that no one knew it did not make the situation really any more favorable to Peter. His soul, newly come back to its throne, judged him impartially, even with the earth rocking all around.

The penalty for murder is death!

Peter got up and ran forward towards the enemy trench. He passed the straggling line which was walking and only slowed down when the sergeant who had taken the captain's place grabbed him and pulled him back with a cursing command. Together Peter and Garrety entered the first German trench.

In ten minutes they were out again and two or three minutes after that were back of their own parapet.

During that interval of time Peter had completely forgotten everything in his life that had gone before. He had behaved like a foolhardy demon—had fought hand to hand with men twice as large as himself, had entered a dugout alone and brought out an officer and two privates, had knocked a pistol out of the hands of a man who was firing pointblank at him—but his purpose had ceased to be judicial. Instead it had been mere animal self-preservation and fighting fury.

Now, back in the trench with the artillery quieting down and only the stuttering machine guns hashing up the comparative quiet, the reproachful fact that he was still alive struck him.

There was not even a scratch upon him!

The other members of the raiding party were beginning to collect their normal senses.

"Who's gone?" came the query. "That was a hot one. There seems to be a lot more of us left than I expected."

"Where's the skipper?" That question dominated the others. It came from Sergeant Garrety who was nursing a bullet in the shoulder, himself.

"Did any one see him get hit?"

Yes, several had seen him fall on the way over but had figured that the men who were supposed to follow and pick up the wounded had collected him. The latter professed not to have seen him.

Sergeant Garrety assumed command of the situation. "Somebody's got to go out and bring him. He may be dead but you know what kind of a captain he is. He'd be out there himself looking for one of us if he thought there was a chance. I'll go for one but I'll need help because I couldn't bring him in with one arm on the bum."

Peter was halfway over as he volunteered. "I'll get him. I know where he is."

By that time he had disappeared.

"That fightin' fool!" said Sergeant Garrety in admiration. "And to think I called him a handcuffed volunteer."

AGAIN Peter did not expect to come back. There was no barrage in front of him now. The artillery had ceased firing, but the enemy machine guns were sweeping the terrain between the trenches with the idea of discouraging just the sort of thing that Peter was up to.

The bullets were humming around Peter's knees. He had the crazy idea that he was wading through a stream.

Captain Herk was in a shell hole not very far from their own trench. Peter knew exactly where it was and went directly to it but he couldn't tell whether Herk was alive or dead. At any rate he was unconscious.

Of course, Peter couldn't carry him. He was not strong enough. Besides to lift the officer from the ground would be to expose him to the sweeping machine-gun fire.

So he dragged him slowly and painfully across the uneven ground. Peter himself stood up, crouching, but he kept the body of his victim below the line of fire.

Peter got his first wound in the right arm, so he shifted his grip on the captain's shirt collar to his left hand and went on. He expected a bullet through the brain any minute—hoped for it rather than otherwise—but until that time came he might as well get the body of the captain close to the men who idolized him—without understanding his real nature. It was

only a few yards more and the captain would be in the trench.

Another bullet—this one in the side somewhere—but Peter could still travel. Only about six feet to go. "Get me now if you're going to," Peter urged through clenched teeth.

They got him! Three pieces of lead in a row right across his chest. Peter tumbled into his own ditch dragging the captain after him.

"Welcome," said Sergeant Garrety. "We were just sitting down to breakfast and—" he stopped. "Gee, this bird is dead." Peter closed his eyes. The show was over. He could feel his life blood pouring out like water from a leaky pipe.

PETER'S next lifetime was lived in military hospitals in France. In the interim the war ended, the A. E. F. degenerated into a dwindling Army of Occupation.

Peter might just as well have been dead the first few days after he was hit. He knew nothing of what happened. Rather fortunately for him the Argonne drive was not resumed in earnest until two days after Peter became a hospital patient. The medical staff was ready and waiting but they were not yet very busy. They had time to perform some very intricate and astonishing operations upon Peter. A few days later when they were swamped by the receding waves of the attack he would have received only perfunctory attention, and he would have died.

As it was he lived. That is not to say that he lived as he had once lived, entirely vital in every part of his being, for some of his body seemed to belong to some one else and didn't fit very well, but he was certainly not dead.

His first conscious emotion when he came to was one of shame at being alive—the next was cynical regret that so much time had been wasted on him. He didn't want his body. It had done everything he had demanded of it and he was through. His soul might have to go on, doubtless would, to expiate his crimes by some tiresome punishment, but the time he might spend hanging around a half artificial human shell would be sheer waste.

Therefore he made no effort to get well and any doctor will tell you what that does to a patient.

At first he expected to be court-martialed for what he had done. If Captain Herk were alive he would surely be called to account.

BUT before he was able to talk he made the discovery that he was a nameless patient. He remembered with a smile what he had done with his "dog tag." What he did not know was that in the rush of attending to a hundred thousand casualties no one had had time to trace his case back and find out who he was or where he came from.

He did not know either that most of the men in his platoon were casualties themselves, that Joe Horovitch was dead, buried under the name of Peter Hughey and that in general so far as he was concerned he had gone through cosmic bankruptcy and was starting life over again without a single tie to the planet—Earth.

He would have had quite a time establishing himself as Peter Hughey even if he had wished to. And he did not wish to.

So when an orderly came to get vital statistics from him in order to complete the hospital return to be made through the Central Records Office, Peter professed profound ignorance as to his name, regiment and everything.

The orderly was slightly annoyed but a passing nurse, who knew that Peter's case was a pet one of the chief medical officer who had operated on him personally, shooed the orderly away and would not allow Peter to talk any more.

Thereafter he had plenty of time to think and to decide upon a subsequent course of action. Shell shock appeared to be a fashionable complaint and no one seemed able to predict just what turn the mind of a psychological patient might take. In his case it brought on a complete loss of memory.

## THE WINNER of the QUEST for the TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL



will be announced in the August issue of *SMART SET*. She—and the other seventeen girls who are the regional winners—will be especially photographed for this magazine. Their likenesses will be published in *SMART SET*'s portrait gallery.

She is on her way—this Typical Girl—to fame and fortune and the applause of the nation.

*Watch for her!*

The unimaginative and busy hospital staff called him John, and, later, when he was transferred to a base hospital the name went with him. Peter had so many other things the matter that the mere fact that his name had been shot off was a very minor difficulty.

For one thing his lungs were punctured and that let him in for a terrible time when bronchial pneumonia set in that winter along with the rainy season.

But again he pulled through and was passed along to another hospital when the base where he had spent the winter broke up.

**A**N OFFICER newly assigned to a desk job at headquarters of the Department of Military Intelligence was going over the papers in a number of incomplete cases which had passed through the department. A sergeant major was helping him.

"What's this order for the arrest of Private Peter Hughey?" he demanded.

The sergeant major refreshed his memory by looking at the documents on file. "Oh, I remember. There was a cablegram from America came through for him in code. Contrary to A. E. F. general orders, you know, sir. Major Desmond held it up pending investigation and ordered Private Hughey sent here for examination."

"Humph! Why isn't the case marked closed then?"

"Let's see. Hughey had been ordered to the front before Major Desmond sent for him and we lost track of him."

"Killed?"

The report doesn't say, sir."

"Well, let's see this treasonable message."

The sergeant major found it and smoothed it out on the officer's desk. It read:

"Private Peter Hughey.

"A. P. O. 753, A. E. F.

"ILY"

Captain Everhalt read it at a glance. "Is this all?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's treasonable about that? You know what the code is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. It means 'I love you' and I figure that some girl was sending a valentine to her sweetie that way."

"Of course, that's all it is. And Major Desmond ordered this chap's arrest just for that?"

"Well, during the fighting, the department had to be pretty strict about such things."

Captain Everhalt mused a moment. "Well, it doesn't have to be now. That message might have cheered up that poor devil quite a lot if he'd ever received it. It's too late now though. I'll be responsible for dropping that case. Mark it closed and file the papers."

**P**ETER, still a patient, was taken back to the States and assigned to a sanitarium in North Carolina.

If he had cared anything about getting well that would have been the place. But Peter did not care. A year of enforced idleness had broken down his initiative. He no longer worried about anything, did not even dwell much or morbidly on the uselessness of his own existence.

Once upon a time he had resolutely determined to die—dramatic convention seemed to demand that—but now he could not have put it through. He had become a coward. All he cared for was to protect his cringing body and soul from shocks. He did not like to leave the hospital grounds. Contact with the outside world appalled him. He was afraid some stranger would speak to him and the idea brought out a cold sweat of apprehension.

He was in that pitiable state when the hospital commandant's orderly brought him what was supposed to be good news.



Peter was shaken with emotion as he lifted the child in his arms. He was home once more and yet everything was still vague and dreamlike

"There's a gentleman coming to see you this afternoon, John, a man who may know who you are."

"What's his name?" Peter asked idly.

"Mr. Herk."

Peter sat down hastily. It was on the floor.

"What's the matter?" The orderly was helping him to his feet.

"Nothing, nothing. I must have slipped."

"Did you recognize that name?"

Peter hesitated. "What name did you say?" and braced himself for a second shock.

"Mr. Herk, George Herk. He writes that he used to be a captain in the A. E. F. and that you may be one of his men who has been missing since the Meuse-Argonne. Do you remember that name, Captain George Herk?"

Peter shook his head slowly. "Never heard of it."

The orderly was disappointed. [Continued on page 120]



# Do You Want to Know a Short-Cut to Success?

Mary Ryan Says

## It's a Gift

By RICHARD SILVESTER

*She Got Her First Job As a Stenographer Because She Wanted To Help. And Her Letterhead Today Carries This Friendly Slogan—  
"Always At Your Service"*

**B**ACK in 1908 an importer down on Barclay street, New York, needed a new stenographer. He phoned Grace Institute where girls were taught the secretarial arts. A score of applicants responded to his call.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said one little fifteen-year-old miss at the end of the line, "but while I'm waiting for you to interview the other girls, may I not mail those letters there for you?"

When she returned from the letter-box at the corner she found the office empty, save for the genial face of her prospective employer.

"Your desk, young lady," said the man, "is over there. You may begin at once."

"I—haven't any experience, Sir," stammered the little girl almost unable to realize that she had really landed her first full-time job. "I've only just graduated from business school—but I'll do my very best to please you—"

And she did.

She kept that job six years!

Mary Ryan was the new stenographer's name. Her employer was Christian J. Dierckx, importer of chinaware and art goods. In the pretty auburn-haired girl who so graciously offered to mail his letters he recognized a most important business asset—the willingness to serve.

This quality that Mary Ryan demonstrated as a young girl has now helped to place her in the front rank of America's most envied and successful business women.

**H**AVING won the confidence of her first employer to such a degree that during his frequent European trips he entrusted her with the entire management of his business, she added to her business training by working for several other firms in allied fields.

Four years ago Miss Ryan decided the time was ripe to branch out for herself. Armed with \$2,000—which is all the capital ever put into the venture—she launched her own

wholesale gift business in a little office at 225 Fifth Avenue.

Her success was instantaneous. The first year brought her \$158,000 worth of orders! By the end of 1928 she had developed 12,000 active accounts. Last year these customers placed orders with her amounting to over \$1,250,000! For 1929 her business will probably amount to a quarter of a million more.

And it all happened because little Mary mailed those letters—and later in her desire to please her boss—in place of idling away her time—dusted off the curious art objects he had in his showroom, helped unpack the chinaware, and so cultivated a love for the business that is now making her wealthy, happy and famous all over the entire country.

No doubt a million other young girls have had equal or better opportunities to make a name for themselves in the business world. But they did not possess Mary Ryan's active imagination, boundless enthusiasm and passion for work.

And so their stories, unfortunately, are not so fascinating to tell.

"I CAN'T remember the time when I was not interested in business—particularly the shopkeeping business," said Miss Ryan when I interviewed her recently in her beautiful and spacious Fifth Avenue showrooms.

"As a tiny tot I used to vex my dear mother by standing, for what must have seemed to her hours, in front of store windows, pressing my little nose against the glass and gazing in amazement at the many marvelous things displayed within. If there was a store window anywhere about, it was hard for me to bring myself to play with the other children.

"My greatest delight, when a little girl, was to 'play store.' I can remember getting up one Saturday morning at dawn and spending the entire forenoon preparing my make-believe department store for the young 'customers' invited to my sister's birthday party.

"When I was eleven I got a big [Continued on page 135]



Knowing what people want to buy—and to give away—is one-third intuition and one-third common sense and one-third good taste. Building a million dollar novelty business is all of these—plus. Ask Mary Ryan—she knows!



# Secrets of a smart Sun-Tan

How to achieve a Smooth Clear Skin Toned to an Even Brown

by JANE KENDALL MASON

JANE KENDALL MASON (Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.) is widely known as "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House." Society favorite and all-round sportswoman, this enchanting blonde beauty writes, models in clay, paints and acts with equal success.

It's SMART to be sun-tanned! The fad began out of a clear blue sky. A Parisian *élégante* was told to bathe in the summer sun till she was as brown as an Arab. Along with radiant health she achieved an irresistible new beauty which forthwith became the fashion.

This summer everyone, everywhere, by lake and sea, in mountains and in country, is seeking her place in the sun, toasting her skin to the delightful coppery tan most women find so becoming.

The burning question is how to be smartly sun-tanned yet keep your skin smooth and evenly browned. Its charm is ruined if it becomes reddened, roughened, dry or blistered. Yet, with constant exposure to the sun, all these disasters are inevitable unless you give your skin the right care.

My own complexion is naturally fair, and my home is in Havana, Cuba, where the sun is strong. What with swimming, tennis, golf and motoring, you can imagine that to achieve the gypsy brown I love, yet keep my skin smooth and fine, does take care!

But I have a simple "sun-tan secret"—

## Four exquisite preparations for care of the skin...

1. You know Pond's Cold Cream, for immaculate cleansing all year round. In summer it keeps your smart sun-tan smooth and even and prevents burn.
2. Large, absorbent, snowy, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are indispensable to your cold cream cleansing, removing dirt and cream, economizing laundry and towels.
3. Soothing and refreshing, Pond's fragrant Skin Freshener banishes oiliness after using cold cream. Tonic and mild astringent, it clears, refines the skin.
4. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream in summer to prevent shiny nose, and to protect your skin if you prefer not to burn. And always all year round for protection and powder base!

MAIL COUPON AND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS  
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. U, 125 Hudson St., New York

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company

the exquisite Cold Cream made by Pond's.

Always before I go to the beach I coat my skin all over with a film of this pure, light cream. The fine light oils give just the protection needed against the drying, burning, roughening effects of sun, wind and salt water, keep the skin supple, smooth, help it to brown beautifully, evenly.

After my day in the sun I follow my usual Pond's Method, just as I do the year round:—

To avoid peeling, the immaculate cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is doubly essential, and deliciously soothing. Pond's Tissues to wipe away the cream are divinely gentle. To banish the last trace of oiliness, Pond's Skin Freshener is ideal.

I spray mine on with a big atomizer. Last, I smooth in Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives such a lovely finish for evening!

## Every skin needs summer care

Whether or not you choose to go in for sun-tan, you should nevertheless give your skin special summer care. No way of doing this is swifter or surer than the four simple steps of Pond's Method:

First—Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing... Then, Pond's Tissues to remove dirt and cream... Third, Pond's Skin Freshener to banish any final trace of oiliness... Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection and exquisite finish.

Here's luck—and a lovely complexion to you all!



# The Glorious Fourth

[Continued from page 64]

You can't. I'll be furious. But—oh, all right. (Slams down receiver.) The little so and so. I didn't want him anyway. (After a moment takes up another list and puts receiver to ear.) Caledonia 6200. Yes. (Waits.) Hello—Princeton Club? Listen, operator, will you see if any of the following are in the club—John Watts, Percy Caldwell, Jim Upham, Robert Scott or Terry Simpson. And if they aren't, listen, operator, this is Mrs. Herbert Wycoff, Plaza 6565 and I've simply got to get a man for contract this afternoon and will you please ring every room in the club and see if you can get me somebody. Well, none of the very old grads. Anything after 1912. Will you please? Thanks a lot. (Hangs up. Gets another idea. Looks through telephone book. takes down receiver.) Circle 6060. Yes. (Waits.) Hello—Tip Top Agency? Look—this is Mrs. Herbert Wycoff, 9 Sutton Place South. Yes. And I wonder if you could get me a man to play contract for this afternoon. I'd pay him very well. Contract. Contract bridge. (Enter the maid. She is a typical maid.)

MAID: The superintendent of the building wants to show the apartment to a gentleman—

JULIA: But he can't. It's absurd at this time.

MAID: He says it says in the lease—

JULIA: It's simply outrageous. All day long strangers are filing through these rooms—just because we want to sublet—wait a minute, a gentleman?

MAID: Yes, Mrs. Wycoff.

JULIA: All right. Show him in, Sarah. (That's the maid's name.)

(Exit Maid.)

JULIA: (Remembering telephone.) All right. I may telephone you later. (Hangs up.)

(Enter Mr. Drake. He is a typical Mr. Drake. With him is the Superintendent whose name I have momentarily mislaid.)

SUPERINTENDENT: Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Wycoff. This is Mr. Drake. He would like to look at the apartment.

JULIA: How do you do. You don't by any chance play contract, do you?

MR. DRAKE: Sorry. I've never been good at games.

SUPERINTENDENT: (At window.) Now you see this looks out right over the river—

MR. DRAKE: Oh, yes. And that—?

SUPERINTENDENT: That's Welfare Island. MR. DRAKE: And those, I presume, are prisoners?

SUPERINTENDENT: Yes, but very nice prisoners.

JULIA: You don't by any chance know anybody who plays contract?

MR. DRAKE: On Welfare Island? No, I'm afraid I don't. I'm just a stranger here. (The telephone rings.)

JULIA: (Taking the receiver.) Yes? The Princeton—oh, yes, yes. Did you get anybody? Well, did you try every room? Oh, dear. Well, look—what other colleges are there? What? Oh, that's right—I forgot about Harvard. You don't know what that number is, do you? I see. Well, thank you very much.

(She hangs up and bites a nail reflectively.)

MR. DRAKE: (Who has been inspecting the apartment.) I'm sorry but I'm afraid this won't do.

SUPERINTENDENT: You won't get a view like this any place in New York.

MR. DRAKE: I'm sure I won't. But those prisoners over there on the Island—I don't think I should like them coming in through my window—I suppose I'm peculiar that way, but—well, I just don't like prisoners. (He bows himself out. The Supt. follows.)

(Julia seats herself gloomily at the tele-

phone, her back to the window. She leafs through the telephone book.)

(Clifton, a somewhat different prisoner, appears at the window. He is in prison dress and dripping wet. He slowly enters, not seeing Julia.)

JULIA: (Taking telephone.)—Stuyvesant 4300. Yes. (Waits.) What? has been changed to what? Why? Oh, all right—hello, operator, that number has been changed to Caledonia 7643. Yes. (Waits.) Hello—hello—oh, operator, won't you please—

CLIFTON: Awful service isn't it?

JULIA: Terrible. Where did you come from?

CLIFTON: (Vaguely.) Oh, over there—

JULIA: What do you want—to look at the apartment?

CLIFTON: Well, in a way—

JULIA: Would you mind not dripping on the rug?

CLIFTON: Sorry—

JULIA: Quite a storm we had.

CLIFTON: Yes I couldn't get a taxi anywhere.

JULIA: So you swam. (She suddenly runs towards a desk drawer but he beats her to it and gets the revolver.)

CLIFTON: Do you mind?

(The doorbell rings. He looks at her inquiringly, then dodges into the bedroom.)

I'll shoot—honest I will. I simply *won't* go back to that island. The food is simply terrible.

(Enter maid.)

MAID: Some people to see the apartment.

JULIA: Ask them to come right in, Sarah.

MAID: Yes, Mrs. Wycoff.

(Exit maid.)

(Enter Clifton, superbly attired in Mr. Wycoff's lounging robe.)

CLIFTON: (Showing the tip of the revolver in one pocket.) Well, well—some one to see the apartment.

(He opens the door of a convenient closet and suggests that Julia enter. She hesitates.)

JULIA: Could I go in the other closet? This smells awfully of raincoats.

CLIFTON: Don't be silly. Of course you can. (He opens the door of the other closet and she enters.) Will you want anything to read?

(Enter the superintendent followed by Mrs. Grummond, whom I would rather not describe.)

SUPERINTENDENT: Sorry to bother you—

CLIFTON: Not at all. Mrs. Wycoff has stepped out for a few minutes. You wish to look at the apartment, is that it? Of course. Now this is our river view—

Mrs. GRUMMOND: I presume it is rather damp—

CLIFTON: Oh, frightfully. I'm sure you wouldn't like it.

Mrs. GRUMMOND: (Sniffing out window.) And what is that over there?

CLIFTON: That? That? Oh, that's Welfare Island, where they keep prisoners, you know. Awful place, they say. I don't think you'd like it over there, either.

Mrs. GRUMMOND: Prisoners?

CLIFTON: (Shuddering.) I'd rather not talk any more about such an unpleasant subject.

Mrs. GRUMMOND: (Looking around.)

How about closets?

CLIFTON: Closets?

Mrs. GRUMMOND: I said closets.

CLIFTON: Oh, yes, of course. I thought you meant—well, now, let me see—I wish Mrs. Wycoff was here, because she knows a great deal more about those things than I do. Closets—h'mmm. (He moves between Mrs. Grummond and the closet in which Mrs. W. is concealed.) Of course, at this time of year our closets are in frightful condition—the Fall is really the best time for closets—you couldn't come back in the Fall perhaps?

Mrs. GRUMMOND: I'm sure, Mr. Wycoff—I presume that I am addressing Mr. Wycoff—

CLIFTON: Well, in a way—and on the other hand—

SUPERINTENDENT: Mr. Wycoff never gets home until about 5.

CLIFTON: Well, well—and what time have you now? My watch has stopped.

SUPERINTENDENT: It's just four-ten.

CLIFTON: Good. Is there anything else you would care to see, madam?

Mrs. GRUMMOND: I'm sure I've seen enough.

CLIFTON: Yes, I suppose you're right. Well, better luck next time—ha, ha—well, it never rains but it pours, you know—good-by—good-by—

(Mrs. Grummond sweeps out, followed by superintendent.)

(Clifton opens the closet door.)

Oh, hello—you still here? What luck!

JULIA: Look—do you play contract?

CLIFTON: Well, I'm not *awfully* good—what do you play for?

JULIA: A cent.

CLIFTON: Oh, ye gods, no. Why, I'd be back on the island in a minute.

JULIA: Well, half a cent.

CLIFTON: Oh, no—really. And besides, I don't like to play, anyway. No, I wouldn't think of it.

JULIA: (After a moment.) I suppose you know that that gun isn't loaded.

CLIFTON: You don't tell me.

(He pulls trigger; the gun goes off and a lamp is broken.)

JULIA: That's funny. Try it again.

(Clifton tries again and smashes a vase.)

JULIA: Well, I'll be darned. Would you mind if I tried?

(He passes her the gun, as the maid enters.)

MAID: Mr. and Mrs. Harrison have come—

JULIA: (Covering Clifton with the revolver.) Show them right in.

CLIFTON: Oh, now, listen—you wouldn't give me up to the police would you?

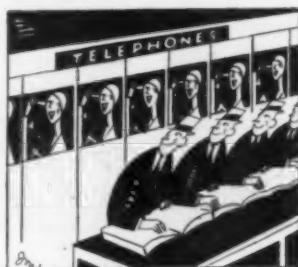
(Enter Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey—the maid had got the wrong name—young marrieds.)

JULIA: Hello Ethel—Hello Bill. I got a fourth, all right. Mrs. Chauncey, this is Mr.—

CLIFTON: Jones.

JULIA: Jones—and Mr. Chauncey—shall we cut?

(The four take places as the curtain falls to the sound of faint applause.)



Number, please? the central cries—  
Number, please? ask queuing eyes—  
Neither hearts nor pulses slumber  
When you try to get a number!

# "A smooth exquisite skin always brings an answering thrill,"

39 Hollywood directors find

ELEANOR BOARDMAN in the garden-like bathroom which is one of the most charmingly original seen in Hollywood.

"Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for the very smooth skin—'studio skin'—a screen star must have. It is such a good soap!"

*Eleanor Boardman*

To stand the test of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights for a close-up, a star's skin must be exquisite. MARY BRIAN, Paramount star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps 'studio skin' in perfect condition."

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

*Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap . . .*

"THE MOST appealing of all charms is a lovely smooth skin," says Howard Bretherton, director for Warner Brothers—and voices the experience of 39 leading Hollywood directors.

"A screen star's skin must be genuinely exquisite to triumph in the searching close-ups," he continues emphatically. "Smooth 'studio skin' is the out-

standing factor in screen success today."

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 (98%) keep their skin exquisitely smooth with Lux Toilet Soap. And all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

You will love its generous, caressing lather—the way it leaves the skin satin-smooth. Use this daintily fragrant white soap in your bath, too, as nine out of ten screen stars do.

## LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 10¢  
50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . now



# The Woman That Never Gave

[Continued from page 47]

to Elizabeth, in one ring and Elizabeth would have licked them all in one evening single handed.

True, she was not so beautiful as her "dear sister," Mary of Scotland, whose beauty in the end was somewhat disfigured by an axe in the hands of Elizabeth's executioner. But if she lacked Mary's insidious loveliness, she had personality plus—plus wit, grace, culture, intellect, courage, and force. Her dancing amazed ambassadors from the courts of Spain and Rome by its spirit and grace. She spoke six languages. Her horsemanship was so daring that when she was only sixteen her first "beau"—Lord Admiral Seymour—remonstrated with her for it. Her sense of humor was vivid and contagious. And she understood to perfection the art of playing to her audience—with a visiting prince she could be the great queen, with some bluff old noble of her own realm she could be brusque and honest, with Sir Francis Bacon and the philosophers of her court she could be the complete blue stocking.

Strachey says, "The extraordinary spirit was all steel one moment and all flutters the next."

It has been assumed that no man ever loved Elizabeth for herself alone. When a woman can make a man Prime Minister or Commander-in-Chief, men cannot be disinterested where she is concerned.

At the same time it is silly to suppose that a woman who could awaken and keep the adoration and loyalty of a great people as no other prince ever did, who could inspire the affection and genius of devoted ministers over many years, who could stir the admiration of foreign ministers even while they deplored her methods and dealings—it is silly to suppose that such a woman could not win and keep the love of one man.

And so she could have but for her two weaknesses, jealousy and vanity.

**E**LIZABETH didn't have to go back far for her heritage of these fatal qualities.

It must be remembered that she was the daughter of Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn.

Henry was a jealous, vain, lustful and domineering tyrant.

Anne Boleyn remains a strangely vague figure when it is considered what tremendous consequences resulted from her charm for Henry. To marry her, he divorced Catherine of Aragon, defied the Pope and abandoned the religion of his fathers, turned Christendom upside down and inaugurated a reign of religious civil war.

Out of this amazing hodge-podge of passion, jealousy, tragedy and death, came the great Elizabeth.

We are not concerned here with her record as a queen.

Suffice it to quote from Lytton Strachey's great prose work, "Elizabeth and Essex," where he says, "When she had finished her strange doings there was civilization in England."

Elizabeth was a great queen.

But she was a jealous woman.

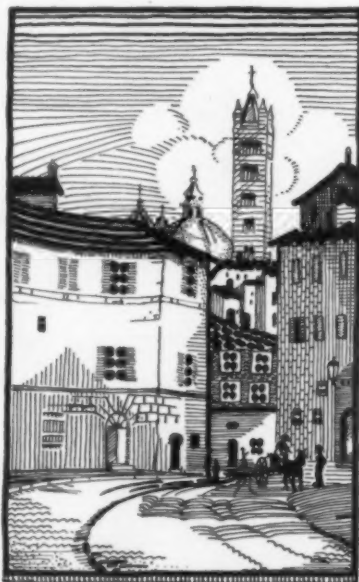
And she never had a happy love affair in her life.

For it is plain enough that while they might amuse her and gratify her inordinate and unbelievable vanity, the sighs and songs of such weak creatures as Hatton and Simier, Heneage and the Duke of Alençon, De Vere and Sir Charles Blount could never satisfy such a virile and vital personality as Elizabeth's.

Friendship she knew. Such devoted service as no other woman has ever had.

When Lord Burghley, who as her chief minister and bulwark of strength to her for over forty years, was dying, he wrote to his son: "I pray diligently and effectually let her Majesty understand how her singular kindness doth overcome my poor power to acquit it, who, though she will not be a mother, yet showeth herself, by feeding with her own princely hand, as a careful nurse, and if I may be weaned to feed myself, I shall be more ready to serve Her on earth; if not, I hope to be, in heaven, a servitor of Her and God's Church."

Such feeling she knew how to deserve and to return.



But love?

A different story.

And why?

Because whichever way we look at her loves—and they were many—we see the green-eyed monster of jealousy peering forth.

**L**EICESTER, the tall and noble earl, was the handsomest man in Europe and the bravest. Surely, if she ever loved at all, she loved him. For many years he was the dominating factor in her life.

Marry Leicester Elizabeth would not—"there is but one mistress in England and shall be no master"—yet she was dog in the manger enough to throw him into the Tower when she found that he had been secretly married for some time to the beautiful Countess of Essex.

Oh, she let him out again. She could not do without him. But surely such love as he had left for her—in those days a man might love the Virgin Queen and still be considered a virtuous husband—withered in the fire of such ignoble jealousy.

**A**GAIN, her jealousy broke the spirit of that gallant warrior, Sir Walter Raleigh, and reduced him to mean and pitiful actions, brought him whining for the royal favor so necessary to his ambitions.

The story of how he won her notice by spreading his cloak over a mud puddle that she might not dirty her royal shoe is too well known to bear repetition. From that time

on he grew steadily in her favor, at times even eclipsing the Earl of Leicester. When, in June 1592, the queen discovered that he had secretly wed Elizabeth Throckmorton, a good and beautiful girl, her rage was shocking. When Sir Walter returned from battle with the Spanish fleet, whither his enemies declared he had fled rather than face the queen—many a man would rather face the guns of war than a jealous woman—he was marched at once to the Tower, where he found his wife already lodged.

At first he defied the infuriated queen. Then he begged her forgiveness. At last, in the face of her unabated violence, he capitulated and crawled back to her feet. Which probably brought no real happiness to Elizabeth, for no matter how hard a woman may try to dominate and conquer a man, she is never happy when she has succeeded.

Elizabeth got exactly what most jealous women get—a pack of lies, deception, insincerity and inferiority.

**E**SSEX was twenty and the queen past fifty when there began the last love affair of her long career. It is impossible that Essex should have really loved her—but certainly for a time he fell under her strange fascination. "Men felt," says Strachey, "when they came near her, that they were in a superhuman presence." Thrilled, awestruck, dazzled, Essex knelt before this "Faerie Queen" and gave her an adoration that was very near love, that would surely have been love save for the insurmountable difference in their ages.

However, he was young; he was a great noble, and according to the best traditions of England it was his duty to marry and have descendants.

Yet when in 1590 he married the widow of Sir Phillip Sidney, a storm of rage shook the royal mistress such as had never been known before. She ranted and raved. The court trembled. Her counselors fled from her presence. So that at last Essex for Her Majesty's better satisfaction was pleased that my lady should live retired in her mother's house and he soon came to be once more "in very good favor."

History does not pause to comment upon the fact that all the bitter quarrels, all the strife and rebellion, which in the end ruined Essex and caused Elizabeth the greatest suffering and most bitter humiliation of her life followed this.

Her jealousy and suspicion grew apace. At last she permitted Essex's wife to return to court. But it was too late. Essex, like most lovers of jealous women, had decided he might as well have the game as the name. He had learned deception. He kept his philanderings as secret as possible, but philander he would and neither the queen nor his wife could keep him from it. The queen's doubts kept her in a constant state of violence and ill temper.

All the torture of burning jealousy was hers and she allowed it full sway. Her moods were ugly and dangerous.

Strange scenes took place in the court over which Her Majesty now brooded with angry looks, where once she had sparkled in such magnificent gaiety and brilliance.

Before this, Essex had written to her, "Madam, when I think how I have preferred beauty above all things and received no pleasure in life but by the increase of your favor towards me, I wonder at myself what cause there could be to make me absent from you one day."

It was afterwards that he shouted in public Council when some minister had placed before him certain conditions which Elizabeth wished to make in connection with his duties,



# S U M M E R !

*yet your*  
**POWDER**  
*clings,*  
*rouge stays on*  
*and you look*  
**ALWAYS**  
**LOVELY**



*SUMMER . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters . . . Summer calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.*

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no over-flushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions, to fully enjoy summer . . . and with Princess Pat beauty aids *you may*.

## "Summer-Proof" Make-up

Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty. For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent

gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the softest, most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre.

## Try the Seven Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder, lip stick and lip

tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Princess Pat Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your prompt acceptance of this liberal offer.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for **your** coupon and 25c (min.). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

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This  
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 Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.  
 Name (print) .....  
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# PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

"Her conditions? Her conditions are as crooked as her carcass."

Essex paid for that upon the scaffold. Other things the Queen had forgiven him. She never forgave that.

But she too paid, in bitter tears and burning humiliation.

Revenge she had when Essex's head fell. But revenge was not what she wanted. She wanted the gay and handsome and brilliant young Earl, who had loved her. Revenge was a poor substitute. It is the poor substitute for many jealous women.

Jealousy more than any other emotion makes a woman bite off her own nose to spite her face.

**ELIZABETH TUDOR** was a queen. She could cast men into prison and free them again. She could buy with preferment, with riches, with favors, a semblance of the love she might have had free-given. She could force words of love by threat of the block. Yet it is pathetic to realize that by changing her tactics, by using her charm and her fascination, she might have gained honestly the real things which she attempted to force.

One by one her lovers fell away—Leicester dying without a word for her, Raleigh banished, Essex beheaded—and left her in her last years, utterly alone.

If this was the result with Queen Elizabeth, what will jealousy do to lesser women?

Above all things, let us learn from Queen Elizabeth that jealousy can never accomplish any good thing.

But, comes the question, even when all that is known and acknowledged, how is jealousy to be overcome?

Can it be controlled?

Any wrong emotion can be controlled and conquered by thought. If you know how to think about jealousy, reason will aid you in overcoming it.

In the first place, jealousy is founded upon a fear of loss—the loss of something one loves and desires to keep.

It has been illustrated in the case of Elizabeth how jealousy, in a vicious circle, makes doubly sure the very loss of which one is afraid. It drives a woman to make herself disagreeable and unlovable just when she needs most to be her most charming.

When jealousy is actually founded upon a fear of loss, every woman should call her sporting blood to her assistance.

She is joined in battle with another member of her own sex for something she wants—for if she will sit down alone and think coldly for a short time she will see that she wants the man for herself. It might be a great satisfaction momentarily to be nasty, to say mean (and perhaps truthful) things about the other woman, to insult the man.

But it won't do any good. It can't possibly gain her objective. It will only allow her enemy to be victorious over her. And that victory will not only rob her of what she wants but it will cause her the bitter humiliation of defeat.

**THEREFORE**, instead of allowing fear and her temper to drive her into playing into the hands of the other woman, she should at this time above all others, use every method, every effort, to be her most charming and attractive and delightful self.

When there is any reason to fear she may lose her man to another woman, then more than ever she should study Emma Hamilton, Cleopatra, Ninon, Mary Stuart, and apply what she has learned. She should start in all over again to win her man, and to be so much more charming and lovable, so much more companionable and amusing, than the other woman that she will win the battle.

She can do it if she will put aside jealousy and use her head.

However, most of the time jealousy does not come from an actual fear of loss, but from a narrow, dangerous sense of possession. The contributing factor is ego—for

this sort of jealousy is composed largely of wounded vanity, hurt pride, and a sense of social humiliation.

Jealousy is not a part of love, for real love thinks primarily of the happiness of the loved one. It does not desire to rob that loved one of any part of life's decent and legitimate pleasures and joys. Jealousy thinks only of its own happiness. It resents anything that touches its vanity.

There can be nothing wrong in a man's desire for the companionship of other women. Contact, exchange of ideas, knowledge of human beings, new ideas, new types, laughter, all enrich life and make it more worth living.

Remember that if a man truly loves a woman, what he gives others cannot rob her. He cannot confine all his thoughts and actions to association with her any more than he can be expected to live his whole life in one room with her. There is no cause for jealousy in a man's outside interests in nine cases out of ten where the average woman resents them.

For instance, a man may like a girl because she is a beautiful dancer. Every woman can't be a beautiful dancer. Perhaps she hasn't the time to practice or the physical attributes necessary. Has it anything to do with love if a man who loves a girl who isn't a good dancer prefers to dance with a girl who is? Only vanity can cause that girl to feel jealous. Only a petty spirit or a low mind can make her wish to rob him of a pleasure simply because she can't bestow it herself.

Another thing. A very important thing. All men admire physical beauty in a woman.

They do not necessarily love its possessor, but they admire the beauty as they might admire an exquisite picture or an inspiring view. Need we be so low as to believe that such admiration is a cause for sexual jealousy? Haven't we as women risen sufficiently above the animal to understand and share that admiration?

A man may like to hear one girl play the piano. He may enjoy another one as a bridge partner. Still a third may make him laugh.

These things have nothing to do with love. How base it is to assume that a man cannot talk with another woman, be friendly with her, admire her, without being faithless in some degree to the woman he loves.

**NONE** of these things are causes for jealousy.

Any woman who grows jealous because of them is silly and vain and in the end will destroy the man's love for her by making herself small and petty or by trying to force him into a cage.

The average lover or husband doesn't think about experimenting with love until he has been told that every woman in the world must cease to exist for him in any capacity whatsoever.

John, perhaps, has never looked at his secretary as a woman. She is a nice person, efficient and useful. Suppose his wife becomes jealous. She is constantly suspicious of his relations with his secretary. She starts to knock the girl—calls attention to the fact that she wears stockings too sheer for work hours and uses mascara on her eyelashes. The first thing you know John will begin to look into the eyes beneath those mascara-ed eyelashes. He will be conscious of those sheer stockings and of what is inside of them. Since his wife is always suspecting that he takes her out to lunch, he might just as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. Things can't be more uncomfortable than they are and maybe he'll get a little fun out of taking her to lunch.

He does. From there nobody can tell what's going to happen.

And when the secretary is named as correspondent everybody calls her names and no one thinks of blaming the foolish wife.

When a man falls in love, all other women do cease to exist—as possible objects of his

love. But they do not and cannot cease to exist as women.

The man who is left free by his wife, free of insulting doubt and harassing suspicion and suggestive nagging, will enjoy life more, will be a better lover and a happier companion than the man who is continually watched and barred from normal contact with the feminine world.

**IT IS** part of the evolution of the race that men have come to expect from women what they used only to expect from each other. Faith, honor, trust, understanding, sportsmanship, apart from the thing called love.

The clever woman wishes to make a man love her first as a person, as a human being, regardless of sex. If he does so, she will have from him respect and courteous treatment at all times.

Monogamy, the marriage of one man and one woman, is the ideal state. But it is by no means to be accepted as universal or natural. In the past and in many places even now, polygamy has been the usual practice.

Men have still many instincts of polygamy left. Often they revert to them in feeling. They may actually desire to possess another woman physically. They can't help it. It is a throwback to the days and instincts of our polygamous ancestors. But the man who loves his wife and is happy with her, who knows he possesses her trust and confidence, will conquer that feeling in almost every case by his conscious thought and his will-power.

Even if he should, under some peculiar circumstance or in some moment of weakness, yield to such an instinct, it hasn't necessarily anything to do with his love for his wife nor is it actually a cause for jealousy.

**ONE** of the most unfortunate things for the human race is that the actions and words of love are the same in all cases—the mere outward actions and words, that is. For the thought and feeling back of them may be as different as night and day. The sun gives light. So does a candle. There is no denying that both are light. But certainly they have nothing in common but that one factor.

So it often is when a man momentarily slips his allegiance. Only the bare action and words are alike. Every thought and feeling is as different as the sun and the candle.

But it is terribly difficult for women to differentiate. It is apt to all look alike to them, since the actions and words resemble each other.

If she could see into the mind of a man, or hear men talk when they are alone together, she would realize that often the one thing which in many states is the only cause for divorce isn't even a cause for jealousy. It is simply a holdover physical instinct, like in 999 cases out of a thousand it is. And if it is met with understanding and forgiveness, it will be cured. The man will respect her and love her a thousand times more for her bigness and will not err again.

The first thing to consider when a jealous thought arises is whether there is any actual foundation for it. Analyze carefully whether the thing done is an encroachment upon love. Be sure it isn't a selfish sense of possession or a matter of wounded vanity.

If it is composed of nasty little suspicions and doubts, hurt feelings, and wounded vanity, honest reason will soon destroy or control it.

If there is actually, in the clear light of reason, cause to fear that one may lose the loved one, then self-control is absolutely essential. And all the methods of the famous women of all times must be brought into play.

One thing is certain. Jealousy never did anybody any good. Not even Queen Elizabeth.

## Why I Masqueraded As A Man

[Continued from page 25]

emphasize the effect it was having on my nature, on my very soul.

Finally we decided to take a farm, called Baillif's Court, near Littlehampton in Sussex, and it was there that I came to my great decision to adopt the role of a man. I worked hard on that farm in a desperate effort to keep my little home together and if possible retain the affection of Pearce Crouch. I worked like a hired laborer, on the farm itself and in carting the produce about.

It was all of no use and there was no happiness left to me except my overpowering love for my son. That endures to this day. My little girl had gone from me; at Pearce Crouch's urgent request I had permitted her to be adopted by some Australian friends of his and I have never seen her since, although I took care to see that she was happy.

In my journeyings about the country, selling the farm produce or doing business for the farm I made many friends, or rather I should say acquaintances. One, and she was a real friend, was Miss Haward, the daughter of a Littlehampton chemist to whom I used to go for medicines and the like. Naturally she knew me as Mrs. Pearce Crouch and she gave me all her womanly sympathy in my troubles. Things went badly at Baillif's Court; Pearce Crouch and I were always at variance and my own mother who came to see us, was so fascinated by him that she took his part. She held that I was to blame for the differences between us. I turned more and more to Miss Haward for sympathy.

What was I to do? How was I to keep myself and my boy? I was determined that nothing should part me from him. I looked about. I could see no opportunity for a woman to make a living for herself—particularly such a woman as I, who had never been accustomed to doing those things which women usually do for a living. I had done mannish things. It seemed to me that unless I was prepared to sacrifice every ideal, and that I would not do, there was nothing for it but to become a man. I decided that I would, but then arose the problem as to how I was to face the world. I could not contemplate doing so alone; I must have companionship.

How was I to get this? I decided upon a ruse. I went to Miss Haward and told her that I was not really what she thought I was. I told her I was a man but for family reasons had been posing as a woman. I explained my son, to whom she knew I was devotedly attached, by saying that he was my boy by a former marriage. She believed me and knowing the difficult time I was having at Baillif's Court she gave me a spare key of her father's flat saying that it would enable me to go there at any time if I needed an hour's quietness.

Of course, I told no one else that I was a man; Miss Haward's parents still regarded me as a woman. The next thing I had to do was to get a wardrobe of some sort. I took my housekeeper at Baillif's Court into my confidence; told her what I intended to do and she helped me all she could by selling my woman's clothing. Matters were brought to a climax by a fearful row which I had with Pearce Crouch. At two o'clock in the morning I left Baillif's Court and cycled to Littlehampton. I went to the Haward's flat and told her what had occurred. Next morning Pearce Crouch came to the flat and there was a scene as the result of which I went into a hospital.

When I came out I decided that the time had come to put my plan into effect. I wrote to Miss Haward—who was then in



Despite teeth of  
flashing whiteness

## NOBODY'S IMMUNE\*

*\*As the penalty for neglect, 4 out of 5  
are Pyorrhea's victims*

**D**ANGER seems so remote when teeth are sound and white. But too often appearances are deceiving. Remember, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And there is a dread disease that ignores teeth and attacks the gums. It is Pyorrhea. It is insidious. It is ruthless. And 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay its price. Their health is ravaged. Beauty and youth are sacrificed.

When diseases of the gums are once contracted only dental care can stem their advance. But you can avail yourself of preventive measures. Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously. Use the dentifrice made for the purpose . . . Forhan's for the Gums.

This dentifrice helps to firm gums, keep them sound and so aid in warding off Pyorrhea. As you know, this disease seldom attacks healthy gums. In addition, you will be delighted with the way this dentifrice cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay.

As a safeguard to health start using Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, every morning and every night. Teach your children this good habit. For the sooner in life that preventive measures are taken the less chance there is of losing precious good health. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist, today. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

# Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS





the north of England—and asked her to come and live with me. Of course she then thought I was a man. She consented and so on October 15 or 16, 1923, I left Baillif's Court as Mrs. Pearce Crouch and a few hours later appeared at Brighton as Sir Victor Barker. I took that particular name and title because Barker was my family name, and because the initial fitted in with my proper name.

**B**EFORE I go further with my story let me explain the reasons for my actions. It is all very well for comfortably placed and happy women to sit back and profess to be horrified at what I have done. I can hear them say, "How immodest! How shocking!" I can see them preening themselves on their primness. And I can see those others who jump at the chance of imputing the worst possible motives to a woman who has dared to think and work for herself and for that which she holds most dear—her son.

It was for him that I risked everything; it was for him that later I adopted the role of a gallant soldier. He worshipped his brave daddy, and I saw no harm in endeavoring to mould his character on manly lines by a pretence which did no one any harm. I am not whimpering because I have been found out, but I am torn with anxiety as to what it means for my boy. He is now nine years old; he has set his heart upon a naval career and I have slaved to scrape money together to satisfy his ambition.

To go back to my story:

I met Miss Haward at Brighton and we were together a few days when her mother and father who had been on a holiday returned to Littlehampton. She insisted that they should be told and so I went over to Littlehampton, dressed now as a man and told her father that I was really a man—Sir Victor Barker. He was distressed and said, "Are you going to marry my daughter?"

That, of course, was the last thing I wanted to do; it was the first complication of my masquerade. I thought it over and said I would, for I came to the conclusion that I should be doing no harm and committing no offence by going through a ceremony which obviously was no marriage of man and woman. We were married at St. Peter's Church, Brighton, and after that had a little wedding breakfast at one of the big hotels.

Miss Haward and I were quite happy together. We stayed for a time at the Grand Hotel, then I took a little flat at Hove. There was nothing unusual, as I see it, in our life together. We had separate rooms and lived as good pals. Just before the marriage I had received a check for six hundred pounds and on this we lived for sometime. When it became necessary for me to earn money I got a job with the Brighton Repertory Company at ten shillings a week. As an actor I did rather well in men's parts and one young actress fell in love with me.

**F**ROM Hove we went to Andover, where I started as an antique dealer. The venture was a failure but while in Andover, where I was known as Captain Barker, I lived just as any other man did. I played cricket for the local team, went hunting, and never once was there the slightest suggestion that I was other than I professed to be. I was a man—I behaved and acted as a man and was taken at my face value. After Andover I tried farming at Weyhill with no better success and so decided to return to London and take up acting again.

My first engagement was with one of Mrs. Pat Campbell's companies. I adopted the stage name of Ivor Gauntlett. Probably I should have succeeded better with this company if I had been prepared like the other young men in it to fall down and worship at the shrine of the "powers that be." But I would have none of it and was soon hunting another job. I got it in a touring company of "The Private Secretary."

The pay was not large but it was enough to keep Miss Haward and myself and make provision for Tim, my boy. Again, although I used the men's dressing rooms, I had no difficulty in disguising my true sex and I was never suspected. It was the same all through my theatrical career, which was pretty extensive. It was while I was with a musical comedy company that I met another woman who attracted me.

She did not have a big part but was decidedly above the ordinary run of chorus girls. She was to me a mental stimulant; she could discuss anything, from Theosophy to the tariff. We became very attached to each other and went away together for weekends. Finally when I had left the stage she came to live with me.

By that time I had parted from Miss

## SENTENCED TO PRISON!

As this issue of **SMART SET** goes to press we learn that "Captain" Barker has been sentenced to serve nearly a year in prison.

To quote from a press despatch from London:

"The most amazing masquerade within the memory of Londoners ended today in disaster for Mrs. Irma Valerie Arkell-Smith, who had long successfully posed as a war hero under the name of 'Captain' Barker. She was sentenced in Old Bailey Court.

"This stalwart Amazon, who had deceived her associates of both sexes for years, met her downfall as the result of a 'wedding' which she contracted in 1923. She was convicted of having made a false statement in procuring registration of that marriage.

"For it Mrs. Arkell-Smith suffered today the censure of the court. 'You are unprincipled, mendacious and unscrupulous,' said the judge in pronouncing the sentence.

"The defendant bowed her head and wept."

Haward and with a little money I had received on the death of my brother had taken a flat in the West End. Before then I had been very hard up and as Capt. Barker had joined the National Fascisti in order that I might have somewhere to live. It was then I took part in all their raids on communists and being of stalwart build I always carried the heavy Fascisti banner.

They were gallant lads and very good comrades. They accepted me as one of themselves and never for an instant suspected that I was a woman. I used to box with some of them and I also taught fencing. There were occasions on which I gave two or three of them talks on Life. I did not mince matters but spoke as one man to another.

It was while I was a member of the Fascisti—that I had my first real fright with regard to my sex being discovered. The headquarters had been raided and as a result of a dispute the police were called in. They found a revolver but no permit, except one which I held for a weapon I was authorized to have when I was living at Weyhill. Some one had tampered with that

permit to make it appear as if it were for the weapon found. The alteration was done so crudely that it was clearly not a permit for the Fascisti weapon. In England it is a serious matter to have a pistol without a permit and the consequence was that I had to appear at the Old Bailey.

I don't know how I kept my courage up. I am certain that if I had faltered in the slightest it would have been all up. When I had to surrender for my trial I did so as boldly as possible. I was searched before I entered the dock and was vastly relieved when the warders made no comment. I stood before the judge and jury and the public for hours—I felt like a worm under a microscope.

My lawyers—of course they had no idea I was a woman—argued for me. Their remarks seemed to focus the attention of the court upon me. The judge gave me many searching glances but it all ended satisfactorily so far as I was concerned. The lawyers got me off and I left that terrible building still a man.

**T**HE ordeal, however, shook me terribly.

When I was at my West End flat I promoted myself to the rank of major. I had been a captain so long that I thought it was time I had a step up. I daresay people wonder why I adopted military rank. I did so because I was obviously of an age and fitness that, being a man, I must have served in the war. I realize now that I might have been a private but at the time it never occurred to me and, as mine has always been a military family, I took in the first place the rank of captain.

It was quite simple. I went out and bought the necessary rank badges and sewed them on my tunic. As for medals and decorations, it was easy enough to procure them. Poor devils who really won them in the war have had to sell them to live and they can be bought in any pawn-broker's shop.

I became a member of the Mons Club but when inquiries were made with regard to details of the members' military service they became a little too embarrassing for me and I discreetly resigned. I then started, with a dinner at my flat, what I called the Fellowship of Mons. Many old soldiers, chiefly N.C.O.'s joined and we were in the habit of holding monthly dinners at the Adelphi Hotel. I always presided and none of these good fellows ever suspected me.

You see my outlook and point of view had really become masculine. As for war experiences my service with the V. A. D., my trips with the Nuns in Belgium, a visit to the battle fields I had paid while living with Pearce Crouch in Paris, gave me local color and in addition to that I think I have read every book on the war ever published.

While with the Mons Fellowship I went to the Cenotaph to deposit a wreath. Those dear fellows who thought me such a gallant officer—I let them think I went out in 1914 "on the staff"—were I wager among the most surprised people in the world when they learned that I am a woman!

**T**HE money that I received when my brother died did not last for ever, and I had to look about for the means of earning more. I heard of a little restaurant which I bought, but it was not a success and I had to close it down. It was that failure which led to my ultimate detection. I was made bankrupt, as a result of my financial difficulties there and, simply because I did not know of an order which had been made by the court—a letter went astray or something—I was arrested and taken to Brixton Prison for contempt of court. There I found it impossible to hide my sex from the examining doctor. That was on the evening of February 28, and with that discovery came the end of the life of Sir Victor Barker. In his stead re-appeared the woman, Valerie Arkell-Smith.



## Her Butler from Yale

[Continued from page 50]

Restored to his former station on the first landing, Gregory saw Perkins deliver the note to Adrienne. He saw her look of surprise. Then there was the little smile at the corner of her mouth. How well he knew that smile already. There was the startled sparkle of her eyes. There was a bisque pinkness of her skin down near her throat.

For what pretty girl would not sparkle and blossom at receiving such a note? What young lover watching would not feel warm all over? What handsome and care-free youth on the threshold of life would not feel his heart leap at seeing such a lovely young creature entering life at the same time at the same door?

But that was the trouble, Gregory thought moodily, watching her. They were not entering life by the same door. She was entering by the gilded doors of Park Avenue wealth. He was crawling in through a footman's livery.

Well. Anyway. Tomorrow night!

AFTER the dinner party was over, Adrienne Hazelton took a taxi to the newspaper office to write up the story. For Adrienne was not a rich society girl. She was the music critic of the "Star-Telegram." She had been invited to Mrs. Julius Joslyn's dinner because the guest of honor was a pianist. She had liked being the music critic until that night—until the mysterious Gregory Marlin had mistaken her for a society girl, and wanted to meet her. And then—she did not like being the music critic any more.

She showed the note to the society editor, who had dropped down late to write up an important debutante reception.

"He must be distinguished and rich," said the society editor. "Mrs. Julius Joslyn never invites odds and ends."

"It's an odd end to her invitation of me, anyway," answered Adrienne wearily. "Here is his name in the social register! Tomorrow night! What a wonderful sound some words have."

"If I call Mrs. Grosvenor," suggested the society editor, "and say the press is interested in her dance, she will invite you to represent the paper."

"But I do not want to go as a reporter."

"How would he know you are a reporter?"

"You mean I should go as a pseudo society girl? But then, my name really is in the social register, just as much as his," said Adrienne. "Poor dear father lost his money. But not his name."

"I will arrange it with Mrs. Grosvenor," finished the society editor.

GREGORY MARLIN, Pseudo James viewed himself in the full-length mirror of the hotel room he had rented for the night. He had adroitly secured leave for the evening from Perkins and had received *solito voce* instructions from Miss Joslyn. He assured her that he positively would appear in the proper habiliments and had brought his evening clothes from his trunk stored in Mrs. Julius Joslyn's cellar.

It was after nine in the evening. At ten he was to meet Miss Joslyn at the corner of Park Avenue and Sixtieth Street. She would be in a taxi, so as not to risk one of the Joslyn chauffeurs recognizing him. He had been waiting ten minutes when her taxi came and picked him up.

"You look extraordinarily well, James," she said. "No one will know you are not a—not a—"

"Not a gentleman, Miss? Will all the gentlemen be gentlemen except me, Miss?"

"Of course, James."

"Will they be rich, too, Miss?"



## Shampooing done properly . . adds loveliness to Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean thoroughly,  
Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre,  
Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . remove this film . . and let the sparkle, and rich natural . . color tones . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh

effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, . . . who value . . . beautiful hair use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo and . . . just see . . . how really beautiful your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

### For Your Protection

Ordinary Coconut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."



## MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

"Yes, James."

"Social register and cash register combined, eh? Suppose I should make love to the most beautiful girl there?"

"You wouldn't dare!"

"As a matter of fact, that is exactly what I shall do," Gregory said imperturbably.

THE taxi had stopped before a great house, an Italian palace reproduced perfectly on Park Avenue. Every window was lighted behind discreet hangings.

Gregory helped Miss Joslyn from the taxi. It was too late to turn back now, and she concluded that he would not disgrace her, if she kept her mouth shut. As to appearances, he was really so distinguished that even the two footmen at the door noticed him. And that was not a flaw—for a gentleman.

"What—what name shall you give yourself?" Miss Joslyn demanded suddenly, in a panic, at the door.

"Gregory Marlin," murmured Pseudo James.

"Positively everybody is looking at you," Miss Joslyn whispered when they were in the ballroom and half through the first dance.

"Am I all right?" he laughed. "Am I good?"

"You are too good. That's your trouble," she answered. "I don't know what to do with you."

At that moment he saw Adrienne.

"You can't do anything with me," he retorted. "That girl in the rose-beige frock is the one I am going to make love to, and you aren't say a word!"

AFTER Gregory managed to introduce himself to Adrienne as the Gregory Marlin who had written her the note, everything happened episodically. So much so that only Fate and Affinity could know really all. But anybody could see that they were smitten with each other, that they apparently intended to dance every dance of the evening together.

But even Fate had to reckon with Miss Joslyn. For Miss Joslyn was what is known as socially clever, and naturally she wanted her handsome beggar for herself. So she set about with the greatest dispatch to set Adrienne against Gregory, and Gregory against Adrienne.

She conveyed subtly to Adrienne that Gregory Marlin was a ruthless fortune-hunter, who fancied her to be a great heiress, and was after her money! Clever, wasn't it? Then she subtly conveyed to her hostess, who subtly conveyed it to Gregory, that Adrienne was a little gold-digger, who had been told he was a frightfully rich man, and was after his money!

But even through this adroit plotting, it was in the back of Miss Joslyn's head to investigate something else. It had struck her that her gorgeous footman had been extremely pat with the name of Gregory Marlin at the door. The name had such a genuine sound.

It sounded so genuine that in a moment of inspiration it sent Miss Joslyn flying to the social register in the big Grosvenor library. There, staring up at her from the inch and a half of Marlin's was the name, "Gregory Marlin, New York City, son of Byron Galsworthy Marlin. One sister, Natalie Beatrice. Smith College."

Miss Joslyn found Gregory sulking blackly in a corner, brooding over the thought that Adrienne would have no use for him once she found he had no gold for her to dig. Curiously, he adored her no less for being a gold-digger. He realized he would have adored her in any case. It was only his own stupid absence of gold that was an irrevocable disaster.

He was in no mood for conciliation when Miss Joslyn pounced upon him.

"How could you be fool enough to give

some one's real name as your own?" she hissed at him.

"But how do you know I did?" he asked in amazement.

"I found the name of the real Gregory Marlin in the social register! I shall be obliged to go to him tomorrow, and confess your deplorable imposture."

Gregory smiled wryly. "So you are determined to root this fellow out and denounce me? I don't mind telling you it will interfere with me seriously."

"I should say it would! If only you had not used the name Gregory Marlin. That was your idea, not mine."

"A small thing, but mine own," he murmured contritely.

Gregory had quite forgotten that his name was in the social register. And when Miss Joslyn left him, saying they would go home as soon as she could find her hostess to say good night, he asked a servant to show him the social register.

HE WAS piloted into an alcove of the immense Grosvenor library. As he bent over the little black-bound book, he saw Adrienne Hazelton come and stand in the doorway of the library.

She did not see him, but went to the telephone on the other side of the room. He heard her call the "Star-Telegram." He heard her ask for the society editor.

"Hello, Alice," she said. "Everything is a disappointment."

The telephone spluttered protestingly.

"Yes, Gregory Marlin is here," Adrienne said, "but I have just been told that he is a fortune-hunter! What chance will I have when he finds that my face is my fortune? Oh, yes, I do like him. I can't explain it, but I like him in spite of that."

Adrienne hung up the receiver after a bit more conversation. She seemed too listless to return to the ballroom. She sank into the corner of a big divan, with her back to the telephone.

Gregory sat in his dark alcove like the audience at a play. That Joslyn girl had worked fast. He had to give her credit for that. And suddenly, there in the shadow, he had a brilliant idea. He plotted a plot that was just as good, if not so subtle, as even Miss Joslyn's plots.

He slipped soundlessly from the library by the shadowed door back of his chair, then reappeared at the brilliantly lighted door back of Adrienne. He coughed loudly, and ostentatiously made his way to the telephone.

He bent over the telephone. He held the hook down with his finger. He pretended to call a number.

"Yes, old dear," he said into the receiver. "This is Gregory Marlin. Yes, Miss Hazelton is here, but I have just been told that she is only after my money! Of course when she finds I haven't any money, she will throw me down."

"Yes," said Gregory after a silence. "She is more charming than ever. I shall not speak to her again. If I talked with her once more, I should make a fool of myself. Ah—where did you say you would meet me for luncheon tomorrow? The Green Gorse Tea Room on Fifty-first Street? It's lucky I am not going to meet her in such a nooky little place. I should certainly succumb! Well, good-by, I shall be waiting for you at exactly one o'clock in the Green Gorse Tea Room."

He hung up the receiver over the hook that was already held down. Not a sound from the divan. Only a halo of fine-spun blonde hair showing over the top.

AT ELEVEN-THIRTY the next morning, Miss Joslyn came downstairs. Gregory was in the foyer, assiduously playing the part of Pseudo James.

"Please get Miss Natalie Marlin at Smith College on the wire," Miss Joslyn ordered.

"Yes, Miss," was all Gregory said.

He was certainly dismayed again by Miss Joslyn's speed and thoroughness. He was at his wit's end to get out of the house to meet, or not to meet, Adrienne at the Green Gorse Tea Room.

If Miss Joslyn talked to his sister, and discovered his identity, could he, or could he not, be kicked out of the Joslyn house in time to reach the tea room at one o'clock?

And all the time he was thinking this, Miss Joslyn was waiting for him to get Smith College. If he didn't get it for her, she would get it for herself. He put in the call. He waited. He asked for his sister. He waited. He heard Natalie's voice. He handed the receiver to Miss Joslyn and stood quietly by.

"Hello, Hello, Miss Marlin," said Miss Joslyn. "Miss Marlin, can you tell me your brother's address in New York?"

"B-r-r-r—thump—" spluttered the telephone.

"It is important to him," Miss Joslyn insisted. "It concerns his safety."

"Yes? Well? Yes? Yes, I hear you perfectly," Miss Joslyn said. "I hear all you say. Yes? Well? Yes?"

She hung up the receiver. She turned a face quite cool and expressionless.

"What did she say—Miss?" Gregory asked. Certainly human nature could ask no less.

"Say?" Miss Joslyn replied. "What did she say? Oh. She said she would not give her brother's address. Please bring in some of those big fire logs, James."

"Yes, Miss."

"Then hurry out, James, and mail these letters for me," Miss Joslyn demanded.

"Yes, Miss."

Gregory brought the logs for the drawing-room fire. Then, Miss Joslyn's letters in his hand to mail, he darted up to his own small room at the top of the house.

IT WAS twelve-thirty. In half an hour he was determined to be at the Green Gorse Tea Room, dead or alive. But would Adrienne be there?

Without taking time to get permission from Perkins he dashed off the Joslyn livery and dashed on his own travel-worn street clothes. Then he got his sister Natalie on the telephone in Perkins' room.

"This you, Sis?"

"Yes, oh yes, Gregory. Some one just called. Wanted to know how to get you."

"And you didn't tell. Good girl!" Gregory said. "I just called you now to warn you not to tell."

"But I did tell!" came Natalie's voice over the telephone. "I said you were at the house of Mr. Julius Joslyn on Park Avenue."

"The blazes you did!"

He laughed as he threw on the overcoat he had worn to the dance last night. He carefully picked up Miss Joslyn's letters to mail. At least he could do that for her. A good little sport, that girl. A cool one.

HE SUCCESSFULLY evaded Perkins' eye. Got out. The tea room was on a cross street a few blocks away. Gregory skittered toward it. His feet in James Ponsonby's shoes, his head in the clouds. For Gregory's handsome, lacquer-black head was very, very much above James Ponsonby's lacquer-black shoes.

At the exact minute of one o'clock, he was seated in the far corner of the tea room. He could see the door, and every one who entered it. Only a few people were scattered about the prettily lighted interior.

Gregory sat quietly for an eon. Then the door opened again.

A chic, petite figure entered, in a gray coat with a big fur collar and big fur cuffs. A little flame-colored hat topped off a glowing face. The face was indiscreetly framed in blonde, naturally curly hair.

Gregory went over, and stood, tall and

straight, beside her table. "Good morning, Miss Hazelton," he said casually.

"Oh. What a surprise to see you here!" said Adrienne.

Gregory did not say anything. He only smiled happily.

"I hear you are a fortune-hunter, Mr. Marlin," Adrienne said brightly. "But do you always hunt your fortune standing?"

"As it happens I do, lately," laughed Gregory, but he sat down across from her at the small table.

"Oh, there is Miss Joslyn. Coming in here!" exclaimed Adrienne, a shade of disappointment as well as surprise on her face.

Gregory's back was to the door. He almost turned the polite little tea table over, so abruptly did he twist his broad shoulders to look over them. There was Miss Joslyn, looking as smart as the Rue de la Paix, and as clever as Scotland Yard.

"WELL, are you two asking for my opinion, or my blessing?" she said.

"Your blessing," stammered Gregory.

"Your opinion, by all means," said Adrienne.

"My opinion," said Miss Joslyn, "is that Gregory Marlin had better get down to the steamship docks at once. His sister Natalie telephoned to the house five minutes ago that his Uncle Jeremiah's yacht had come in unexpectedly from India."

"But how did you know I was at this tea room?" Gregory demanded of her.

"See that skulking figure just outside the window?" Miss Joslyn said. "What do you think he is disguised as?"

"A plain clothes man?" Gregory cried.

"I was worried about last night," she explained. "You were too much for me. Before we left the dance I called a detective agency, and this poor man has trailed you ever since. He called the house a few minutes ago, and told me you were here."

"You are a dashed resourceful girl," Gregory admired.

"I have some little social consciousness, Mr. Gregory Marlin," she retorted, "even if you have not. I could not risk having my footman palm himself off as a gentleman, really."

"Footman!" Adrienne exclaimed. "Then that's where I saw you first! That big back! That big yokel in livery."

"Now the chestnuts are in the fire," Gregory said ruefully.

"I shall paw them out, while you go to meet your uncle," Miss Joslyn said, laughing.

"Who are you anyway?" Adrienne demanded. "Are you Gregory Marlin? Are you a footman? Are you a fortune-hunter?"

"I am a fortune-hunter," Gregory answered quickly. "I desire the richest wife in the world, whose eyes are my diamonds, whose words are my pearls, whose lips are my rubies, and whose beautiful hair is my gold!"

"That will do, James," Miss Joslyn mimicked Perkins. "That's really h'extraordinary, James."

"Adrienne," asked Gregory definitely, "shall I tell my uncle I am ready for the job he has ready for me? Or shall I jump off the dock? Are you going to marry me?"

"Of course she is," interrupted Miss Joslyn.

"Are you, Adrienne?" Gregory insisted.

"Did anybody ever refuse you anything?" asked Adrienne.

"No. I don't know that any one ever did," he answered seriously.

"Well, no one ever will," she said.

So Gregory went to the boat and met his uncle. And he took the job in his uncle's East India Company. And Miss Joslyn was the bridesmaid.

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## Picnicking Made Easy

### Some Hints On Out-Of-Door Food And Its Preparation

By Mabel Claire

Decorations by ANN BROCKMAN

I HAVE in mind a strip of smooth, hard, sandy beach, curving gently in a crescent. The wet sand hammered by the breakers glows like a great opal with the afterglow of sunset. The mist has softened the horizon's edge and is blurring the details of the hills behind us.

Along the crescent strip little fires are springing up. The perfume of clean wood smoke is mingling with the tang of salt and seaweed. Voices are calling back and forth through the dusk, young voices happy with the excitement of life. Dim figures come and go, laden with rugs and baskets and fire wood.

It's the hour for picnic suppers and nothing civilization has to offer is half as thrilling as the proper boiling of a pot of coffee and the proper browning of a strip of bacon.

Later when darkness settles down in earnest and the ocean becomes a great echoing voice out there in the blackness, the fires will spring up higher; there will be music and singing and the blissful contemplation of red embers that answers one of the first and most primitive instincts handed down from our cavemen ancestors.

Perhaps your picnic ground is different. A pasture hilltop, or a clean pine grove carpeted deep with soft needles. You may have a favorite brookside or waterfall where you go to sup and sing and talk and lie in silent contemplation of the stars. Wherever you go there is no better tonic for the business

girl than a supper out of doors during summer months.

The secret of a successful picnic is food. A supper that is appetizing in appearance, and yet hearty enough for the most famished, is not beyond the means or ingenuity of anybody. Hot dishes are not too difficult for campfire preparation, if you will take a little pains to build your fire right. A clean and attractive picnic table is always possible, just as attractive and charming sports clothes are as possible as the unpleasing overalls and soiled apparel which so many mistaken persons don on the grounds that they are "roughing it."

THERE are several ways of cooking over an open fire, depending on your equipment. There is a campfire grill which can be purchased in sporting goods stores, that consists of heavy bars of wire mounted on folding legs. The legs are unfolded, driven into the ground and the fire built underneath. Meat may be laid upon the grill and broiled or pans set upon it for cooking other food.

Another method is broiling with old-fashioned wire toasters. If you use the toaster a fire built between flat rocks set close together or against a log is convenient so that you will have a place to rest the broiler.

If the crowd is large and toasters are used for broiling, it is a good plan to have several small fires. Then a number of people can have the fun of watching their own



chops sizzling and can decide for themselves just when they are done to a turn.

The best fire to use for cooking in the open is one that has burned down to a bright red bed of coals.

A menu that is always a favorite with picnickers is the following:

Tomatoes	Broiled Lamb Chops	
	Fried Potatoes	
	Celery	Radishes
	Sweet Pickles	
	Buttered Rolls	
	Cheese	
Chocolate Cake		Candy
	Assorted Fruit	
	Coffee	

For supper for six people you will need to shop for the following:

12 Lamb Chops  
12 Small Potatoes  
1 lb. Tomatoes  
2 Bunches Radishes  
1 Stalk Celery  
Bottle of Sweet Pickles  
1½ Dozen Rolls  
1 lb. Cheese  
Chocolate Cake  
Fruit  
Candy  
½ lb. Butter  
½ lb. Coffee  
½ Pint Cream

The equipment needed for cooking the supper will be broilers, large frying pan, coffee pot and sharp knife.

#### Broiled Lamb Chops

Remove the fat from the chops with a sharp knife before broiling. Put the chops on the broiler. If the toasters are used fasten the handles securely. Place the chops close to the coals so that they will sear quickly. Turn them often. They should broil from 8 to 10 minutes.

#### Fried Potatoes

The potatoes should be boiled at home. Ten minutes before they are wanted heat 2 tablespoons of butter in the frying pan. When the butter turns a delicate brown slice the potatoes into it and brown them.

Butter the rolls. Cut the tomatoes into quarters and dust them with salt and pepper. A specially designed camp coffee pot is a convenience but lacking that a tea kettle is excellent for making coffee over a campfire. The broad, flat base rests steadily on the fire and boils quickly. Use a tablespoon of coffee for each cup of water. When the coffee has boiled a moment settle it with a cup of cold water.

Another successful menu for the campfire

that is easy to prepare is the following:

Olives	Broiled Strips of Steak	
	Saratoga Potatoes	Dill Pickles
	Buttered Bread	
	Corn on the Cob	
	Assorted Fruit	
	Toasted Marshmallows	
Banbury Tarts		Coffee

For this lunch you will need in the way of cooking equipment: broilers, large kettle for the corn, sharp knife and coffee pot. Supplies for six persons will be as follows:

1½ lbs. of Tenderloin	Dozen Ears of Corn
Steak cut into strips	½ lb. of Butter
Large Package of Saratoga Potatoes	Assorted Fruit
Bottle of Olives	12 Banbury Tarts
6 Dill Pickles	½ lb. Coffee
Loaf of Bread	½ Pint Cream
	Marshmallows

#### Broiled Strips of Steak

Have the steak cut into strips when it is purchased. Cook it on the broiler close to a hot bed of coals. Sear both sides quickly. Broil 5 to 8 minutes. Place strips of steak between slices of buttered bread.

Another method of cooking the strips of steak is to string them on a heavy wire with strips of bacon between.

Heat water in the kettle for the corn. When it is boiling put the husked corn into it. Cook 10 minutes.

Sometime during the summer have a frankfurter picnic. The frankfurters may either be toasted on sticks or broiled.

Frankfurters	
Long Finger Rolls	
Potato Salad	Radishes
Mixed Pickles	Mustard
Tomato and Lettuce Sandwiches	
Assorted Cakes	Doughnuts
Fruit	Coffee

#### Potato Salad

Chop 6 boiled potatoes fine. Mince 2 tablespoons of onion. Chop 1 cucumber fine. Mix together. Dress with the following.

#### Boiled Dressing

Beat the yolks of 4 eggs. Mix together 1 rounding tablespoon salt, 3 rounding tablespoons sugar, 1 rounding tablespoon flour, 1½ cups rich milk, and 3 tablespoons melted butter. Mix with the eggs and add ½ cup of vinegar. Cook in a double boiler until thick. Cool and thin with cream.

# It's smart to look healthy



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Coffee always tastes better when it's made out of doors, over a crackling wood fire

#### Editor's Note:

If you want advice on your light summer suppers—or on the ways in which you can do warm weather entertaining, Mabel Claire will be glad to help you. Or if you would like any of her specially tested recipes for cake, candy, muffins or what have you, write to her, and ask questions. A letter enclosing a stamped envelope, addressed to Mabel Claire, in care of SMART SET, will be answered promptly and we can guarantee that Miss Claire will give you the information you desire.



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Mattie Edwards Hewitt

When there's the double purpose of both bedroom and living room to be considered, the day bed is important. This one is covered in silver gray glazed chintz, the chair matches in color, and the ruffles and cushions provide contrast

Ethel Reeve, Decorator

# Your Own Room

**W**HEN the days are long and hot and the city pavements and country roads are fairly burning up, there is nothing quite so restful and peaceful as your own room if it is really cool and comfortable. That is the kind of room you owe yourself for the hot days, and with a little time and effort and no great expense you can achieve it. You may have made your room delightfully livable for winter, but that doesn't necessarily prove that it is going to be a charming and inviting place on a hot summer day. There are various ways of gaining this cool and peaceful atmosphere, so that your room will be the one place you long to be when it's hot.

In the first place see if there isn't a different arrangement of the furniture that might give you more open space. Is your bed placed so that you will get the benefit of the currents of air? Is there a comfortable chair by the window where you can rest and catch any fitful breeze that comes wandering in? Even more essential is color. If when you enter a room it "looks hot," that is probably due to the colors used. Maybe they are all winter colors selected to give that warm and cozy look—and that is just what you don't want for summer. Something will have to be changed and probably it cannot be the walls. But the curtains can be taken down and others substituted that will give the room an entirely different atmosphere. Dark heavy chairs can have gay, bright slip covers, and the soft thick pile rugs can be removed, leaving the floor bare or covered

**How To Make It Cool And Comfortable For The Warm Days That Are Coming**

By

**ETHEL LEWIS**

When your room needs a change of clothing, or when you're planning a new room, or when you're in the mood to buy furniture—then's the time you need expert advice! This can always be had from Miss Ethel Lewis. Write her in care of SMART SET, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope

with a real summery rug.

Suppose you have a peach-colored wall that in winter adds a great deal to the livable quality you are seeking. In summer days that wall seems to reflect the heat and makes you even warmer. Obviously you cannot change it, but you can subdue it by introducing other colors. Light blue-green for curtains (with no over-drapery), deeper blue-green for slip covers, either patterned or plain, and perhaps a light rug on the floor will all blend with that wall and help to keep it cool and in the background.

Soft gray-blue for curtains or slip covers will help tone down the radi-

ance of a sunny yellow wall that was a delight on cold wintry days. If your walls are green or gray or pale blue, then you already have a cool start, and can use almost any other color that you like—deep ecru or lavender, or other shades of green or pale rose pink. Change your color scheme to be a summer one and you will find that it helps tremendously.

Perhaps your color scheme is good the year round, then your next consideration is textiles. Are they all summery and cool? Nearly all of us select upholstery fabrics that are dark and rich and serviceable, but when the thermometer is rising higher and higher, those deep dark cushions seem less and less attractive. Then you must plan the summer slip covers.

A sofa with a lettuce-green covering of firm tightly woven cotton is certainly more inviting than one upholstered in deep mulberry velour. Slip covers are nowadays as

smart and well fitted as any tailored coat.

The best materials for slip covers are tightly woven with a firm or glossy surface, something that will not muss too easily. The new chintzes that are waterproof are excellent for certain types of rooms, and prettily patterned glazed chintz always looks fresh and charming. These are inexpensive fabrics and well worth the effort of making the slip covers. You can cover the little sofa in gray and the chairs in chintz, or with the sofa in blue-green, the chairs could be gray or ecru.

**T**HE curtains are sometimes the thing for first consideration. If you have heavy overdraperies they should be taken down and cleaned and put away for fall—not only because the room will look cooler without them, but also because it will preserve the life of the curtains if they don't have to stand the buffeting of summer winds and sudden storms with windows wide open.

With the overdraperies down the windows seem much more free and open, and you can substitute other and lighter overdraperies or you can use just summer curtains. Let these be full of color, and pattern, too, if your room needs it, and in that way they will successfully take the place of your two sets of curtains that seem so necessary for winter.

The new French curtain voiles are sheer and lovely, with modern patterns printed on them in soft pleasant colors.

The celanese voiles can be found in fascinating colors, a silvery blue that is fairly iridescent, soft pale rose that couldn't possibly look hot—though I wouldn't use it with a warm wall—a green that rivals the cool clear waters of the Nile, and the ever useful and charming cream and ecru.

Maybe both your walls and your curtains are just right for all the year round. Then

cooler than those with a very heavy pile.

If your own room happens to be a bedroom that doesn't have to do double duty as a living room, too, you are lucky for it is great fun to "summerize" a room like that. Down with the overdraperies and away with the winter bedspread! Use a quilt for a spread if you choose, or one of those gay and inexpensive India prints. You can even make a simple spread and curtains of chintz or calico at no great expense. Organdy can be used for the bedspread as well as for curtains, and dotted swiss or net over a color always looks cool and fresh.

For the small room where the day bed serves a double purpose you might try to make it look as cool as does the room in the photograph above. Instead of violet colored velvet which makes it luxurious in the winter, for hot days it wears a tailored slip cover of silver gray glazed chintz with edges bound in bright, clear blue. The gaily flowered chintz ruffle carries many colors that liven up the gray but leave it smooth and cool.

The bedroom below looks summery, doesn't it, with its organdy curtains ruffled and tied back, and the little flowered chintz used for short overcurtains and bedspread? The bare floor adds another cool note and there is just enough pattern and color in the hooked rug by the bed to make it interesting. This room would be equally delightful and fresh and crisp looking in the open country or in a crowded city.

**Y**OU can make your own room seem cool by its color. You can make it seem spacious by the arrangement. You can make it more comfortable by following some of the maxims of your grandmother's day. Keeping the windows closed against the heat of mid-day and keeping the shades drawn to shut



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

A bedroom full of cool color. The wall paper has a green figure against a cream background. The drapes and spread are in green chintz with a quaint flower design. The organdy curtains are in apricot, and there's a harmonizing hooked rug

Mrs. Torrance, Decorator

with a change of slip covers you may be all cool and summery except the floor. If you don't like bare floors and yet want to put away the deep pile rug, you can use one of these fiber rugs that are so practical and decorative as well. Some are made of linen or jute, others of cotton, and the kind we use most often on sun porches are made from sea grasses of various kinds. Because they are flat and tightly woven these rugs seem

out the glare are two old-fashioned precepts that work as well in a small city room as in a large country house. When the cool breezes come with the setting sun, then is the time to open the windows and let in the air. With that old-fashioned idea—and the equally practical new-fashioned idea of changing colors and fabrics—you should be successful in making your own room cool and comfortable and inviting despite the temperature.



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## Beauty Doctor

[Continued from page 37]

will change back again. I've heard of that."  
"How hopefully you say that, darling," said Casey Tolbert.

"But why doesn't he remove that darned mole?" muttered Betty Slosson.

Finally he did. Galatea was perfect!

THREE days later, Dr. Leighton reappeared on the tennis courts for the first serious competition he had provided since his marriage. He spoke, somewhat vaguely, of taking a trip somewhere. The country club noticed that he was restless. He no longer looked that way at Galatea. He hardly looked at her at all. He could not be rude, of course. But, quite distinctly, he did adopt manners towards her in place of his old manner.

The tournament dance rolled around again. Galatea was a breathless marvel. In the midst of things Dr. Leighton drove away in his car alone. There was a moon, but it made no difference.

"Can it be," asked Myrna Lankershaw, "that he's jealous of the beauty he made himself?"

"He's always been tickled pink," Mrs. Bertie reminded her, "at the admiration Galatea has excited in other men."

"It's been a sort of applause for himself," added Winta Edmonds.

"Maybe it's because she's turned clever," offered Casey Tolbert. "Men don't like clever women."

"Casey, darling," murmured Mrs. Tolbert. "I mean most men don't."

"She's much too clever," ruled Betty Slosson, "to let him even suspect she's clever."

"I wonder if she's clever enough to know herself what's the matter," mused Myrna.

"Let's ask her," suggested Betty. "We've asked her everything else since she became a laboratory subject."

Galatea was clever enough to know. She was clever enough, also, to dissemble with a jest. Not by any means a clever jest, but one cleverly employed.

"I really think," said Galatea, "that he'd like to cut off my nose to spite my face."

Galatea knew—as wives of artists come to know—what had happened. She had learned it slowly, as wives of artists may learn it. She was sure just after the mole was gone. It was the final touch to the work of art, to his creation. The artist was sated, weary of his work. Artists are like that. That is, real artists.

There was Pygmalion, of course, and his ivory Galatea. But Pygmalion was a Greek myth and, if the truth were known, probably not much of an artist. What is more, the story does not go much beyond the miracle that Aphrodite made. That happy ending makes small account of domestic affairs in the Cyprian household, except for the appearance of Paphos.

Galatea's great dark eyes grew wistful. It added a touch of beauty a shade beyond the skill of the reconstructive surgeon. At last she decided. She had what he had given her. She was grateful. She resolved to show her gratitude in the best way she could, everything considered.

Galatea went into voluntary exile again. She chose Paris and the country club attempted to put a note of regret into its understanding smile. That was the season of sleight-of-hand divorces in Paris.

THREE days out at sea there began to appear on the liner's deck those people who always began to appear on the third day at sea. One of these was a chatty robust man who, save for a crisply kept vandyke, looked like a college football star twenty years later. He sat beside Galatea in the dining salon.

"I fancied I had exhausted my vocabulary," he said, gallantly, "cursing the medical profession's lack of progress against sea-sickness. But now that I discover it robbed me of the pleasure of dining with you, I find whole phrases I overlooked."

His name was Dr. Melford Bonning. When he discovered her name, he beamed. "It's a small ocean, after all," said Dr. Bonning. "Fancy you being Mrs. Leighton. It seems only yesterday that your husband was the brilliant, outstanding student of my class. He has the gift, that husband of yours—more like an artist, I used to think, than a surgeon."

"Stuart is still that way," smiled Galatea. Something in the way she smiled, caused Dr. Bonning to look quickly into her eyes. Dr. Bonning's practice was largely feminine. He read familiar symptoms. His chattiness was a professional asset. But a greater asset was his instinct for subjects about which not to be chatty. He did not press the talk about his former pupil.

The night before Havre, she told him. He patted her arm in a manner that was not entirely professional.

"Ordinarily, I do not permit myself to become sentimental," he said. "Especially about other people's affairs. But I like Leighton too well—and you, Galatea, if you will permit me." He laughed gently.

"Go on to Paris," he advised her, "but consult your dressmaker—not your lawyer. And the first free afternoon you have, look me up at the laboratory of my Parisian colleague, Monsieur le Docteur Andrieu."

A few days afterward, in the laboratory of Monsieur le Docteur Andrieu, Dr. Bonning performed a very simple operation. Galatea merely removed her hat.

THE country club was a little disappointed when she returned, still Mrs. J. Stuart Leighton. They wondered, these good friends, if Dr. Leighton shared their emotion. He met her at the station with all the little attentions that a model husband may offer. Galatea smiled the smile he had fashioned for her and was as appreciative as a model wife.

In her bedroom she found flowers from him. They were the kind of flowers that are ordered by telephone. Galatea smiled again and slipped into the dressing robe that Lucien had fashioned for her out of the memory of a Chinese sonnet and two tones of mist. She stood before her mirror and called to him.

Dr. J. Stuart Leighton, in the doorway between their rooms, looked with a husband's eye on the misty dressing gown.

"Stuart, dear, did you ever notice this brown spot behind my ear?"

Courteously, he came across the room. He bent over her, professionally. Behind her left ear was a tiny spot.

"Strange," he said. "I never—"

"I didn't want to bother you before."

"It's—why, it's charming!" He bent over her again, not professionally. Galatea with a blush!

"But it's unsightly, Stuart. Couldn't you remove it easily?"

"I wouldn't think of it, sweet. Why, it's not even a melanotic papilloma."

He pretended to examine the spot more closely. The hands of the artist moved in a caress. He laughed.

"Why, I do believe," said Dr. Leighton, "that it's a mere lentiginous aestiva."

Laughing, he kissed the seven-syllabled spot.

A lentiginous aestiva is a summer freckle. But you've guessed that, of course, as you've guessed that it wasn't a lentiginous aestiva, at all, but a skillful counterfeit created by that chatty specialist, Dr. Melford Bonning, one Parisian afternoon in the laboratory of Monsieur le Docteur Andrieu.



# The Party of The Month For Summer Evenings

By  
Edward Longstreth



Drawing  
By  
L. T. HOLTON

**W**ITH the approach of warm weather and long evening twilights, parties are apt to be haphazard affairs. The boy friends drop in with carloads of girls just because it is a pleasant evening and they have nothing on their minds.

The mere fact that you unexpectedly find yourself hostess to a howling mob, may be disconcerting but it is no alibi for falling down on the job. You must be ready to make your friends happy at a moment's notice. Girls who can do this never get lonely.

It is safe to assume that the party will be outdoors. Even though the piano may be inside, they will prefer to drape themselves around the porch where the gloaming serves to mask certain little seasonal gestures of sentiment and goodfellowship. What is a summer evening without romance? And who wants a boy friend without that skin one loves to touch? And vice versa.

So many people like to sit in the moonlight and make close harmonies and the prevailing popular songs and those of yesteryear are enshrined in everybody's repertory. There is a good game based on this circumstance.

One person in the crowd is the Director. She ought to be chosen because she knows her *billet doux*, which translated means "sweet notes."

The Director points to any one in the crowd and calls out a phrase from a popular song, either jazz or some old favorite like "Suwanee River." The person pointed to must give the words in the phrase that follows and also sing the tune. Then the person next in turn must sing the next words. Both the

words and the tune of the song must be correct.

This goes in turn around the circle until the song is ended. As an example: The Director may point to a boy and say, "Button up your overcoat." The boy must then sing to the correct tune, "When the wind is free." The girl on his right must then sing, "Take good care of yourself," and the person beyond her continues, "You belong to me."

If any one misses before the end is reached, that person must drop out and stay out. Finally only one is left and he or she becomes the Director and the game begins again—if every one seems to be enjoying it.

**O**F COURSE, a crowd sometimes wants action, even in warm weather. In this case, there is an old favorite which should not be overlooked called "Kick the Wicket," or "Kick the Can." It is at its best just before twilight.

It is like Hide and Seek in that some one becomes IT and gives the crowd a few minutes to hide. There is a Base and against this Base there leans a stick or tin can. One by one the IT catches the crowd by calling the name of one he finds and tagging the Base before the one he found can reach it. But if the one caught beats the IT and kicks the wicket all those previously caught may hide again.

Also, if the IT roams too far and one of those not yet caught can manage to kick the wicket, those already caught can hide again. In case the IT catches every one, the first one caught since the last liberation, becomes the next IT.

**Do you want to be the life of the party? Would you like to be the best hostess in town? Or would you become the kind of guest that people cry for? Edward Longstreth can advise you from invitations to exits. Write him in care of SMART SET. He will help you to have a good time.**



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# You Must Kill That Inferiority Complex

[Continued from page 75]

something to be afraid of outside of themselves, instead of inside themselves, that they hang their inner fear on to the heads of any outside object.

The stenographer to whom I am dictating this tells me that when she first came to me she was afraid that she could not take my dictation which is given very rapidly, and as a consequence her first few days' work came very hard to her. Now she is no longer afraid and the work is easy enough. Now this girl, who is really very competent, knew that she was afraid of her own inability. But another girl, less frank with herself, might have thought she was afraid of me, which would not have been true—she would simply be feeling fear of me because she was not frank enough to acknowledge to herself that she feared her own incompetence.

When I was just beginning to work my manner was self-conscious and uneasy because I was obsessed by the idea that I was doing the wrong thing. I had no faith in myself at all. As a defense against all this I acquired an acid tongue. I was busy thinking of my own affairs and did not stop to realize that the people whom I was judging so harshly were just as much bothered as myself.

The head of the firm seemed to me a fearful demi-god with unlimited power. The next time you have to go in to speak to the head of your firm, who may seem a most imposing, important, and wealthy person, say to yourself, "Now, I wonder what he is afraid of?" You may be sure there is something, and it is probable that there are many things.

Here is something that people who understand the human soul have noticed often. When a man or a woman—let us say a man so that we won't have so many pronouns struggling around—when a man does something he knows is wrong, he often refuses to blame himself. Instead, he blames the nearest innocent person, and the more unjust that blame, the more violent he is apt to be.

Not long ago when I happened to be eating lunch in a Pullman car diner, a man and a woman, strangers to me, sat at the same table. The meal was broken into pieces by the man's furious fault-finding with the waiter. He was angry because his order seemed slow in coming; he was peevish because the waiter failed to bring something which it turned out he had not ordered; and finally he burst into a furious temper when the poor waiter, thinking he had finished, started to remove his plate. The diner threw down his napkin, refused to finish after all, and jumping up, stalked out of the car. During all this time his wife had sat, pretending to eat, while the tears quietly flowed from her eyes. She was one of those women who can cry without disfiguring her face, and there she sat, weeping quietly. Occasionally the man would hand her a handkerchief but they exchanged no word.

Later I noticed, in passing through their Pullman car, that she was still weeping. Evidently these two people were in the course of a bitter quarrel. The woman had become hysterical, the man desperate. Not knowing how to handle his wife's hysteria, and being himself miserable and uncertain, he poured out his rage on the innocent waiter.

Now, do not say that this has never happened to you; that you never acted that way. I do not suppose that there is one single human being who has grown to the age of twenty who has not in a smaller or larger degree done something just like this. You have probably done this and had it done to you.

## Which One of These Girls Are You?



Courtesy Paramount

**ARE** you the smiling business girl—who has killed her inferiority complex and learned the rules of both efficiency and cooperation?

Or are you the girl who is afraid to smile—because you're afraid of your job and of yourself?

The smiling girl may not need Helen Woodward's sane and friendly advice—but she'll read it for sheer pleasure.

But, oh, how the other girl will respond to the help that Miss Woodward gives in forthcoming issues of SMART SET!



Courtesy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

All this that I have said about not blaming other people applies equally well to yourself. Do not waste your time blaming yourself for things that have gone wrong. You are not any more responsible than anybody else.

In spite of that advice you will go right on blaming yourself because it is the way of young people, and older ones too, to do

that very thing. You will go around hurting yourself and being hurt—that is, if you are a sensitive person. Now I believe that all the fine work of the world is done by sensitive people—people who have feelings that can be hurt; people who are delicately organized. The same quality which makes them sensitive to hurt also makes them sensitive to new impressions, to beauty, to kindness, so that the same quality which brings self-torture also brings accomplishment.

Unfortunately that same sensitiveness makes you feel a thousand slights when no slights are intended.

**The more delicately organized you are and the more imaginative you are, the more likely you are to believe in fancied hurts.**

But if you are easily hurt, it is possible that you are just as easily hurting some one else. That thought will help you to know how futile much of your pain is.

Once I lost a valuable client because of a ridiculous case of hurt feelings. It happened that before a conference with this client I broke my glasses, which I need for my work. I had no others except a gold lorgnette with a long handle—the sort of thing I would never use in an office since it was a luxurious and rather conspicuous little thing. But on this particular day I had nothing to see with except that lorgnette. We had a dozen large drawings to look over and I sat at my desk with the client, looking at the drawings through the lorgnette. Without thinking about it, I glanced from the drawings to him, also through the lorgnette.

I noticed that I was having much difficulty with him; that he was finding fault with all the drawings and advertising copy shown him. Indeed, we accomplished no work at all because he rejected everything submitted.

A week later a friend told me that the client had been bitterly offended because I had looked at him through my lorgnette. A perfectly unconscious action on my part and a perfectly childish reaction on his! He thought I was trying to treat him with condescension and I was doing nothing but trying to see the drawings. It was never possible to straighten out this situation because naturally I could not explain without further hurting his feelings.

Perhaps the largest part of office irritation comes about because people who are in the wrong job are unpleasant to work with. Many a man is in charge of a staff of people who hates responsibility and would prefer to be a subordinate if he could earn enough money that way. He drags himself through an unsympathetic job and shows his unfitness by continual outbursts of temper. Many a woman who is hopelessly disagreeable as a subordinate becomes an angel of light when she is put in charge of other people, because responsibility is the blood of her spirit, and she has not the capacity for taking orders. It is not true that only people who can obey orders are able to give orders—it isn't so. People who are best at giving orders are usually very bad at obeying them. Naturally, a person who is doing work for which he is unfitted is going to be irritable. For instance, if you have no head for figures and have got to make your living every day struggling over ledgers in a bookkeeping department, you are going to be out of humor all of the time.

**Just remember to see your fellow workers as human beings and everything will be much easier.**

## Hermit Island

[Continued from page 63]

and Exe—if it was he—in a white suit, for it was summer. A fine, soldier face, rather stern, a little sad. It was just a flash, for he saw me and guessed I was waiting. He gave an order. The gondola backed into the water lane! The gates shut. That was all. They are like iron jaws that close on a secret."

"Well," said Benita, "now to see if they'll open for me. I think the great moment has come. Do you get that whiff of magnolia perfume from the garden behind the wall? I do! I take it as a good omen."

ROSSI moaned and again cursed his own weakness but the girl's fatal fascination forced him to her will.

Jacopo the gondolier who had been chosen for this midnight expedition cared too little for foreigner's concerns to blab. Indeed, he considered them more or less mad. He had secured for Rossi an old skiff, which was attached to the gondola by a rope. They had started late in order to have the lagoon to themselves.

"Let's get the skiff alongside," said Benita, unmoved by Rossi's moaning.

The order was sadly passed to Jacopo, whose skilled hands obeyed. They held the skiff, while, needlessly assisted by Rossi, the girl climbed in. A pair of oars such as fishermen use were in the boat. Jacopo freed the awkward craft, and under the anguished eyes of Rossi and the careless gaze of Jacopo, Benita grasped an oar.

"Remember," she warned the guide, "you mustn't worry when you see me plunge into the water, or when you hear screams. You must sit still at a distance—perfectly still,—and say 'It's all in the program. She can swim. She won't drown. She's going to succeed, and I'm helping her.' Good-by, Mr. Rossi! Thank you! Cheer up!"

She began to paddle. The night breeze which wafted the scent of magnolias over the island wall blew aside the white cloak in which she had been wrapped, and Rossi saw that the slim, childish figure was clad only in a one piece bathing suit.

"Dio!" gasped Rossi. "If the sepia and medusae get hold of her!"

BENITA may have been less calm than she wished to seem, but she propelled her skiff steadily towards the island. Within twenty feet of the closed iron gates she stopped, put down the oar, let the cloak slide from her shoulders, and slipped her feet out of their sandals.

Her remaining garment was a pale, glistening green, which gave her the appearance of a musical comedy mermaid. Well, the costume might be scant for a midnight call upon a band of hermits, but after deliberation she'd decided on it as the only one feasible. In the drama of which she was cast for star performer, she would pose as a "casualty," the lone survivor of a moonlight bathing excursion. If the hermits had mercy, she'd throw herself on it.

As the island loomed above her she heard—or she fancied she heard—a faint sound of music, a violin played, so to speak, in a whisper.

"The musician's awake," she thought, "and musicians are human, even if they are hermits. He'll hear me scream, and give the alarm. Then—"

Well, there were a number of things that might happen or—not happen! There was, of course, as a last resort, the skiff and the gondola which would wait till the gates opened. But Benita felt in that wild, last moment that she would rather drown than creep back to safety, a failure.

"Now for it!" She braced herself, drew in a long breath, and let it out in a shriek like

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that of a young steam engine. As it ended with empty lungs, she dropped overboard with a loud splash.

Ugh! The water was cold! The tide had swept in from the Adriatic.

"Help!" yelled Benita, splashing as only a skilled swimmer dares splash in deep water.

THE cries made Rossi jump as if his ears had been boxed. Well enough for the girl to remind him that screaming was scheduled; that feminine yells at midnight would, if anything could, prove an "Open Sesame" to the island. In theory that might be right. But in practice—Dio, how she screamed!

Something was doing something hideous to Benita Farr. Soft, clammy ropes that seemed alive, though icy cold were twisting round her legs, pulling her down, and a hiveful of hornets stung her neck, her back, her arms.

In a nightmare she contrived to reach the closed gates, and grasp the ironwork. There she hung but she couldn't shake off the relentless, mysterious horrible thing. The girl's keen wits were confused. She forgot why she'd come to the island and what she wanted there. In fact, she wanted only to escape!

"Help!" she heard her own voice screaming and was dimly aware that her cries were blood curdling.

WITHIN the gates lights flashed.

A gondola shot down the water lane faster than a gondola had ever shot before. A man unlocked the gates and flung one open while the girl held on for dear life. Two men jabbered in Italian. The clinging things and stinging things were removed. She was placed in a boat where she lay perfectly still. She had intelligence enough to recall that this was Hermit Island, the goal she'd wished to reach. A womanlike or catlike instinct told her it would be wise to faint.

Perhaps she did faint! Afterwards, she rather believed that she must have, for there was an interval of blankness before she was lifted out of the hermit gondola. Even then she remained outwardly inert and limp.

She was in a house; there were lights that made her blink and shut down her thick lashes. Strong arms laid her on a soft, hairy surface like that of a fur rug.

"Keep still and your eyes closed!" the cat instinct advised. Accordingly she kept still until a man's voice exclaimed angrily in English, "Good heavens, it's a girl!"

"How dared you bring her here?" the same voice added, in a fiercer tone; and not even to save herself from all the sepias and medusae left in the lagoon could Benita hold her eyelids down any longer. They flew open to take in the scene.

There she lay on a white bear skin spread on the floor of a large hall, with a man glaring down at her.

He was a tall man in evening clothes that were slightly old-fashioned. He was dark and would have been handsome if his face hadn't been marred by a look which no other man's face had ever worn for Benita Farr.

The only thing to do was to faint again. She did it so promptly that the man hadn't had time to see her eyes open. He had at the crucial instant turned his head to fling a new reproach at some person in the background. This person replied apologetically in Italian. Then another voice spoke up, in English.

"Don't go on scolding Marco," it said. "He wasn't to blame. I was in the gondola just ready to go for a short breather before bed, when we heard howls for help. Impossible to tell whether they came from a girl or a boy! Anyhow, even women are human. At my orders Marco shot the gondola to the gate. The girl would have gone down in another minute."

"In my eye, she would!" sneered the accuser, in slang entirely unsuited, Benita thought, to any self-respecting hero of romance.

"My poor friend," the heartless brute con-

tinued. "I really believed you'd had reason to know women like the rest of us. For some caddish motive which I intend to learn before any of us are many minutes older, this creature schemed to get inside our walls, and, unfortunately, she got in. Of course she no more fainted than I have. If she speaks English which my prophetic soul and the cut of her costume tells me she does, she's drinking in every word! I'd be safe in betting this island and the lives of everyone on it that this drowned damsel has friends within reach."

"I saw no sign of human beings," said the man who'd taken the blame for the regrettable incident. "The only creatures who made their presence felt were octopi and jelly fish, a pretty mess of them! Marco and I had our hands full getting rid of the pests. As it was, the girl's been badly stung by medusae."

"Stung!" echoed the other. "She! We're the ones who are stung!"

"Hello!" thought Benita, "plenty of Anglo Saxon left in this hermit! He's not forgetting some of the good old words." She burned to retort in still more up-to-date slang but controlled the impulse. It was the worst possible moment in which to come alive.

"Remember, Colonel," said her defender, "that as a medical man I do know what I'm talking about. If I weren't a doctor, I wouldn't be where I am."

"Ah, so that's the doctor," Benita gathered. "And the big boss is the colonel." The doctor came forward as if to defend his protégé.

The two glared at each other over the body for an interlude which gave Benita a chance to look around. Her bright eyes in ambush observed that the men disputing over her were not alone in the stone floored, stone walled hall of the hermit's tower. Besides the colonel, the doctor, and the more humble Marco, quite a crowd had collected.

There was a big man, forty-five or more, with a shock of red hair fading to gray, and a beard to match. He must be the composer, and might hail from Alsace, or Brittany, by his looks.

The brown-haired, brown-eyed beanpole, clean shaven like the colonel and the medico, was probably the artist and certainly British.

As for the third in this group—the man with Caruso eyes and dimples, if you met him swarming up the North Pole you'd be sure he was Italian and a singer.

The remaining men were evidently servants. There was Marco, her assistant rescuer, a combination of gondolier and gardener; a red, rotund chef in self-respecting white from the cap on his baldish head to a long, clean apron-coat as smart as a surgeon's. And last of all was a dark, wiry personality whom Benita selected as the retired colonel's soldier-valet.

"WELL, here they all are, eight arbiters of my fate!" was the thought that buzzed like a bee through the head on the white bear rug.

Her experiences in the world of men had made her confident—if she got on to the island at all—of a more courteous welcome than the head hermit was extending. He had been for her a figure of mystery and romance even before Senator Cramer's commission had set her latent detective abilities to work on "Signor Exe" of the illustrated travel book. He was still a figure of romance and as mysterious as ever, for she had to find out whether he were the man she'd been sent to find, or a stranger more sinister.

If he dreamed what she could do for him, how differently he'd behave! But he was a man and she was a woman—or rather, a pretty girl who looked her best as a mermaid—and hermit or no hermit, he ought to stand bewitched.

Yet here he was not giving her the benefit of any doubt. Here he was hating



her! Did he mean it or was it a bluff? Well, she could put up a bluff too, and she would, if things didn't change in a minute! What about the other men? Apparently the Doctor had reacted normally to the appeal of helplessness in a pale green one piece suit.

A lot depended on the inspiration of the next moment. Something would have to be done, and be done soon; for if it were not she might find herself back in the lagoon.

"What the dickens would 'Susy' do in my place?" the author of "Man Snatchers" wondered quite desperately. "Susy" was the leading man snatcher in that best selling book. "I ought to know, I invented her."

Anxiously as Aladdin rubbed his lamp for the Geni, Benita racked her brain to summon Susy. And in the force of that desire, her eyes forgot their cunning. They flew open to their widest extent, which was very wide indeed.

The brutal Exe laughed. Their gaze met and clashed, she looked up from the floor, he bending lordly, above her. "Tired of pretending!" he scoffed. "Well, Madame or Mademoiselle, the doctor has pleaded for you, so we poor hermits, your involuntary hosts, will offer you a good warming drink of our best brandy and—er—speed the parting guest."

"Insect!" choked Benita, glancing round for chances of succor. She found them in every face, save one. If the girl could judge these matters—and she thought she could—there were seven men all but bursting with sympathy. As for Marco, who would probably be ordered to act as executioner if she were to be put back where she came from, he was unable to keep silence. He stepped forward and burst into a torrent of Italian. Benita caught the words "povera bambina!"

"The old pet's calling me a 'poor baby' the girl translated. There, that's the right cue for Susy!" She began to snivel like a badly treated child.

"I'M NOT a Madame nor a Mademoiselle, but just an American girl—who's had an accident and got nearly drowned and stung to death. Oh, please—I'm so ill. Where's the doctor?"

"Here, my child," promptly responded the little brown man with the sailor-blue eyes.

"You won't let him throw me back in the water to be eaten by fish, will you?" the Susy in her pleaded.

"The colonel has no such intention," promised the Doctor.

"She looks more like a fish herself than a woman, anyhow, a respectable woman," taunted Exe, addressing the company in general. "What a costume for a young girl to wear when she sets out to thrust herself on a household of men."

"Oh, isn't he horrid?" Benita appealed to her defender. "If he ever went as far as the Lido he'd know this was an enormous costume for these days!"

"The Lido!" Exe spurned her. "These days! Thank heavens I know nothing of the Lido these days."

"If you did, you might pick up better manners," Benita flung back. "I didn't 'thrust' myself! I fell into the water."

"Doubtless from the sky, like manna," muttered the colonel.

"Out of a skiff," explained Benita. She swept the hall with a misted glance. The assistant hermits glared murderously at their chief.

"A skiff!" he heckled her. "What should a lone woman be doing in a skiff in the middle of the lagoon at midnight?"

"American women can go anywhere at midnight," Benita defended herself. "I drifted. The oars were heavy! I lost my balance and fell into your old lagoon—if it is yours. So there!"

He laughed. "You managed to row all the way from Venice in a skiff, dressed for—the Lido, and found the oars too heavy just as you got here. Have clothes and

gondolas gone out of fashion for travelling American women?"

"Beast!" exploded Benita, goaded beyond endurance. She then burst into tears.

A sigh went round the room. Only Exe was unmoved.

"Marco," he said, "the lady confesses to a skiff. I deduce a gondola in the offing. Her friends must be getting impatient. Our doctor prescribed against jelly fish for her symptoms, so you will now row her out to whatever craft awaits. We must get her away before dawn, clothed and as nearly in her right mind as she's likely to be."

"As a physician, I forbid this lady, after what she's suffered, to go through more to-night," the doctor said fiercely.

"As the owner of Isola Solitario, I forbid her to remain," said the colonel.

The two men glowered at each other, and the rest continued their breathing exercises. "For a cent, they'd fly at him!" Benita thought. But she had her own reasons for not wishing him to be flown at. She sat up. "Diogones owned his tub," she snapped, "but I never heard that he was a pig about it. I'll probably die of pneumonia floating around in a skiff the rest of the night. But I don't care. I wouldn't stay if you begged me on your knees. I'll not die till I've told the world about you. I'm an American journalist. I'll write you up. I'll cable to all the papers, when you've sent me back to Venice practically dying, and stung to death by the pests in your lagoon."

She sprang to her feet, and stood in the middle of the white rug. "I know who you are, Signor Exe!" she cried. "I came to find you and I have found you. You thought you could hide forever on your Hermit Island behind your jelly fish and your high walls. You're no one on earth but Jack Corona. Maybe you could be a count if you showed yourself in this country. But in America you only count because you're wanted. Shall I tell your friends why?"

"They know," said Exe, with icy coldness. "Now you've confessed your business, I must change my plans for you. A journalist from a yellow American newspaper! Doctor, this is your sweet, suffering child! I won't expose her to the night air on the lagoon after all. Let her fellow plotters wait for her. She stays here."

"As my patient?" said the doctor.

"As my prisoner," said Signor Exe, alias Corona, whom the entire United States had been seeking for twelve years.

"Hooray!" thought Benita, triumphant in the midst of fury. Her hunch had come true, and her bluff had succeeded. She was on Hermit Island, Jack Corona's Hermit Island. And on John Corona's Hermit Island she'd stop till she chose to go.

**A PRISONER!** It was priceless! At least that was Benita's first impression. Indeed, she had to put in some deadly work with lifted brows, quick frowns and pursed lips to prevent the doctor from starting a riot in her favor. At last he caught the girl's meaning, and doubtless thrilled by signs of confidence, stopped short in the midst of a stormy protest.

Exe gave calm commands to his soldier valet as to the room which would become a cell for the prisoner.

It turned out to be an amazingly nice cell when Miss Farr was marched into it; but many minutes passed before it was ready for her and she more than suspected that it had been the bed chamber of an important hermit. During the interval she was offered just such a dressing gown as she'd pictured when planning her campaign. It was the property of her friend, the doctor, who in person helped her into it!

While Benita waited she learned the names and nationalities of Signor Exe's comrades. They were not to her as important as his hidden name, which had lured her on to an ocean liner and numerous trains on



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both sides of the world. All the same it was well to know them! Any one of the lot might be useful when sending out an S. O. S.!

As for Exe, alias John Coronna, that much sought man having made clear his indifference to pleas for mercy, he made it equally clear that the prisoner's name was mud to him, by striding out of the hall as she led up to introducing herself. "I'm as celebrated in my way as you are, at least I must be by this time, because I shed my anonymity as I left America and it was wireless from my ship," she announced. "If it comes out that I've disappeared from Venice, you may regret this night's work, Mr. Count Coronna!"

He merely replied "Indeed?" and walked away before she could add that she was Benita Farr, now known to one and all as the author of the world's best seller.

THINGS hadn't worked out as expected, but they were the better for that—more excitement in the situation. The blot on the brightness was that Exe—or Jack Coronna as newspapers at home called him—had behaved so badly that she didn't quite know what to do.

She'd come on a mission of peace, but he had rubbed her the wrong way until she felt far from peaceful. She wanted to punish him by showing her power, and she had the power to punish in a terrific way. By a few words and a few silences she could ring the curtain down on the drama of his life, instead of inserting a new act. When the door of the best room in the hermitage had closed upon her Miss Farr prowled up and down talking to herself. She practiced repartees to fire at the tyrant when he called upon her, or summoned her to him as it seemed certain he would do early next day.

She believed that his state of mind must be tumultuous, owing to the dart she had already shot at him. He must be wondering how she'd "spotted" him, who besides herself knew the well-kept secret of Hermit Island, and how he could, without murder, prevent her from giving him away.

NEXT morning, Benita was up at seven, as told by an old Florentine clock on the mantel. She had had no more than three hours sleep, but she felt refreshed and gay, ready to cope with anything and any one. She was surprised to see how pretty she could look without powder, without lipstick, and her hair a mass of wet curls after a shower bath. Her only garments were the Doctor's dressing gown and a pair of unspeakably enormous slippers in which she could do no more than shuffle.

At eight she was reading, or trying to read, when a warning tap at the door was followed by a delicious, grisly grating of the key.

"Come in!" she cried, translating English into Italian, in case the newcomer turned out to be other than Signor Exe.

The door opened and—how annoying—it was not Exe!

Guilio, the valet, blocked the doorway with a silver tray containing breakfast.

"I heard them call you both Guilio and Julius," she said. "Which are you—Italian or American?"

The ex-soldier grinned. "Both, Miss," he replied. "Also Hebrew."

"I suppose you have a message for me from—er—er—" she hesitated.

"From my master," he finished, with a Brooklyn accent. "We all heard you last night, Miss, so we know you know who he is. Count Coronna he is in Italy; Mr. Coronna in the United States. Of course, he was a Colonel in the war, the youngest in Italy at that time, so we on the island call him Colonel. But now, Miss, better have your breakfast while it's hot! The cook sends it with his compliments, and what would you like for lunch? The rose is from the gardener."

"Many thanks to both," beamed Benita.

"But either I shall be off the island for lunch, or I'll be eating with the gentlemen in their dining room."

Giulio-Julius looked apologetic. "I'm afraid not, Miss," he said. "You see, you're a prisoner."

"Is that the colonel's message?" the girl challenged.

"No, Miss. He didn't send a message. But that's his order. I'm sorry. We all are. But I've served him since before the war and even for the sake of a pretty lady, I can't disobey. Orders is orders."

With that he was gone, to save argument. It was at this moment, as she stood frowning at her breakfast tray, that she began to doubt whether being a prisoner on Hermit Island was as priceless as she'd thought it was at first.

She had told Rossi, the super-guide, that once she'd got behind the wall on Hermit Island she would stay there as long as she wished and no longer. She'd boasted that Signor Exe would himself conduct her in his best gondola to Venice. Now, she half wished she hadn't been so cocksure! But it was only a half wish.

At first glance, it struck her as merely silly not to eat her breakfast. Cutting off her nose to spite her own face, that would be! But would it?

"That's it!" she decided, "I'll hunger strike!"

She looked longingly at the breakfast tray. There were cherries and a number of small rolls. Surely the chef hadn't counted them? She ate three cherries, and one roll. She also ventured to pour into a cup half an inch of coffee and the same measure of milk. When she had drunk, she washed the cup. The tray had the appearance of being untouched, while Miss Farr had the sensation of renewed physical courage.

HALF an hour passed, and Benita wondered what was due to happen next. Her favorite books, old and even new, were on the shelves of this room. Though the windows were small and barred in the ancient Italian way, the view over the high-walled garden was as romantic as her fancies. She gravitated from a window to the bookshelves, then back again and welcomed the eagerly expected knock that came with the turning key.

Only Julius! His eyebrows rose at sight of the breakfast tray's uneaten dainties.

"I've got to make some protest against being locked up like a thief or a murderer," Miss Farr announced. "Tell your colonel he can keep me here till I starve to death—unless before that the Mayor of Venice or whatever he is, comes with an armed force to the rescue. No use sending me meals! I won't eat till the master of this island comes himself to let me out and apologize for his unwarranted conduct."

"There won't come any armed force from Venice, Miss," he said. "The boss has his reasons for living here, retired, the way he does, and he may not want his real name to leak out through you or any one who knows that—er—that American story. But he's no crook! The President of the United States couldn't come to this island and make him open the gates. As for forces in Venice, armed or otherwise, they'd stand for Signor Exe, not against him. He supports half the soldiers' widows and orphans within fifty miles."

"So you think when my friends, who know I landed here last night, begin to worry, the authorities will turn a deaf ear, do you?" asked Benita.

"Well, for your sake, Miss, and all our sakes," replied Julius doubtfully, "I hope before it comes to your dying, or what not, some arrangement'll be made. The way things are, after what you said you'd do when you got off the island, the colonel can't let you go."

"What I said I'd do if I were put off!" the

girl corrected. "Anyhow, you go and show the colonel that tray with not a thing touched, and give him my message."

Julius went sadly and locked the door behind him.

THERE were writing materials on a desk, and after some reflection, Benita sat down and scribbled a note. She wrote hastily, in case a chance—which she foresaw—to smuggle a letter off the island should occur. Having finished and addressed the envelope to Guido Rossi, she placed it in a larger envelope, on which she printed in capitals "HELP! HELP!" She enclosed the Rossi letter, and awaited developments.

The work was completed just in time, for as she sealed the outer envelope, something flew through the open window and landed on the floor.

It was a tightly tied bunch of pink rosebuds, with a folded bit of paper attached to the stems.

Eagerly Benita opened the note.

"Dear Miss Farr," Doctor Baynes began, "We're all your friends, though loyal to our host. Don't worry. He'll doubtless be persuaded to hear reason. Meanwhile, do you want to send to some friend in Venice for clothes? If you do, throw down a letter containing a list, and Marco who helped rescue you from the sepia and medusae will send it secretly by the Venetian who brings our supplies. Better leave your letter open, for we don't wish to harm the colonel. I'm sure you're not spying, but you might be! A bundle can be brought under cover of vegetables, tomorrow morning, if we get the order off in time. The man's due from Venice now, and won't be long unloading today's supplies. Yours—in haste but sincerely, Robert Baynes."

Well, the letter she had prepared must do! Benita bent over the stone window sill and saw Marco trimming a rose bush. She let fall her S. O. S. and Marco retrieved it.

She'd assured Rossi that she was "all right." Exe, she added, imagined her at his mercy, but in her opinion it was the other way round.

"I've hunger struck," she said, "and he won't dare risk keeping me shut up for long; not with the other men against him. Please go to my hotel and have the maid who looks after my suite, pack in a blue dressing bag she'll see, my white and red Chanel sports-suit with everything to match (the maid will understand); and two evening dresses, the black transparent velvet, and the white tulle. Undies, shoes, stockings and all. Oh, and wads of hankies. I've had to borrow the doctor's, for I caught a slight cold in the head. He's a dear. Must have been a ship doctor, by his looks. They're all dears. Except one. You can guess who. I haven't quite made up my mind about him yet."

Yours most gratefully,

Benita Farr.

"P. S.

You might send a box of chocolates. Above all, buy me five copies of 'Man Snatchers.' Be sure everything leaves for the island tomorrow morning."

DESPITE Miss Farr's mandate, meals were sent to her door. She ordered them away.

By this time she was extremely hungry. She pitied herself, and began to hate John Coronna, who didn't know he was in her power. She might have finished by hating him cordially, but opening a drawer of the desk to find more stationery so that she might keep a diary, she found something else—an ivory miniature of a beautiful young woman, which had evidently been forgotten in the hurried removal of effects.

It was framed in dark blue enamel, and in diamonds were the three words, "My Beloved John."

So, this was Coronna's room! Why had he given up his quarters to her? Was it because the windows looked on the garden, where the prisoner's shrieks, if any, couldn't be heard from the lagoon? Or did he not, after all, despise her as utterly as he wished her to believe?

Benita asked these questions, and not being sure of the answers, put ashes on her fire of hate. Besides, she was so interested in the miniature for its own sake, she came near forgetting the hate business.

Had she been mistaken when imagining that the story of a false love had been put out as a blind? Was this sweet, smiling face the face of a woman who'd betrayed Coronna? Was this the face that had sunk the thousand ships of a young man's hopes, and made the world hateful to him? Somehow, she couldn't accept that theory yet, despite the woman's beauty.

Signor Exe, alias Jack Coronna, had the strongest face Benita had ever seen. She had to admit this, and that its strength intrigued her. To become a hermit for a woman's sake would be weak. To do it for a more compelling motive would be strong, although it might be—well, there was a choice of adjectives, and American papers had used up a good many in the past twelve years.

THE evening passed in gloom among the hermits. If full grown men can sulk, seven of the eight island dwellers did sulk.

The big Italian tenor, Mario Trentini, gave vent to his melancholy in song. He did this, accompanied by his guitar, close to an open window almost precisely underneath that of the prisoner. Edouard, the composer, was moved to compose something new, for the violin, seated in the garden.

Towards ten o'clock, the colonel decided on a prow in the garden, since no one had the heart for bridge. Doctor Baynes joined him, and after a few minutes of silence, made a gesture towards a couple of lighted windows. As he did so the light went out. The effect on at least one of the men was dramatic. He started, "I say, Colonel! This business is pretty steep. A fragile creature."

"Fragile, my hat!" sneered Exe. "If she's ill, she'll send for you."

Each would have liked to strike the other, but the doctor had determined to try diplomacy.

"If I'm any good at diagnosis," he began, "I should say that's the type of young woman a hunger strike won't do good to! She's slim as a wand. She can't afford to fast. Let her out, Colonel, that's a fine chap. We're all wretched and you know it."

"I thought you and the rest hated women," said Exe.

"You thought wrong, if you did really think so," said Baynes. "Temporarily, when we joined up, we may have been rubbed the wrong way by women. My wife was a shrew. I couldn't divorce her. I knew if I disappeared, eventually she'd divorce me for desertion. She has! Distinguett supposed his heart was buried in his wife's grave. But hearts sprout like bulbs. Trentini was merely jilted, and had that bit of trouble you know of, because he stabbed the girl—quite slightly and harmlessly, he says. As for the servants, their heart-wounds have healed long ago, I'll bet my head. Don't you understand, we've been staying on more from affection and loyalty to you, than to mend our broken hearts or to fill our pockets. Be true to yourself, Colonel, and—"

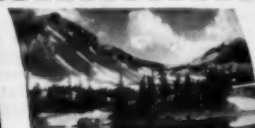
"Thanks for the tribute, old man. Honestly, I appreciate it," Exe cut in. "I'll be true to myself in my own way. You know my story. I was frank with you all, before we'd been together long. You may remember, there's some one other than myself, I'm bound in honor to be true to."

"I'm not suggesting that you let Miss Farr leave the island without a pledge of silence," persisted Baynes.

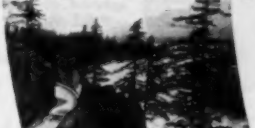


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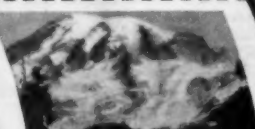
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"If I did, what would her pledge be worth?"

"I think she'd be a girl who'd keep her word."

The colonel laughed. "I wonder? Perhaps you and the rest of our friends are more easily bamboozled by a pretty face than I am. Anyhow, you have less to lose."

"All we ask is that you invite the child out of her room and give her the run of the garden. I imagine she's hunger striking only against solitary confinement."

The colonel laughed again. "I dare say she'd enjoy the society of four admiring males. What she insists on, is five. She wants me to surrender. I did write her a note and told her that, under certain conditions she could come out. She wouldn't read it. She sent it back, with a message that she wouldn't 'treat by correspondence.' I'm sorry to seem a brute, my dear Baynes, but I don't care to be dictated to on my own island by this—this little yellow journalist."

"That's your last word on the subject?" asked Baynes.

"I really think it must be," Exe answered, in a good-natured tone, which in its forced finality, had a condescending note.

**AS SCREEN** writers say, "Came the dawn."

Later on, as usual, came midday, and sunset.

Never had it seemed so gloomy on Hermit Island at sunset, especially in sweet summer time.

The hermits assembled in the hall, as was their habit, before the dinner hour. All were in evening dress. It was an unwritten law on Isola Solitario that no man should fail in his observance or in any way "let himself go."

At a quarter to eight the chef, Dupont, invariably sent to his master and guests, five glasses of vermouth on a silver tray. Eight o'clock struck, and no vermouth. Eight was the hour for serving dinner.

Nobody talked. Nobody looked at anybody else. If Exe's companions gazed at anything, it was the white bearskin rug on which a Lido mermaid had reposed in beauty for a few moments, two endless days and nights ago.

At last the colonel broke the brooding silence. "Where the devil is our vermouth?" he asked of space.

None cared to answer. Minutes dragged on, then the colonel spoke again. "Lloyd, you're close to the bell. Would you mind ringing? I'd like to find out what's the matter with our friend the chef."

"I think," ventured Baynes, "I know what's the matter."

"Has he got one of his liver attacks?"

"No, he has mutinied."

The colonel stared. "Mutinied?"

"Perhaps, Colonel, you'd better have Dupont up and interview him."

"I'd rather have the dinner up. What do you mean; mutinied?"

"Well," explained Baynes, "in a sense, we all have."

"Ah!" said Exe, allowing himself to look interested.

"Dupont is human, though a chef," said Baynes. "We are all human, with the one exception, it would seem, of yourself. It goes against Dupont to serve meals to us since things have reached their present extreme, and even if he did we'd refuse to eat them while a certain person starves. I believe I speak for you all, don't I, Distinguett, Trentini, Lloyd?"

"You do!" the three agreed with one voice.

The colonel sat still for a second, as if dumbfounded, then burst out laughing. "So the officers as well as crew have mutinied against the captain—for a girl's sake?"

"That's the case as it stands," admitted Baynes.

"I can discharge Dupont," the colonel suggested, after further thought.

"That won't frighten him."

"You mean, he wants to go?"

"Yes, if this place is to be turned into an Inquisition."

"Am I to infer," asked Exe, "that you're all hinting you are tired of me and Hermit Island?"

"More than hinting, Colonel!" said Lloyd.

"We none of us engaged as prison warders."

"I see," said Coronna. "You would goad me, on this short notice, to give you a free discharge, in spite of our contract?"

"Our feeling is, that it's you who do the goading," said Baynes. "We can't stay on, and watch a woman tortured! The servants are of the same mind. They've discussed things with me. All but Guilio. He is your slave, yet he disapproves of you."

"And you'd leave us alone on the island with the girl!" the colonel exclaimed.

"Unless you let her go. Which you say you won't!"

"You win!" their host exploded. "I can't live here without you and with a woman, as you're all well aware. I'll go at once to the lady's door with a flag of truce."

"Who's there?" asked Benita, though she thought she knew.

"John Coronna," came the answer. "May I speak with you?"

The door flew open.

The Adam of an Eveless Eden stood dazzled. The girl had flashed on every light. They sparkled on her low necked, short skirted frock of diamond dusted tulle, and on the buckles of her silver slippers. They gleamed on the waves of her bobbed, copper hair, glittered in her big brown eyes, and shone softly on the white satin of neck and arms.

"Dio!" the man muttered, the Latin him uppermost.

Benita blushed. She remembered the mermaid costume and recalled the fact that when he left the world woman's gowns were of ankle length. He'd called her fish! What was he thinking of her now?

"I've come to—to—" he began.

"Apologize?" she suggested.

"Do you," he asked, "want me to apologize?"

**THEY** looked at each other in the eyes for a second. His, she thought, were the darkest, most unfathomable eyes whose depths she'd ever tried to penetrate.

"No," she answered.

"What do you want me to do? Let you go? By your dress I see you've found means of communicating with the mainland. Probably you could take French leave if you wished, without my permission."

"At least I've sprung a surprise on you?"

"You've dazzled me!"

"Getting the material to do the dazzling is one sign of my power, Colonel!" boasted Benita. "I have power! I came here to offer you all it means, but you made me angry—"

"Ditto. Miss Farr! But we're calling a truce. What will you do in Venice, if I send you back safe and sound?"

"Eat dinner, immediately, if not sooner. I'd like it to be sooner!"

"I invite you to dine with us all here," said Coronna, gravely, "before you leave."

"I accept!" said Benita. "But I've something to tell you first, something rather big!"

"Would you prefer waiting till after dinner?"

"No," the girl said, "this is important. Very important! More important than anything that's happened to you in twelve years. I'm awfully hungry, but I couldn't eat till I've told what I travelled more than three thousand miles to tell—what I'd have told freely, two nights ago if you hadn't flown at me like a fend."

"Sorry!" said Coronna.

"Come in, please, and sit down. I needn't



keep you long but I must tell you this before we go downstairs."

Coronna followed her into the room which had been his. Benita motioned him to a chair near the desk. His glance fell on the ivory miniature.

"Guilio forgot this!" he said. "My mother's picture."

"Oh!" said Benita. "She was beautiful." Queer the joyous relief the girl felt! "You must value this portrait, since she died when you were a child."

"You know that?"

"Listen, while I tell all I do know! Your father was a nobleman of old family in Rome. Your mother was an American heiress, a great beauty. You were brought up in Italy, and sent to finish your education at Harvard. Later you became attaché in the Italian Embassy at Washington. But it wasn't then you met your uncle, your mother's brother, Harvey Marshall, for the first time, though he lived in Washington. He used to visit you and your father in Rome, even after your mother died. She'd been devoted to him, and if he loved any one on earth, he loved you. He was your godfather. It was with Harvey Marshall you spent your vacations while you studied at Harvard. He got you the chance in the Embassy. He made them ask for you. Oh, you'd good reason to be grateful! . . . I suppose you cared a good deal for your uncle."

"I did. I do," Coronna said. "I—"

"Wait! We must go over this part together, before I give you my news. Harvey Marshall was like a father to you, after your own father died, and his wife—though she was years younger than he—mothered you as well as she could. She was something of a Puritan, wasn't she—very often shocked at things her husband, as a politician, chose to do?"

"Yes, my Aunt Helen was religious," Coronna admitted.

"Your uncle wouldn't stand for her meddling with his affairs. They quarreled. She was unhappy and threatened to leave him. Her love for you was the only thing that kept them together."

**T**HEN broke the Balm of Gilead Oil Scandal. Harvey Marshall was accused of stealing thirty million dollars from the Government. His wife's brother was mixed up with him in the deal—the one other man who knew the truth. Your aunt had faith in her husband till she overheard a conversation between him and her brother. Her heart was weak and the shock killed her, but before she died, she told you the whole story.

"You bolted from the country rather than be called as a witness against Harvey Marshall, after your aunt's doctor gave that famous interview to a newspaper man. You got away just in time. You hurled yourself into the war. You were known to be in Italy. When Helen Marshall's brother committed suicide you were the one man left who could prove the Government's case against Harvey Marshall and tell what had become of the millions. You couldn't be arrested and extradited, but you could have been kidnapped. They'd have got you somehow if you hadn't disappeared."

"I was alive to that fact," said Coronna. "Maybe that stuff about your broken heart, your false friend and love, and your stolen jewels was true, too. But—"

"Jewels can be stolen and friends and lovers can be false; but men's hearts don't break. They cease to ache."

"Because—it wasn't real love?"

"Just so. Real lovers, real friends are never false. It didn't take me long in this retreat, to realize that my personal troubles had left no scar. They made a good story, though! There had to be a story about Signor Exe. Will you tell me how you got behind my smoke screen?"

"I Sherlock-Holmes'd the idea. But it had

to be beaten into my brain. I was Senator Cranmer's secretary—"

"Good God! That man sent you after me—my uncle's worst enemy—and you expect me to let you go?"

"What else could you do in the end, except murder me?"

For a moment he didn't answer. He looked at the upturned face, the frank face of a little girl. He looked at the delicate, childlike throat. So small it was, and easy to choke between two strong hands. And there was the lagoon waiting!

"There's one other thing I could do," Coronna said at last.

"What?"

"Marry you. A woman can't testify against her husband."

"Clever thought!" said Benita. "But wait. You may not have to go to such extremes. Senator Cranmer did send me to Italy. I put two and two together after reading that book—and talking to him. I didn't mention this island. I'm the only one who knows its real secret. So I am worth killing—or even marrying—maybe. Yet I came not to spy, but to save. I came to find you and tell you, you are free! Harvey Marshall was dying and sent for Senator Cranmer who had once been his friend and became his enemy. He confessed everything. He told where the money was. He said your great sacrifice had haunted him. If you were alive, he wanted you found and your forgiveness asked in his name."

"The Senator had to swear, in return for what was left of the millions, to do everything in secret. Harvey Marshall wouldn't speak till he'd got that promise. Money back, but no post mortem scandal. The Senator was upset—shaken, as I never thought he could be. There was a consultation between him and a couple of men who are in the cabinet. Then I was sent to Italy on a holiday I'd meant to take anyhow if I had to resign; for my great grandmother was Venetian. I heard her calling! I'm named 'Benita' for her. So you see, I'm the dove with the olive branch! And you've put it in prison and driven it to starve itself. For goodness sake, now let's go down to dinner!"

She jumped up from her chair, and Coronna was on his feet at the same instant. He seized her hands and kissed them.

"Forgive me, if you can!" he begged.

"What can I do to atone?"

Benita stood laughing up at him, more beautiful because she was happier than she had ever been.

"Well, if you mean now to leave this island forever, you can sell it to me. I'm rich enough to buy it. I've written a best seller."

"I'll give it to you," he said. "It's yours, from now on. I'd give you my soul!"

"What good is a man's soul to a woman?" she wanted to know, "without his heart? Perhaps yours is dead?"

"It's very much alive," said Coronna, "and free. If I threw it into the scales with my soul, what would you do with it? You don't know me well enough to know whether it's worth having."

"I have a hunch it is," said the girl. "I always trust my hunches. I sailed for Italy on this one. I saw that photograph in the book, and I thought what a wonderful place Hermit Island would be for a—a honeymoon."

**D**OWNSTAIRS, four hermits waited for their dinner. But they were not bored. Miss Farr had sent Senator Cranmer's favorite recipe for cocktails to the chef, and he had served them to the hungry gentlemen, with caviar sandwiches. Miss Farr had also thoughtfully provided her knights each with a copy of "Man Snatchers." They sipped and read, and read and sipped, and wildly they laughed at the adventures of "Susy."

Upstairs, Benita, mental-mother of "Susy," had first saved, then snatched, her man.



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## Washington Puzzles Over Place Cards

[Continued from page 59]

It doesn't matter how clever you are, or how interesting, or what you have accomplished, you are of less importance, at an official function, than the least significant of officials. Although there may be many charming and witty guests at dinner you have no hope of being near them unless your rank entitles you to be there.

Once an army officer who had been in command of an isolated post came to dinner in New York, and remarked as he sat down, "Thank God for a new dinner partner! I've sat next to the same lady at every party for the last year!"

At the army post he had, of course, been obliged to escort the wife of the next ranking officer on all occasions! Well, the same thing is true to some extent in Washington. Many officials are wearily well acquainted with the ladies who must always be placed next to them. It is a clever person indeed who can be really entertaining to the same dinner partner for an entire season.

This is by no means the first time Washington has been confronted by the hostess problem, though, as some one recently remarked, it is the first time it has had an entire family! When Uncle Joe Cannon was Speaker of the House of Representatives he wanted his daughter to be his official hostess. Following tradition, and the letter of the law as laid down by the etiquette book, Washington did not invite Miss Cannon with her father. Cannon refused to go out at all for a year. Then President Roosevelt heard about the difficulty and gave a special dinner for the Speaker, placing Miss Cannon at his right. That settled the matter.

At least one other incident involves a Vice President. There is a distinct difference in the diplomatic corps, between a minister and an ambassador. The former represents his government, but an ambassador is the direct representative of his sovereign, and expects the homage that would be paid to that sovereign in person. It happened that on one occasion the minister from Great Britain was made ambassador. As minister, he had sat below the Vice President at dinner; as ambassador, he claimed the place next to the President. The matter was finally solved by a clever lady who asked Lord Pauncefoot whether the United States Ambassador to Great Britain ranked next to the King; that is, above the Prince of Wales. "Certainly not," said the Ambassador. "The Prince of Wales is the heir apparent." "Well," said this lady, "our Vice President is *our* heir apparent!"

THE solving by the State Department of the delicate social problems is said to have originated when President Monroe's daughter was married in the White House, and many people who thought they should have been invited were not. They made no effort to conceal their wounded feelings, and finally there was so much unpleasantness that Monroe turned the matter over to John

Quincy Adams, his Secretary of State, who smoothed the ruffled feathers so successfully, that social arbitration has since been referred to the State Department.

There are many amusing stories arising from the question of rank. An ambassador from South America made a recent trip to Washington and a big dinner was proposed in his honor. But when the host came to tackle his puzzle, the plan of the table, he found with horror that every one outranked that particular ambassador (they rank according to length of service) and that he in whose honor the whole thing had been planned was to have the seat of very least importance! Eventually the party was called off.

GUESTS are not only seated according to rank, they must depart in the correct order as well—at least the honor guest must invariably leave first. How many uncomfortable moments must have been spent by persons anxious to get to another party, while the guest of honor continued to be oblivious of the clock!

Naturally not every one takes the matter of precedence so seriously. There are many women who have established themselves as knowing and experienced hostesses who dare to over-ride the conventions. Alice Longworth, daughter of former President Roosevelt, and wife of the Speaker of the House, defies the whole system. She does as she pleases, and is forgiven. But a newcomer, or even an old timer without boundless wit, charm and self-assurance, would never dare to ignore the long standing rules of first calls, invitation lists and seating arrangements. She would never dare call on a Cabinet lady any day but Wednesday; nor on a Diplomatic lady any day but Friday.

Whether or not folks agree with Mrs. Gann that Mr. Curtis needs an official hostess one could hear it eagerly discussed on practically every street corner in the city. But nearly every one, from those who were disgusted to those who were zealous supporters of Mrs. Gann, found some amusing side to the question. The whole city was bubbling with stories, most of them not unkind. It is said that after the dinner given by one of the diplomats immediately after the matter had been dismissed by Secretary Stimson, Mrs. Gann found herself at the head of the beautiful and imposing staircase in the Pan-American building. She smilingly took the arm of Vice President Curtis, then beckoned to Mr. Gann and took his arm on the other side. The three started down the stairs together, and at that moment the orchestra burst into the Triumphant March from Aida!

Not long ago when the men were at a big stag dinner, a little group of ladies had a dinner all their own. Among them were several of the new congresswomen. They considered that since they were without husbands, their position was exactly analogous to that of Mr. Curtis. They therefore gleefully drew up a resolution during dinner, formally adopting Mr. Gann as their official host!

## PASSPORT PHOTO

By VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

YOU think it really looks like me?

Well then, I need the trip!  
Good grief, I look much sicker than  
The time I had the grippel!

YOU think it really looks like me?

You'd know that it was I?  
Well then, I surely need the change!  
Look glum enough to die!

YOU think it really looks like me?

What? This? You do? You do?  
Glad then I'm leaving you if that's  
The way I look to you!

## Life Isn't So Bad

[Continued from page 57]

He said nothing, but went out to one of the hotel cars, which awaited them.

The valet Stevens had gone on by taxicab with the luggage.

And once more they were settled in the express, bound for Paris, flying northward, retracing the former journey, when she had anticipated so much.

They were lunching, just after leaving Genoa, when March said, "We shall have half a day and a night in Paris, and we shall do whatever you want to do with the time."

"Aren't you in a hurry to get to London, Mr. March?"

"I was in a hurry to leave Rome," he answered.

Her heart cried, "Why, a few hours would have made all the difference! I should have seen Tudor! I shouldn't be here now! Tudor and I would be married just as quickly as we could! Ma would have helped," said her heart, "generous Ma." And her heart suddenly suggested that probably marriages could be arranged more quickly in Italy. She didn't know, but most probably they could. Marriage laws differed in different countries—

These things lighted a blaze in her eyes, and she looked back steadily at March, and he looked back steadily at her, and there was a blaze in his eyes too.

She felt in her vanity bag, very little money there. Always she spent up to the last cent of her salary; six pounds a week had been such a tempting feast for a hungry girl, that really she had had to eat it all up. That new frock and hat in New York—

If she left March in Paris, she couldn't go back to Rome. She could telegraph Tudor? Tudor too was very short of cash, she knew.

So Esta couldn't think of embarrassing her lover. For she retained that anxious delicacy, that almost agonized tact, over his financial straits which cause independent men—noting a woman feeling thus towards another man—to wince.

There was Ma. "You can cadge from Ma." That had been Bob's sneer.

Never!

Tudor and she stood alone, on their own proud feet.

And after all March must either send for him, or pay him off—when Tudor would be in temporary funds. Thus Esta, worrying with delicate anxiety about her lover's ways and means—

AND suddenly Kelly March, with the blaze quenched in his own eyes by a something uncontrollably soft, humid, leaned nearer her across the table, and spoke on a note of pleading.

"There was a hurry, but we'll have a day and a night in Paris all the same. I may—I may be meeting a man there—" Yet Esta knew that, somehow, to be an utterly false excuse. "This journey," said March, "this rush—I was sorry to hurry you, but I have urgent business just now. I am in a great deal of anxiety over certain matters, and I need your help and your close attention very urgently."

She did not move, but it was as if suddenly she drew nearer to him, as she gazed at him with a quick, questioning realization, her lips a little parted in concern. He dropped his eyes before hers, to hide what was in them. He had found in her—he knew it in spite of all his rough skepticisms and his denials of any woman's sincerity of motive—that which he looked for, and had looked for in vain. He found in her that precious thing beyond price which was going to be squandered on Tudor Charles! She wished to give her love and its sincerity and its generosity and its selfishness, to Tudor Charles! March

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found her sincerity and her generosity—unflawed—so that he could doubt no longer, in that brief, startled, sympathetic moment while Esta, all unconsciously, transferred to him her delicate anxieties, her chivalry, and her tact which must not question further.

**I**N THERESE GERALD'S apartment it was cocktail hour. Therese had had a day. Having passed through what seemed to her—in her new ease—impossible privation and sorrow and resignation—though she was aware that her endurance was by no means unique, or impossible to repeat—she had made up her mind—or had life made up her mind for her?—to continue very calmly, very placidly, extracting all the amusement and happiness from the future, and giving amusement and happiness in return, but refusing the pains. She looked upon people, even Bobs and Esta, with a certain detachment. Bobs adored Pamela Mackinnon; Pamela was unworthy of Bobs. Still, Bobs adored her. Kelly March could love Esta; perhaps Esta could not love Kelly March. Ah, well—Life was long.

But Esta loved Tudor Charles?

Ah, there, Tiny Ma's new and suave philosophy failed her.

"People should do exactly as they please with their own lives," Ma had considered, as she had dressed that morning. "Even Bobs and Esta should do as they please. Only—"

It was a very alluring little white-shingled lady who sauntered out of the Hotel Beau Site at nine-thirty that autumn morning, with a charming young man beside her. She wore the neatest tailleur of black velvet, and pearl blobs in her ears, and her feet and legs and hands were arrayed perfectly. Men looked at this white-shingled lady.

Tudor was pleased with the looks of men at Tiny Ma. He loved being envied, or if not actually envied, at least having his choice silently applauded. And she was extraordinarily sweet and appealing and frank.

Well, why shouldn't a rich widow be frank? Good heavens, she had every right!

They entered the Borghese Gardens, too early for the usual strollers. The Gardens were radiant; the air cool and keen, and the sky very blue. And they talked. He led the talk at once to the subjects of last night, beginning:

"I was thinking of what you said when I was driving you home—"

"I said a great many things last night," she smiled to Tudor.

"And meant 'em all, by jove. My dear lady, you know you did."

"And meant them all."

"One would imagine the life of a woman like you to be all rose leaves. I mean a woman who's young, chic, free, and all the rest of it. But I can quite understand, on the other hand—"

Tiny Ma was thinking—Kelly March—a girl like Esta didn't realize half his drive or his ruthlessness or his determination. Something was going to break; some one of the triangle—for triangle it was—would go under, and it wouldn't be March. No. And yet, there was Esta, so headstrong and heart-strong. What should an elegant opportunist like the young man beside her do with such a girl if he got her?

Bobs would stand firm on the money question. He hadn't said anything, but where a man thought he could handle a domestic situation through the power of the purse, he would. Men had handled domestic upheavals so for centuries.

Bobs liked March. One could always tell.

They were talking now—of Esta.

Tudor was blissfully aware, of course, that the mother knew nothing. Had she observed, she would have spoken. Esta had worn that ring, but the mother deduced nothing. And he was saying:

"It's awfully sporting of her to work like she does. But then a lot of modern girls seem to prefer work to marriage."

"True," said Ma and she thought of the signet ring worn at luncheon and dinner yesterday. "True. I don't think Esta will marry early."

"I don't think so either," Tudor replied, adding charmingly, "Of course, your daughter and I are tremendous friends, you know."

"That's nice."

"Yes, it is nice, on a trip like this."

And after a while she wanted to go shopping, and he, aware that March did not need him, drove her up the Piazza di Spagna, where she lingered over the choosing of perfume; and flowers, and sweets. So that it was noon when they got back to the hotel.

Esta's note was handed to Tudor.

He lost no time in composing, very studiously, a reply; and at one-thirty, he lunched alone with Therese, that rough customer Robert having departed elsewhere with his love. It was pleasant and leisurely. The future campaign seemed clear.

That evening he was sure that the pretty widow liked him more than a little, and her great incongruous son, fortunately, still stayed away, cavaliering Pamela Mackinnon; who, also, was a danger to a profitable and pleasant arrangement.

**TUDOR** was in the charming widow's apartment quite late that night. It was at last he who was confidential. She heard all about the manor house that was mortgaged so hopelessly, and that was let to rich Americans, and she heard all about his wish for a decent job—something administrative, where a man had a chance to use his brains.

They were still deep in talk when Bobs came in. He had just said good night to Pamela, and was in Heaven, but Heaven clouded over at the sight of Tudor. His words were brief and to the point. "What, you, Sir Tudor? Just going, are you? Good night."

"Darling," said Therese, as the door closed behind the handsome young man, who was in no wise discomforted or embarrassed by this brusque *congé*, "you must not take my scalps from me, an old woman, tottering down the hill. Remember, darling, I still enjoy my victories."

"What are you playing at?" said the man of the family.

"Darling, the old woman has worked so much. Let her play her games just as she likes. He could not understand her mood, nor check her incomprehensible levity, nor make her see the real seriousness of the matter. For the first time in his life he viewed Tiny Ma's conduct as verging on the scandalous.

**MARCH** and Esta were established for their brief stay at Claridge's. Paris wore a gay face on this golden autumn day; sunshine bathed her, and lay like a precious robe over the beautiful Champs Elysées, sweeping up incomparably to the Arc de Triomphe. It was Esta's first breath of Paris, other than the moments of passing through on the way to Rome. And at Claridge's, she found herself installed in a suite of her own, bedroom, sitting room and bath, decorated charmingly. And there were flowers there, yellow roses, great bouquets of them.

She stood at the window, watching the swift flow of traffic in that magnificent highway.

The bell at her outer door sounded, and she went to open it, and saw Kelly March in his fine tweeds of lightish gray, a yellow rosebud in his buttonhole and his bridegroom look.

He came in.

"Are you all right—Esta?"

The employer-employee relation seemed to vanish again as swiftly as it had been resumed. But she did not want it to vanish.



She wanted to hold it. For, after all, what were they but employer and employed?

"Mr. March, you shouldn't have given me a suite!"

"Why not, Esta?"

"Why, you said—" her delicate anxieties were in her eyes again, and quivering on her lips.

His look, eager, soft, humid, fastened on the kindness and care in Esta's eyes and lips.

"I know," he laughed. "But one might at least crash gaily, mightn't one?"

"Crash?"

"Would it be so very appalling if I crashed?"

"I just can't imagine it."

"I should have to dispense with your excellent services, shouldn't I? People do crash, you know, and rise again." He walked to the roses, and touched the petals with a light finger.

**S**HE looked at the yellow bud in his coat lapel.

"You ordered those roses for me too!"

"Why not?"

"But just for one day—"

"Just for one day. That's the point. Why not enjoy ourselves just for one day? Because after all, it may be just for one day, Esta."

"Have you any work for me to do this afternoon?"

"Not the usual work. I want you to drive out with me to Versailles, and give me your opinion on an old chateau there which a friend of mine wants me to buy for him if I like it. The friend hopes to be married soon."

"But I know nothing about such things."

"You know what you like. The bride may like the same thing."

"Bride."

And now she managed to think again of Tudor. When would she see him next? How soon could he answer her frantic note? What would he say? Where would they be married? In London perhaps. Only, if they both lost their jobs, heaven knew what they would live on! Yet, though dismay took her, strangely enough it was dismay more on March's account than her own or Tudor's. They at least were happy in each other—weren't they? While he . . . oh, a difficult, sardonic, lonely man! And yet so often—as today—a lovable man.

"We'll go after lunch," he said. "Shall we dine at Barbizon or at some place here, Esta?"

"Oh, Barbizon."

"Don't you want to dance and hear music, and be in a crowd? Remember, this is—just one day."

"Oh, I'd like to dine at Barbizon."

"There's an inn, almost in the woods where it's rather wonderful. Of course it's late, but the weather's soft and there's a moon."

And so, soon, they were driving out to Fontainebleau, behind a reckless American chauffeur.

March was quiet on the drive, enjoying Esta's enjoyment, and giving himself up to the unusual indulgence of a dream. And driving through the old town, all the loveliness enhanced by the October sunshine, they came, at the further outskirts, upon the chateau they sought, low built, gray, in the middle of gardens of such a formal, fragile, fairy beauty as caught at the heart. Beyond and about them stretched the immense forest, crowned with reds and golds under the blue sky. And they drove through gates of wrought ironwork whose pattern was as intricately planned as the pattern of some rare lace, and up a half-moon gravel drive bordered by poplars straight and tall and clear as poplars in a sharp, clear etching, to the wide shallow steps and the double front doors of the old house.

The double doors were opened before

March and Esta had time to alight, and two servants of the old French type, man and wife, the caretakers of the chateau, stood there. And so, on past these courteous retainers, through a wide clear hall whose paneling arrested one, and the design of whose open fireplace arrested one again, to lovely room after room, with elegant wide windows opened to the gardens, with Louis XVI furniture, faded brocades, rich tapestries that the years had hardly dimmed, gilt chairs, old mirrors, couches of delicate and graceful and flowing line, miniatures by masters here and there, a ceiling by Boucher, genuine Corots and Millets on the walls, and up a wide, shallow staircase of gracious curves to bedrooms that had all the beauty and dignity of salons.

Going slowly from room to room, March at her shoulder, Esta would stand and sigh, "It's all rather too beautiful for me to understand all at once."

"But you think it beautiful, Esta? That's established."

"It's a dream. And to be sold?"

"To be sold."

"Your friend is lucky." Now she was touching a brocade bedspread, rich and heavy.

"Will she like it—the bride?"

"She must."

"That is what my friend says. 'Of course she must like it; that's essential.' She could, anyway, make what alterations she chose, couldn't she? I suppose every woman has her own individual ideas. Naturally. But, Esta, it would be a lovely haven for a cosmopolitan couple, wouldn't it? For they have to be cosmopolitan, my friends. To rest here is not to be out of the world. A quick drive into Paris, and they're in the middle of life."

"And a quick drive out, and they're in the middle of Paradise."

"I thought much like that, Esta."

They stepped out upon a balcony, looking across the gardens into the forest.

Now the old caretaker was with them, and must show them over the gardens, his special pride. He had stiff halting English which he insisted on speaking. It was not often, he said, that he had the opportunity to air this accomplishment. Here was the rosery—La France and Jacqueminot roses, mostly, and the Gloire de Dijon—an old-fashioned rose but still in favor in this garden. And here one grew great beds of violets in the spring. He preferred narcissus for this garden. And lilies, goodness, yes! And the fountains must play for Monsieur and Madame.

March sent him back to the house, and they sat down in a stone arbor, hearing the fountains playing. A lily pond was almost at their feet, and goldfish flashed like flame just under the sparkling surface in the waning sunlight.

**T**HE concierge came out again about five o'clock. His wife would like to serve dinner to Monsieur and Madame. Oh, yes, he had permission to do such a thing—at his discretion. It made a little profit for his wife and himself.

"Esta," March asked, "shall we dine here, or go on to Barbizon as you wished?"

And she answered, from the long silence that had held them both. "Let us dine here, please! In this grand French chateau! When will I ever be in such a place again?"

"At seven, Esta?"

"At seven."

The concierge was pleased. "I will come again to fetch Monsieur and Madame. There will be a fire in the grand salon, and also in the dining room."

Presently they went in to dinner.

The wife of the concierge had *pot au feu*, braised veal with a wonderful blending of flavors, creamed spinach, fresh peaches, and walnuts from the old trees. The concierge produced, with the air of one executing a miracle, an aged and cobwebbed bottle. And

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by and by he left them alone with their coffee, their Benedictines, the pale luster of many candles, and the jolly roar of a great wood fire.

Esta had learned poise during those last months; she had savored the fact that a beautiful woman—whatever the state of her position and her pocket—will inevitably find the world very kind to her; she had enjoyed her meed of privilege and pleasure; there was no gainsaying that; yet somehow this quiet evening in this old chateau seemed the crown and apex of all, so that she thought, "Fancy me—Esta Gerald—here, eating and drinking in this beautiful place, feeling a right to it; feeling that I belong!" and March wondered what made her eyes so big and shining.

"So, Esta, you like the Chateau des Arbres?" She nodded.

"I envy that woman who's going to live here."

"You think this is the ideal place for two people who have to be rather cosmopolitans—my friend being a busy man who has had to move about the world a bit?"

"Ideal. This garden, the forest—and as you say, Paris as well."

"And the whole world as well."

"She's lucky."

"Esta," said March, watching her, "you have been very kind today. You have sunk your own worries because of mine; have you even thought of your own worries, Esta?"

She switched her thoughts back with surprise to Tudor, whom indeed she had forgotten for some hours. "I brought the troubles with me," she said soberly, "but I had forgotten them this evening."

He smiled, lighting another cigarette. "You haven't asked me if Charles is following us."

"I expected you to tell me—"

"Yes?"

"Knowing what you know."

"And you want me to tell you?"

"Of course I do," she said more emphatically than she felt.

"He will follow us in a few days if needed. I shall wire to him."

They went out and walked again in the garden. Their car waited.

There was the drive back into Paris; inexplicably silent.

**THEY** were in the London house, very busy. There were people calling, auctioneers, lawyers, possible buyers; the London house was for immediate sale. There were the servants to be interviewed and dismissed; there were, it seemed, hundreds of details connected with this selling-up business alone. Expert valuers came, and valued March's treasures.

Esta slept that night in the London house, strangely sad. It was sorrowful, this; oh, very sorrowful. That March was in no way sorry for himself made it worse. There had been tears in her eyes as they had stood together in the library, and she had moved a caressing finger over a fine table. "Couldn't you keep something—just the things you like best?" she had burst out. He had turned, and seen the tears, and stood very still.

"No, Esta. I shall be leading a very different life."

"Are you—is it all gone?"

It seemed so impossible.

"Enough gone," said March with his inscrutable smile.

"You've loved collecting these things."

"Oh, well—I'll collect more, when the time comes."

"When will that be?" She found herself getting desperately distressed for him.

"Oh, some day."

"Mr. March then—you're ruined?"

He made an expressive gesture.

"As ruined as this?" she mourned.

For she knew that men accustomed to juggling with money in vast sums must have come to a pretty complete breaking before

they sold their very homes from under them. "You won't want two secretaries," she said quietly.

"Well," he ruminated, jingling the change in his pockets with his hands thrust deep down into them. "Well, I'm afraid, Esta that if a man goes down a real smash, he has to rebuild life on a somewhat smaller plan for a while at least, and do without a secretary at all till he reassembles business again. Then I will have to pick up some one cheap, won't I?"

Before she knew what she was saying she had cried out from her heart, flaming with indignation and pity for him, and with the chivalry of all womanhood, "I can be cheap! I will work for you for nothing at all until—"

**THEN** in a silence they stood and looked hard at one another, and her look fell first. She faltered:

"Until you have—have made plans. As if I'd leave you just now! I won't! As if I'd desert the—the sinking ship like that! Besides," she halted, "you won't sink. You can't."

He was still silent.

"Such a splendid salary!" she hurried on. "I've saved a bit. Not much—I'm such a fool." She thought of her purse. "I ought to have saved more." If only she hadn't bought that frock in New York, the frock that Tiny Ma had so admired! "I'm not going," she said ardently. "I shall stay and see you through."

"See me through!" His eyes burned at her, very intense and blue. "That is very, very dear of you, Esta." A pause. "Your sacrifice won't be for long, perhaps." Another pause. "We go down to my Sussex place tomorrow."

"To clear up, like you're doing here?"

He nodded. "Yes. You've never seen the Sussex place?"

She shook her head.

"And I'm going to stay till then and work—till then, or longer."

"You'd really stay, Esta, just for—for—"

"For nothing," she said. And then suddenly she left him and went up to her room, and locked herself in, and wept, and so slept upon all these complicated affairs—only thinking with a high sense of anger, just before sleep descended, "Tudor hasn't wired. He could have wired to reassure me."

No. Esta had never seen the Sussex house, the week-end summer home on the high cliffs. There it was, smiling, free, open handed in aspect, hard tennis courts on the landward side, lawns, boathouse. It seemed so much all that a man would like, a man such as March, that she felt her heart would break for him.

She remembered, looking out from the cliff garden that rush in the racing motorboat beside him, up Long Island Sound on a hot night of summer. There was a man who had loved open air, and speed, and the thrill that comes from a racing boat. She was sure he had a fast craft down in that boathouse.

Oh! the pity of it!

**BUT** to work! And they worked. And down from Town came expert valuers and the secret-faced solicitor; and the business proceeded swiftly, and no one sentimentalized; no one sorrowed save Esta.

Finding herself alone for one moment with the secret-faced lawyer, she had said impulsively:

"It's all too sad!" And he looked at her over rimless glasses, and repeated, "Sad?" He thought she was referring to the loss of her position, for this was, he understood, a secretary who had been engaged for the American trip and who was now leaving.

She went for long walks along superb sands with March, trying gallantly to cheer him. A fresh wind rose, and he took her out in his sand-yacht, and she knew what the thrill of speed under sail could be.

"You sell this with the house, of course?"  
"Of course. Could I ride in her through the city?"

The enormous pity of it all!  
She was almost glad to be poor, too. Yes, almost glad that Bobs had brutally withheld her promised fortune.

The sand-yacht raced the long smooth stretches of sands like a greyhound.

The last day.  
Yet, why should she fear and fret for him? Why worry and suffer? What was he but the acquaintance, the employer—more or less considerate as the mood took him—of a few months? Her heart was in Rome, with Tudor Charles.

It was soon too dark to run the red-sailed sand-yacht safely. March turned her, and ran her before the wind up to the big boat-house, built back into the cliff. And he and Esta climbed out, furling the sail and lowered the mast, and housed her, and locked her up. "Good-by, Beauty," said Kelly March to the yacht as he turned the key in the door. But he looked at Esta.

She affirmed within herself her resolve to stay beside him until the very last possible job she could find to do had been done.

"A good afternoon, Esta?"

Her answering voice choked in her throat.

HE STOOD before a fire in the hall, the hall of oak and chintzes; she was pouring tea, thinking, "What are his plans for tomorrow? He doesn't tell me where we'll be tomorrow."

"Shall we go back to Rome, tomorrow, Mr. March?"

"No, Esta, we're not going back to Rome," and after a while he asked, "Tomorrow will be soon enough to make your own plans?"

"My plans are going to fit in with yours as long as you have any use for me. I told you so."

"That won't be very long," said March. Her heart stabbed her. There ought to be something one could do or say to help this quiet, smiling man, and there was nothing. For one thing, so much of one was back in Rome with Tudor, wasn't it? One hadn't perhaps, enough to give—enough of sympathy.

But, in spite of that, she found herself driven upstairs to the refuge of her own room, because of the surge of emotion in her. It was not the gorgeous heady emotion of moonlight nights on a boat at sea, with Tudor, nor the magic of dancing in Tudor's accomplished arms, nor the thrill of Tudor's first kisses. This was something different, an ache that was impossible to assuage. She was crying in her room, looking over the dusky sea, trying vainly to cry out this deep emotion.

BUT though she cried herself weary, the bache was still there when she must go down to dinner alone with Kelly.

He was gay, and talked, watching her as keenly and softly and hungrily as he had watched her in the candlelight in the Château des Arbres. He gave her champagne.

"Cheer up, my dear. And tell me all about the things you plan to do."

But she was without plans.

"When you leave me," said March, "you'll go straight back to Rome? To your mother?"

There was the time after dinner, in a lamp-lit room, with undrawn curtains, looking out over the sea.

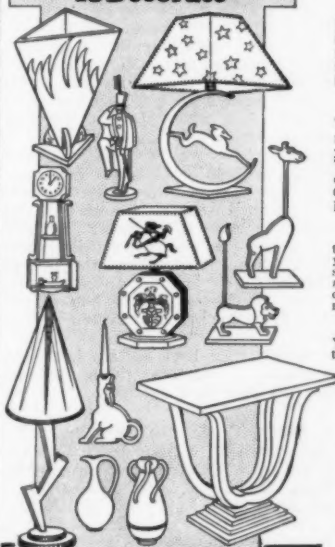
Talk, desultory, and a clock chiming nine, and ten—

March stood up. "I've got private letters to write now. Good night, child. The car will be round to take you wherever you want to go tomorrow. In this envelope you'll find your salary and—we'll call it a bonus. For much as I love your offer of free service, I won't take it. Good night, Esta."

She was quite speechless when he bent and kissed her hand, and looked questions she

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could not read into her eyes. She turned and left him, and faltered up to her room again.

"Yet," said her frightened heart, "you can't leave him down there; no, you can't; there is something happening; something not right about this quiet night. And the sea is mourning in whispers out there, and the servants have gone to bed, and there is no one to save him but you!"

"Save him from what?" she cried out aloud to her terrified heart, and she sprang up on noiseless feet. She ran noiselessly down the stairs, and then, unlocking the front door, noiselessly round the verandah that stretched round three sides of the house—right to the uncurtained sea-looking latticed windows of the lamplit room where she had left him. She peered breathlessly round the side of the windows. He was sitting at his desk, staring out, his head on his hands, listening—waiting—what did he listen and wait for? From the lighted room he wouldn't be able to see her out there in the dark? Her hair blew into her eyes and she tossed it back with a tremulous hand. Then she saw his own hand go slowly down to a drawer in the desk. He straightened up; he half smiled; his hand came up, and the revolver was at his head.

"Oh, God!" cried Esta, and she beat upon the windows, crying out, calling to him, cracking the glass with her fists.

HE SPRANG up; he saw her. The revolver fell to the desk; he came across the space between them in a stride, and flung the window open. She caught at him through it. "No, Kelly. No! No! Kelly!" He lifted her bodily through the window, and swept the curtains across it.

"Esta!"

"You wouldn't! You couldn't! I'd never live without you."

Kelly March crushed her into his arms, and kissed her.

"Do you love me, Esta?"

"But you?"

"I adore you, my sweet. You're in my head all day, all night. You're just the one woman in the world. Do you love me?"

"Oh, I love you," she sighed.

For a long while she stayed in March's arms, just kissing and being kissed, and murmuring, and being murmured to. And all her heart was there, and no bit of it in Rome. But presently he put his hands on each side of her face and became quiet, and said whimsically, "Forgive me, Esta."

"Forgive you?"

"Sit down, dearest. Here." He sat on the arm of her chair, facing her, playing with her tossed hair, looking into her eyes. "I—I had to—there was no way of—I'm a suspicious devil, such a suspicious devil about women, Esta. You know it. I wanted to make very sure."

"Sure—of me?"

"Of you, dear. Sure you loved me."

"I do love you. I don't mind being broke with you; don't mind anything, Kelly, if we can be together."

"But I wasn't sure. Forgive the suspicious devil. I am selling these houses, because I've had that chateau in mind ever since I first saw it last spring, and when you liked it too, that settled things."

"But the Chateau des Arbres isn't for us!"

"It's yours, sweetheart. Yes. My lawyer's gone over now, went straight from here."

"But, Kelly, your money—"

"Forgive the suspicious devil. Now remember he's asking forgiveness every second sentence he speaks! My money, Esta—"

He leaned down and kissed her. "I was out of oil just before the slump started."

"Kelly!"

"Esta."

"The revolver—"

"A stagey trick. I was afraid you wouldn't come even if you cared, Esta. You're loyal; you might have felt committed elsewhere."

She murmured, limp in the big chair, "You knew I was outside?"

"I reckoned you might come back, and then I saw your little face at the window. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

She whispered, "I don't think I am."

"It's late," he said. "You're going back to bed; and you're going to sleep the clock found. But first—"

He opened a blotter on his desk; she sat watching him, her delirious, delighted, bewildered senses questioning, "What next?"

"There were two letters from Rome by this evening's post," he said, "sent on from London. I kept yours back until—I didn't know what would be in it, Esta. Will you have it now?"

She stretched out her hand. Tudor's neat handwriting addressed the envelope. He hadn't wired, but he had written, and after all this had happened, she had the letter!

"My dear, I accept your very plain intimation that all is over. But I think you might have returned my ring yourself. However, I quite understand. You have the common sense of your sex, Esta, and I am a poor proposition compared with what your brother can offer you—and will offer you if I clear off. I would not dream of urging you to make the sacrifice, dear girl, nor would I accept it in any case. My best wishes to you. We had happy days together, and I shall remember them very tenderly. Yours, Tudor Charles."

Thus Tudor climbing beautifully out of the unsatisfactory problem that a penniless bride presented! Ignoring the love in her frenzied letter of farewell! Oh, wise Tudor!

"I didn't know what might be in your letter," March was repeating. But she looked up at him, and said honestly, "You guessed; you guessed, Kelly. Only you didn't want me to come to you on the rebound, or whatever they say. You wanted a straight win."

"I've got it."

"How did you guess so well, Kelly?"

He caressed her.

"Disconsolate child, never mind anything; I'll exchange my letter for yours."

"Oh, from Ma!"

Now she read:

"Dear Mr. March: I haven't really thanked you for taking such excellent care of my daughter, and now, returning from my walk, I find you both flown—for England, on urgent business."

"It was charming of you to leave your other secretary here to amuse me. A nice young man, but rash! Women who talk are cards—but I must confide in you that he has already asked me to marry him, and I was most delighted. Scalps at my age are not too frequent. Of course I said, 'No,' as he would be a shockingly young stepfather for my Esta—I'm really quite surprised that he hasn't fallen in love with her, but, like most young men of his type, he tells me he prefers older women."

"However, he makes a charming squire—gigolo as uncharitable men like yourself call them, I believe—and again I thank you for him—"

MARCH took the letter from Esta, and tossed them both into the waste-paper basket, and pulling her up from the deep chair, held her close in his arms.

"Very wise woman, your mother."

She nodded dreamily.

"Laugh at it with her, dearest."

"With her?"

"Oh, she knew. Sense of humor, your mother."

"m."

"Got a very nice daughter, your mother."

"Good night, Kelly. Good night—"



# The Colonel's Lady

[Continued from page 41]

"Well," said Lindbergh, "You have to fly further!"

Not even into a conversation on aviation could he be beguiled by a girl!

Never, in all the time he has been in the public eye, has there been a single rumor of any other attitude toward girls. And we may be sure if there had been any grounds for one, the world would have ferreted it out. So it is small wonder that the hearts of the nation beat faster and the whole world quickened with interest at the news of his engagement to Anne Morrow.

What is there about this one girl that attracted him, after all these years of indifference and reserve?

Anne, with her lovely dark blue eyes and brown hair, very pretty, small and demure, who walks with her head cocked a little to one side! She too is reserved, modest and dislikes publicity. She too is intent on the things that interest her most, spurning all the others. Yet that is hardly enough.

Anne Spencer Morrow, daughter of the former partner of J. P. Morgan, now Ambassador to Mexico, has had singular opportunities for a full and happy life. She might have gone the pace of the social butterfly, but she has preferred to spend her time quietly in a world of books and pictures.

**W**HILE Lindbergh was carrying the air mail in and out of St. Louis—making forced landings now and then, joining the Caterpillar Club by dint of a spectacular parachute jump, braving wind, rain and snow to get the mail in on time—while all this was going on Anne Morrow was deep in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century which she was studying at Smith College.

She was on the board of the monthly, which meant reading and passing on manuscripts submitted by fellow students. She had a circle of six or so intimate friends, and knew few people outside this special group very well. She was well known throughout the college, partly because she was the daughter of a famous man, partly because she was also the daughter of a very active alumna—one of the dormitories at Smith is named for her mother. She was universally liked, but she cared nothing for the wide spread popularity that many girls find so necessary to their happiness.

Sunday evenings, she was an occasional visitor at an informal salon, a gathering of girls who invited a distinguished member of the faculty to meet with them, perhaps for the reading of a paper, or an interesting discussion. Here she read her paper on Johnson, that was the result of her best work in college. These were quiet, uneventful years. And Anne, wandering about the campus, a bright bandanna round her head, certainly had no knowledge of a blond young pilot risking his neck to get the air mail in and out of St. Louis by night, planning, at the same time, his famous trip.

They were uneventful years for her, that is, until she met Colonel Lindbergh on her Christmas vacation, senior year. She came back to college enthusiastic about him, enthusiastic about aviation. She had flown with Lindbergh! Perhaps her thrill then was no greater than that experienced by

thousands of people, all over the world, when they came into actual contact with the famous flier. But she had much more opportunity to know him than most, for he spent some time in the Morrow home in Mexico City. And that was when it all began.

How the Colonel, with his carefully built wall of impregnability, came to be aware of Anne, will rightfully—since it is their own affair—ever remain a mystery. Yet the world cannot help wonder what brought them together—the man who has spent nearly all his life outdoors, deliberately courting danger, overcoming obstacles, the man of action and accomplishment—and the quiet slender girl with several published poems to her credit who was interested in the Johnson Circle! She is interested too, in art, and has many fine prints and original water colors. But the Colonel's pictures have been sunsets over the great Atlantic, or the far rim of mountain ranges.

The old question of whether the man of action, the man who dares, is really a person of imagination and vision or simply one who does not conceive of the dangers, may be argued indefinitely. But whether the air man has imagination or not, the world will continue to see him as a poet, for there is poetry and beauty unmeasured in the new conquests of the air. Climbing endlessly, skimming the farthest reaches of earth, braving untold dangers, exploring worlds unknown, attaining the unattainable—all this is the life and breath of poetry.

Anne Morrow has a sensitive, fine imagination; she is able to put her emotions into words. Lindbergh, as little the poet with pen and ink and contemplative thought as it is possible to conceive, yet puts poetry into motion. Perhaps there is a deeper kinship in these qualities than we know.

**B**UT that is by no means all the story.

For Lindbergh is no more the daring boy pilot of the air mail. Not that he is, essentially less daring. Certainly not that he will no longer pilot! Only, today, Lindbergh is a man of affairs, of achievement. He has met the kings and potentates of the earth and has not lost his self-possession or sense of proportion. He has met the kings of

commerce as well, and has proved himself fit to take his place among them. No one in the world today could include so many of the great among his friends. And throughout all his triumphs he has, as we all know, born himself with extraordinary dignity.

Is it then strange that this man should choose for his wife a girl with lifelong traditions of dignity and accomplishment? One who has also had contact with the great of our day—with

wealth, position and talent? It seems, on the contrary, most fitting. The world is not to be blamed if it takes a keen interest in the marriage of this gifted pair—for they have between them all that the most fabulous fairy godmother could devise. Lindbergh has again justified our faith in his essential fineness; in his almost instinctive taste and judgment. He has again done the right thing in the right way.

## COMPARISONS

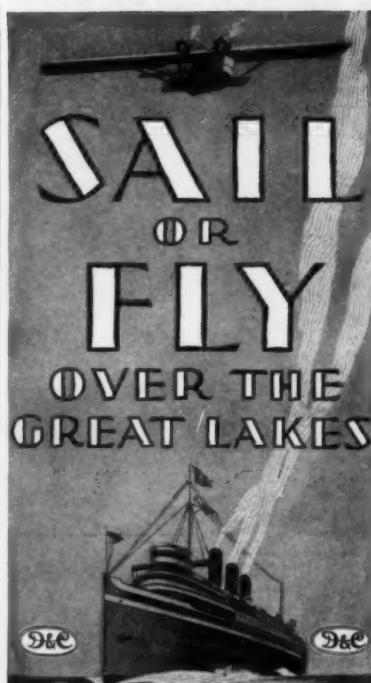
By

RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG

**A**S SUNSHINE to the clover.

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## The Loyal Lover

[Continued from page 31]

comparative stranger. But then Lola began being gay again and Mildred found herself enjoying herself. These Reddings were amusing and attractive after all.

"And if I'm misjudging her and she doesn't want anything out of me, I'll let go and be her friend without any reservations," she told herself. "After all, all women in the thirties have those pretty silky ways. It's just the manner of their generation."

She was on the edge of relaxing entirely the mental guard which seemed to oppose itself still to Lola's sweetness. She smiled at Lola, chatting along lightly. And Lola went on chattering.

"So Billy and I did real detective work! We saw your name on your chair and looked you up in the passenger list. We're almost certain that you're that romantic English cousin of Janet Holliday's who is coming to spend a year with the Hollidays, learning to be an American!"

THE sixth sense registered something in Mildred. This was harmless enough, yet something registered.

"You know my cousins, then?"

"Billy does," said Lola archly.

"Don't like 'em," said Billy gruffly. She got up and swung herself off, but not before Mildred saw mounting under the girl's sandy hair once more the scarlet flush that was brighter than the round circles of rouge on her cheeks.

"My poor little baby!" Lola said with the break in her voice again. "They've been very hard on her. Heaven knows there isn't much I haven't learned to forgive and understand. But cruelty—money-meanness—they aren't the easiest things, you know."

The friendly human letters her Holliday aunt and uncle had written her floated up in Mildred's mind. And yet, of course, you can't always tell by letters. Billy Redding wasn't one's idea of a wounded dove. If it hadn't been for the look of genuine adoration on her wooden little face when she looked at her mother, Mildred would have thought that "cruelty" would have rolled off her like water off a duck's back. Lola had gone too far. Mildred felt herself stiffening to the defense of the unknown cousins.

"I'm sorry if you feel my people have treated your daughter badly," she said with a edge to her voice.

Lola's lips quivered.

"I'm afraid I hurt you, saying that," she said in a low voice.

"But she did care terribly for Mac, and he let her think he cared for her. Then when they found she could bring nothing, no social position, no money, they cut them off from one another brutally. Oh, well, place and power mean, I suppose, more than a woman like me can ever realize. And you have to accept people as they are and see the beautiful things about them. But I love my baby."

She leaned forward, the tide of appealing charm flowing from her, the tide of suffering and brave forgiveness.

"Miss Putnam, I know you may think what I am going to ask of you is too bold. It would be perhaps for any motive than a mother's love. But—my baby—I beg of you, try to get your relatives to let them be together. They will be inclined to do what you ask of them, being what they are. Ask them to give my Billy her chance to be happy. I'm sacrificing my pride, my self-respect to ask this of you. I'm taking an attitude of suppliancy to you that I don't usually deign to take to people. I'd stand a lot from you—for the sake of my baby."

It had nearly been—"I have stood a lot from you."

Mildred did not remember her own mother,

and for that reason, even more, perhaps, mothers and their relation to daughters—the fact of motherhood and all that it might mean—meant everything to her. She felt as if Lola Redding were travesty something sacred. She was using the most unselfish tie on earth, the most real one, to get her own selfish ends. If she loved "her baby" as she said she did, the girl's attitude wouldn't be this one of slavish, yet terrified devotion—

"Why should they be inclined to do what I ask them particularly?" she asked quietly.

"Because they care more for money than anything in the world," Lola said.

Then Lola knew at last that Uncle Martin had a great deal of money and supposed it was all Mildred's. . . Well, she might know that, and yet have no inside information. Mrs. Hawkins could have told her that much.

"I will do what I can," Mildred said.

It was rather a cool thing to ask, her English training said. Also, though it solved the problem of Lola's following her and making friends with her, it was not a solution which pleased or satisfied her. Yet why, if Lola were Louise, didn't she say so? That question came up again. Could it be that, if she were Louise, the mysterious "indiscretion" would have to be confessed to? That she wanted to make Mildred her fast friend, charmed beyond being released, before she knew things about her she might disapprove?

It all seemed very silly and melodramatic. She was on the verge of saying to Mrs. Redding:

"See here, do you know old Mr. Whitney? Are you or are you not the Louise who was Aunt Milly's grandniece?"

But she did not. Her instinct told her to go on letting Lola play her hand, and keep quiet. Incidentally, she hoped sincerely that she wasn't Louise.

She made an excuse to go in. Lola had affected her so that she imagined she felt the woman watching her as she crossed the deck.

SHE had scarcely gained her cabin when the stewardess brought her a radiogram from Ranulf. It was like going home again to hold it in her hand.

"All miss you. Best of luck. Don't forget. Love."

It was like a wave of peace, after the queer experience with the Redding woman. After all, there was Ranulf; there was the old manor; there were the Wycombes. You knew where you were with them. If Phyllis ragged her a little now and then for being old-fashioned, it was lovingly and admiringly. Devotion stood to her for love and honesty and kindness. America might be fairyland—or a nightmare place.

She was used to Ranulf. He needed the money she could bring him. Even if she turned into a Lady Wycombe, less a person than an embodiment of the honor of the family—a bead on a string, as Wycombe wives had been and would be after her—why it wasn't a bad thing.

Something in her had always rebelled at that, so she lay in her berth and faced it at its worst, to see how much the worst was. It seemed rather a pleasant worst. Putting your overshoes in a special corner, because that had been the accepted spot for generations. She and Phyllis had found, once when they were little girls, a tiny forgotten galosh with a maker's name and date that meant it was what Jane Austen's girls had worn. It had slipped through a three cornered gap at the back of the closet, held by a caught tie. In the eighteenth century Wycombes had been putting overshoes in the closet where, today, doubtless, Lady Wycombe was laying her own neatly side by side. If she wanted to, after this year with the American cou-

sins, she could put her own galoshes there till she died.

And then she would be helping. That American passion for doing nice things for people, for giving, would be satisfied. Indeed, if the Hollidays were to be given their shares, it would scarcely be honest or honorable to do anything but make it up to Ranulf.

The thought was a rest. After all, she could go through this year with the cousins easily enough. It wouldn't be much that mattered, if in the back of her mind was always the decision to return and be a Wycombe. Perhaps there wasn't any love like that any more. The boys and girls her own age on board, who seemed to kiss in corners or out of them whenever time hung heavy on their hands, didn't expect that plumed knight sort of love, riding down to carry them away. They kissed each other, as far as she could see, the same way they played games or otherwise put in the time. It didn't seem to her selective.

And even Billy, who was supposed to be so lovelorn—she'd seen Billy, a couple of times cuddled against a boy's shoulder—a boy who didn't seem to mean much to her at other times.

You couldn't do that sort of thing. It just wasn't bright, to use one of Uncle Martin's pet phrases. Like not knowing the difference between one thing and another that you ate, or having all the colors look alike to you. Ranulf was better than any of this.

"I suppose there aren't any dreams any more. Only thrills," she thought. "And one doesn't want the cheap thrills. One had better marry Ranulf."

**T**HERE was a knock on the door but this time violently, not the discreet and polite knock of the stewardess. More of a bang, really.

"Come in," she called, standing up. It was Billy who flew in, as white under her paint as she had been scarlet when Mildred had seen her last. What ailed her was anger, Mildred realized, not Lola's kind of nervous fury, but good, honest, young temper.

"Mother's been telling me what she said to you about me and Mac," she said, standing rigid with her hand on the door, and glaring at Mildred. "And I want you to understand that I want nothing of the sort. Mother loves me too much to get it. But I'll be damned if I'd crawl into the Holliday family that way. If Mac doesn't want me for myself and can't see my mother the way people should see her, I don't want him. I don't care who you are or what you are. You can lay off the whole thing."

She was gone, the door banging after her. Mildred had not been able to answer. Indeed Billy had waited for no reply. Like a brief thunderstorm had been her entry and her exit. Mildred laid herself on her berth again, smiling a little. Somehow her opinion of Billy went up. The girl was honest anyhow!

And then something else swam to light. It wasn't Billy's lack of money or social standing the Hollidays objected to. It was Lola—it was something about Lola.

**S**HE managed to avoid the Reddings more or less after that, except for one more long stroll on the deck, which Lola forced on her, Lola, in her most gentle, her most appealing, her most winning mood.

She praised and flattered Mildred. She deliberately, openly, wielded her charm. She offered no more information about herself than she had before, but she made pictures of herself in her talk, a gentle, frightened, frail woman, a woman who had always had a hard time, who had always wanted every one to love her, and who had been in the hands of cruel and selfish people. The exquisitely-modulated voice went on and on. Mildred nearly loved her—nearly felt an indignant championship of her; it would have

been complete if she had not remembered the small lie about the Holliday's passion for "place and power."

And so when they parted Mildred was not entirely won. But nearly.

In the bustle of leaving the boat she nearly forgot them. The last she saw of them, Billy was collecting luggage and tipping stewards and maiding her mother energetically.

**M**ILDRED went down the gangplank alone. She rather wished some of the Hollidays would be there to meet her, but they had wirelessed that they were at their camp, adding directions as to how to follow them up there. As she passed decorously down, she saw a man waiting for some one.

He was a rough-hewn type, as she compared his face to the clear-cut English faces she knew. He was dark, much darker than she. His hair was almost black, and curly. He was very brown with heavy black eyebrows and a small cropped black mustache. All the modeling of his face was square—blunt even. His mouth shut in a straight, strong line.

And with it all he was unmistakably American. He stood squarely, a light overcoat over his arm, waiting for some one. His face showed no particular expectancy; probably an elderly relative, Mildred inferred. She looked at him, unconscious of her, with that curious feeling of having known him very well once, somewhere, somehow, which comes perhaps with natural congeniality. So strong was the feeling that she nearly called to him. Some one who was her friend by nature—some one who belonged to her. And with the feeling came a tide of excitement, as if something long waited for, long known had happened. Her head lifted unconsciously on her slim throat. She looked down at him, her soft rings of hair blowing round her face, her noticeable, widely-set hazel eyes on his. And he looked up at her, straight and suddenly, as if he too felt the knowledge of old friendship. His face brightened at the sight of her, as if she were the one he had come to meet.

And then the whole thing was over.

**M**ILDRED moved on down and off the boat; the man, with his feeling of knowlness, and the impression of curiously masculine strength he gave, was out of her range of vision.

Nothing had really happened, but Mildred felt as if it had.

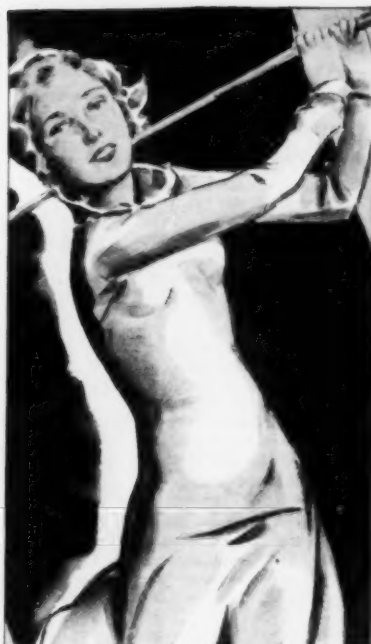
The dark man's face, his sturdy pose as he stood waiting for whoever it was, a look—she remembered it—she had not known she noticed it at the time—as of a fighter, somebody who was facing things against odds, dwelt with her all the way up the New York streets, and went with her to the hotel she chose. She could not shake off that invisible companionship.

Mildred had been reared by a man. Her sense of humor, therefore, included herself.

"It was all very well to want to fall in love, like the boy who couldn't learn how to shiver," she told the Mildred in the glass, "but I didn't bargain to have it the first man I saw on leaving the ship—nor some one I shan't ever see again!" It was ridiculous, she felt. She was tired, and when you are tired things make a disproportionate mark on you. She would shake off the feeling of being possessed by the man she had seen, obsessed was the better word, she told herself as she telephoned for her dinner to be sent to her room.

But as she went to sleep that night in the narrow, ivory-painted bed with its Louis Seize garlands her last drowsy thought was:

"He was something like a man-at-arms. Like one of those dark, sturdily-standing men with cropped curly hair, you see in pictures of medieval times. I wonder who he was."



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## Peter and Mrs. Pan

[Continued from page 83]

He had hoped that he was the bearer of a release from the mystery. "Well, perhaps he'll remember you even if you don't recognize the name. You never can tell. Maybe his face will bring something back to you."

AS THE hour drew nearer Peter's mental panic increased and after the noon mess he ran away. He couldn't stay and face it.

On the way into town he passed the car, a limousine, which was bringing Herk out to the hospital. He was in civilian clothes and much fatter and more smug than Peter recollected him. There was a woman, too, in the car but Peter did not see her face.

But Peter did not care. He merely thanked God that he had not been recognized and ran until his strength gave out, in order to put more distance between himself and his Nemesis. Besides it was imperative now to get to the railway before his absence was discovered. They'd be hunting for him soon as a criminal. Running away was a tacit confession of his identity and his guilt.

THE next six months of Peter's life were a nightmare of fancied pursuit. He bought second hand civilian clothes in Atlanta and burned his hospital "slacks" on the railroad tracks out of town going south.

He did not tarry long enough in any one place to get regular employment even if it had been plentiful which it certainly was not. He washed dishes in cheap restaurants in exchange for meals, cleaned garage floors and stables, anything at all for places to sleep when it was stormy outside, became, in short, a furtive, haunted hobo, always seeing in any broad-shouldered man who came down the street a personal avenger, bent on his capture.

The obsession that he was being hunted grew stronger as the winter wore away. When spring came Peter was a whimpering wreck, and, ill with long sustained apprehension, he decided to give himself up.

In an almost maniacal fit of courage he went to the police station in Richmond where he happened to be and declared that he was ready to be arrested.

"What for?" asked the desk sergeant, not particularly interested.

"I'm Peter Hughey."

"Interesting, if true. Who is Peter Hughey?"

Peter had fancied that his name was burned on the memory of every policeman in the United States. How often he had pictured it in letters a foot high placarding the walls and fences of the countryside.

"You've heard of me," he insisted.

The sergeant shook his head. "No, son, I never did. What did you do?"

"I shot Captain Herk."

The sergeant sat up. A shooting is a shooting and something for the police to look into even if the parties concerned are not very high in the social scale.

"You did. When?"

"In nineteen eighteen."

"Oh," Interest slackened. The sergeant dealt with crime while it was fresh. Something that had happened eighteen months or so ago did not much concern him. "Where did this shooting take place?"

"In the Argonne; he was my superior officer and I shot him in the back during the battle."

The desk sergeant regarded him curiously. "I wouldn't tell that story too often, son. Somebody might believe you. I don't, but my boy was up there in the Argonne himself and I sort of understand your kind of a case. He ain't never quite recovered neither."

The sergeant gave him a dollar and refused him the hospitality of the jail.

Peter had similar experiences in several cities. Whenever he tried to give himself up

he got only sympathetic offers of help. He must be a pitiable looking object indeed as he traveled about.

It was May by the time he drifted into New York. Spring had already done much to beautify the city but Peter's eyes were too sick and tired to see.

Something did catch his attention, however, and waken a curious thrill of interest in his breast. It was a billboard advertising "Wings of Lead" by Peter Hughey, now in its second year at the Bostwick Theater.

In the second year! That was a good run. It was on its way to tie the record of "The Butterfly's Day."

Peter's purpose in coming north had been to hunt up Captain Herk and accept whatever punishment was coming to him. Even if the police did refuse to regard his crime seriously it was certain that the victim would not.

But there was one other thing Peter wanted to do now. That was to see his own play. Since the war he had not felt the call of the theater particularly but that advertisement of "Wings of Lead" certainly gave him an awful thrill. It awakened something that had been subdued for a long time, a sort of pride in achievement, a little confidence in himself. He had so long been an object of medical attention and before that an automaton for executing orders that he had nearly forgotten that he was an individual with a mind of his own, that once he had been a person of some consequence.

There were many more lithographs advertising his play which had been produced by George Milburn. That was pretty wonderful! Peter could be sure that it had not been butchered in process of transition from the written to the spoken word.

There was nothing to prevent Peter from seeing the play that very night. He might have had difficulty in getting a seat on the lower floor but there were plenty to be had in the gallery and that was all Peter could afford.

THE overture started and he got the old thrill out of it. The first part was something he did not recognize but it finished with a melody he knew—a melody he knew with every fiber of his heart and soul, the song that vibrated the strings of long dormant emotions, that made his throat close up over repressed tears, the song which began:

"Within the garden of my heart  
A little flower grew."

Now, who had happened to hit upon that particular melody as a prelude to his play? It was a memory aching choice. He was glad when the lights went out and the curtain went up. He could wipe his eyes then without any one seeing him.

He had forgotten the dialogue of his play but as it was spoken on the stage it began to come back to him. The lines were his; he recollected most of them, but they were different at that. There was something mellow about them, something wistful that he had never put in. To hear them was like finding that the green vine you stored away in years gone has turned to a golden vintage.

And yet here was something more—his heroine had been changed. The woman on the stage was not the girl that Peter had conceived. The harsh metallic cynicism of the character was lost. True, she spoke many of the biting lines that he had written but you read beneath them that she was gentle, that she was tremendously sensitive and shy and only cut at others for fear that they would slash first.

The new character, the one on the stage,



was much better than the one Peter had written!

He wondered how he had overlooked the potentialities of the part. Vaguely he sensed that he could not have written this girl three years before, could not have had enough sympathy for her until he had lost Corinne.

At that Peter almost wished that he had not seen the performance. It made his longing for the land-that-never-had-been very nearly too poignant to be borne. It seemed as if the wraith of Corinne hovered just off-stage during the entire play, as if he might go back there and find her intangibly present.

He left the theater very unhappy but with an appreciable renewal of faith in himself. He felt that in collaboration with some one—he was not sure just whom—he had written a satisfactory piece. What came now did not so much matter. At least he was not an absolute failure in the field he had chosen for his life work.

PETER called up the Bostwick Theater in the morning and asked for Mr. Herberts. The telephone girl at the theater answered his inquiry. "Oh, Mr. Herberts isn't at this office any more."

"Who is making the productions there, then. Who put on 'Wings Of Lead'?"

"Oh, that's Mr. Herk. He leased the theater from the Herberts Corporation over a year ago."

"George Herk?" Peter repeated incredulously.

"Yes, sir. Did you wish to speak to him?" Peter did not answer. He was inarticulate with surprise and rising rage. Besides he did not know whether he wanted to speak to Mr. Herk or not. He wanted to kill him, certainly, but there seemed no point in delaying matters by conversation.

George Herk had done the last unpardonable thing. As a fitting climax to the ruin of Peter's domestic happiness he was now sitting in the ruins making money from Peter's brain child.

If Peter should ever speak to George Herk now it would be face to face and not over the telephone. He would give the fat, greedy monster no chance to escape, no opportunity to have him arrested first. Doubtless Herk would have Peter put away all right but not until matters were entirely settled between them.

SO PETER walked over to the Bostwick Theater and climbed the narrow winding stairs that led up to the offices on the second floor. How well Peter knew those stairs.

But he did not know the young man at the desk in the outer office. He was a very pleasant boy who had doubtless been chosen for his diplomatic suavity.

"Mr. Herk is not in, at present," he assured Peter.

Peter knew that formula. He knew also the pass-word to get by it.

"I have an appointment."

The boy did not say that he did not believe him although he might have been justified in saying so. Men wearing palpably worn and misfit clothing did not ordinarily have appointments with the manager of the Bostwick Theater.

"I'm sorry, sir, but Mr. Herk really is not in. Mrs. Herk called for him not half an hour ago and took him away. I believe she wanted him to be home for luncheon. I can call him up for you if you like and make another appointment."

"No thanks," Peter declared. "I may go right out there. It's important and I think he'll see me no matter what else he is doing. What is his address?"

The secretary gave Peter the number of an apartment building up in the Seventies near the Park.

The hall boy at the apartment proved an unthought of obstacle but Peter's mind was working at melodramatic tension and he told the colored guardian of privacy to an-

nounce him as Mr. George Milburn. Peter felt reasonably sure that Herk would admit the veteran director at any hour of the day or night.

He was right. In a moment he had been taken aloft in the elevator and admitted to the living room of the apartment by a maid who asked Peter to wait a moment.

Peter was glad of the delay. It gave him an opportunity to locate the fire-tongs and to choose a seat within reaching distance.

George Herk came in, stood a second on the threshold identifying his guest, and then carefully closed the door.

So far, so good. Peter wanted that door closed too. He hoped it was reasonably sound proof.

Said Herk finally, "So, it's you. I knew it wasn't George Milburn."

"Why?"

"He's here already. I'm glad you came. I thought you might be alive. I've been looking all over for you."

"So I thought. Well, you've got me. What are you going to do with me?" It would be just as well to let Herk make the first threat.

"Do to you? For what?"

"For shooting you in the back that night in the Argonne."

Herk laughed heartily. "Did you shoot at me?"

"I did." Grimly. "You fell."

"I fell but you're a rotten shot. I had two bullets in me but both in front. Neither of them came through. This is the first time I knew that you fired at me."

Peter stood dully absorbing this. Like everything else his obsession that he had shot a man had been futile. He had been haunted for over a year by an unnecessary fear.

"Why have you been searching for me, then?"

"Because your wife wanted me to."

HERK delivered that sentence with an air of expectancy. His attitude was that of an experimenter who mixes chemicals which he thinks may produce an explosive reaction.

Peter took it standing. He swayed a little and then righted immediately. His mind grasped at the statement which had just been offered to him, grasped at it and immediately correlated it with the other puzzling facts which had so recently come into his possession.

Corinne alive. His last play produced. Herk back of the production. Herk married. The conclusion was obvious. Herk had always wanted Corinne and now he had taken her. As her dower she had brought Peter's play.

Peter started to laugh. Life was a comedy after all—a farce rather—with himself as the butt of the plot.

THE door which Herk had so carefully closed was pushed open.

Peter stopped laughing.

In the entry stood Maude Lavery, quite as lovely as ever, perhaps more wonderful.

"I think you know Mr. Hughey," Herk was saying. "Mr. Hughey, you remember Mrs. Herk. She used to be Miss Lavery."

She stepped forward and took Peter's hand. "Won't you two come out and have lunch?"

You can defer your reminiscences until later." "No, dear," Herk refused. "We've got one or two things to say which can't wait. You start serving, please, and we'll be along in a few minutes."

She left the room docilely and her husband's eyes followed her adoringly.

When she was gone he sighed, "The loveliest woman I ever saw."

It was on the tip of Peter's tongue to suggest that he had known plenty of women with whom to compare his wife but he repressed it. There were other questions more important.

"Where is Corinne?"

"At Veriende. She kept the place going somehow until we produced 'Wings Of Lead'!"

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and then she finished paying for it out of the royalties."

"She hasn't married again, then?"

Herk shook his head. "She was sure you were alive. But she wouldn't have married anyway."

"Why not?"

"Several reasons. One of 'em is, I guess, that she ain't very pretty any more."

Herk paused to see how Peter would take that. "I'm telling you this so you don't need to go back to her if you don't want to. Her hair is quite gray and there are lots of wrinkles. For a woman of her age she looks old."

That was funny. Peter wondered if Herk thought it really made any difference how a man and woman looked after they had discovered each other. It didn't even matter what had gone by in the past. Secure in this knowledge he could regard his ancient enemy with tolerant pity and laugh.

Peter was already on his way to the door.

"Shall I telephone out that you are coming home?" Herk inquired.

"No," Peter declared. "I'm not sure I am."

"If you'll wait one second," Herk suggested, "there's one thing I've got to say to you."

"Well?"

"It's this—when, or if, you do meet your wife remember that I'm everything rotten you've ever thought I was and then some but that she has never been anything but foolish."

Peter digested that speech when he was on the street. It was a remarkably chivalrous one for a man of Herk's limited understanding. Peter regretted being obliged to admit that there was even one redeeming characteristic in the man whom he had consistently hated for all of the important part of his life.

"O H, PETER, wait a minute."

Peter recognized the voice and was of two minds whether to run or acknowledge the hail. He had no choice because even before he turned around his arm was grasped by a powerful hand. George Milburn fell into step beside him.

"Hello, son."

"Hello, George."

It was a curiously unemotional greeting between men who thought a lot of each other. Peter was glad now that the older man had left his luncheon and come after him.

"Do we eat?" asked George.

"No," Peter declined. "I think I'll run out to Veriende."

"My car is back of Herk's apartment. Come on."

On the way out George said, "Peter, your wife and I are great friends now."

Silence.

"She has given me the explanation of everything."

"The true one?" With a tang of bitterness Peter remembered.

"I think so. I don't believe she has told an essential untruth since you left."

"You mean I inspire lies?"

"No, I mean that she was afraid of you, afraid she'd lose you. Women are like that."

"Herk said she had lost her beauty," Peter contributed, "as if that made any difference."

"As if Herk knew beauty when he saw it," Milburn amended. "But at that Herk isn't a bad sort. It's pretty hard in real life to make the villains stick to their lines. They're always stepping out of their parts and doing something decent that ruins the plot."

"For instance?"

"Well, Herk backed your play when nobody else would produce it. Rented the theater outright because Herberts wouldn't pay him on percentage. Nobody dreamed it would be a success except Corinne and perhaps Herk's wife."

"It wouldn't have been a success," Peter observed dully, "if it hadn't been changed."

Who did that? You?"

"I helped a little," George admitted. "Corinne did most of it. She called it translating what you really meant into English. She understands you very thoroughly now."

"Much better than she will if she sees me again."

"Probably you are right. I think that marriage is usually a screen set up between a man and a woman to prevent them from seeing each other's better selves."

"Then," decided Peter soberly, "let's turn back."

"Not," George objected, "until you have looked at your house. You can decide then whether there is anything that might compensate for discovering again that you are just human beings and not deities set up in shrines. Corinne feels about you just as you do about her, and it may be wrong to disillusion either one of you. But I want you not to decide until you've looked. Besides, we are nearly there now."

TRUE, they entered the jungle barrier in a few minutes. It was all freshly painted now that the fairy, misty green that comes with first spring.

Without comment Peter descended to the soft earth of the dirt roadway and began tramping up that unfamiliar—except to his heart—highway.

The jungle thinned, then ceased abruptly. There was Veriende!

Peter was looking so far ahead that he did not see what was almost directly under his feet, something that was in the road coming towards him.

It walked on very unsteady, wobbly feet and it had on a white dress not entirely spotless. There was a slight trace of chocolate around the mouth.

Peter stared at it, fascinated.

"Why, who are you?" he demanded as if babies could understand.

This one did understand.

"I'm Pitter-Patter-Peter, the toll-gate keeper."

His baby. Peter had forgotten all about that aspect of the situation. He rubbed his eyes to make sure he was not dreaming.

The child was there. He was grinning eerily at his father, the grin more ingratiating because of the dirty mouth.

Peter knew the toll-gate rules. Corinne and he had made them on that very spot.

He picked up the toll-gate keeper and paid the fee right on the dirty little mouth.

Pitter-Patter-Peter seemed to know it was all right even if tears were running down the cheeks of this perfectly strange, shabby man.

Peter walked up the path to the house, Pitter-Patter-Peter in his arms.

He stood for a few moments before the front door. It needed varnish.

Should he ring?

Why? It was his house.

Peter pushed open the door.

He could hear some one upstairs—some one who was singing that fool song.

Peter whistled, the old familiar whistle that he had once used to call Corinne when he came home from town.

The singing stopped suddenly. There was a hurrying of feet on the stairway.

Peter put Pitter-Patter down on the floor. He wanted to have both arms free if she should—if she should—

The hurrying feet landed at the bottom of the stairs, crossed the hall and then paused.

There was no sound for a moment. Then came a heart-broken sob and a thud as if some one had fallen to the floor.

For an instant Peter did not comprehend. Then he realized that Corinne must have come as far as the doorway and then not dared to look. Too often she had thought she had heard that whistle. She couldn't stand another disappointment. Then she did care!

Peter parted the curtains and disappeared through the opening.

THE END

# Women at Sea

[Continued from page 21]

good to him in the forty-first year of his age.

"We'll be married as soon as we get to Colombo. I'll take you out to Mount Lavinia, or up to Kandy for our honeymoon."

She didn't care. She was thinking what fun it would be to do Colombo in first-class style, instead of carefully, as she had planned.

She whispered, "Don't let's say anything on the boat. People will talk so."

THEY did not say anything, but the white decks have eyes and every stanchion has ears on an east bound liner, and Jean knew that they knew.

The only trouble was that Jean had to act as if she loved him, and believed in all that sort of thing, while really she wanted to laugh. That any man could have come to his time of life, and still believe in it, in that innocent gentle fashion. She had to sit on deck and let him kiss her, and hold her hand, bored to her very soul, but endeavoring to hide her boredom from him.

The band played on the lower deck, distantly, softly. The night was an indigo bowl, in which stars swam like gold fish. And David said, of a sudden, "We're changing our course."

He went below to make enquiries from the purser. She watched him as he came back over the decks towards her. He was really very presentable, considering he was forty. If he had been stout she could not have considered him for a moment. Not for all the gems of Araby.

"They have just had a wireless calling us in to Port Soudan. Some Political Big Wig is coming aboard and going on to Ceylon with us."

Jean felt a trifle anxious. She wished she had not committed herself definitely until she had inspected the Political Big Wig. One never knew.

HOWEVER, things turned out all for the best. He came aboard with a jaded looking courier, at breakfast time. He was a short fat man perspiring generously on a round red face.

Jean went on to the upper deck and sank happily into her chair beside David. She did not wait to see to whom the second pile of luggage lying on the wide sordid dusty landing stage of Port Soudan, belonged.

That night, for dinner, she put on her prettiest dress. It was white, and gave her a very girlish and innocent look. It had been horribly expensive, and it wasn't paid for yet. But she needn't worry now. David wasn't the man to be mean about bills.

She was a little early, so she went along and stood beside the notice board, reading the latest wireless messages, while she waited for the bugle to go. Mrs. Wombash of Texas had fallen from the upper window of an hotel in New York. Maime Fainwell had divorced her third husband.

Was there, Jean wondered, any one who cared about getting that sort of news at sea.

A MAN came down the passage. She thought it was David and turned to meet him. But it wasn't David. It was a man she had never seen before. He must have been six foot seven, for he towered above every one there. He was very brown and hard, and had the look of a man used to the open air and to hardship. He seemed to her strangely familiar.

He looked at her, half surprised, a smile in his golden brown eyes. Almost as if

he, too, half thought he had seen her 'before. Then he turned and went down into the salon. She saw him take a seat at the same table as her own, on the opposite side. She leaned over the stair rail, watching him. Her heart beat irregularly, her face was flushed. Then she went back to the notice board, where the table plan hung, and saw across the place he occupied, the name in red ink—Mr. Lynton King.

DAVID laid a hand on her arm.

"Jean, I've kept you waiting. I'm so sorry. Why, my darling, is anything wrong?"

She shook off his hand impatiently.

"It's nothing. Just this awful weather. No, I don't want anything. We'll go down to dinner."

She talked on at random. She was thinking, "I've got to know him somehow. He's the sort of man I have always wanted to meet. My luck is all out these days. Nothing goes right. I've got myself all tied up, and then this happens. I don't care. I'm going to get to know him."

She thought, "He may be better off than David. It's quite obvious he's interested in me. What a fool I've been, rushing things."

It was easy enough finding out about him. She just sent David.

"Because I'm certain I've met him somewhere, you know. His face is so awfully familiar."

Off went David, obediently, into the smoking room, leaving Jean alone on the deck with chaotic longings and dreams.

David returned later, and stood over her, smoking a cigarette. "I've been talking to him," he said. "He seems a nice lad, and is very anxious to be introduced to you. He's coming along presently. I gather he's had a run of very bad luck. He was running some sort of a business in Port Soudan, but it has gone into liquidation, and now he is off to a tea estate in Assam."

He was poor, then. Quite poor. But it did not seem to matter. He came up on deck, towering over David like a young giant. His enormous hand gripped hers, and drove the rings into her fingers with

"He's just perfect. Like my dream playmate." No one had ever made her feel like this before. She did not know what was wrong with her. She didn't care for riches, or a good time, or what Flo thought, any more. She wanted him to like her, and for the first time in her life, she found herself wishing she had never done a whole lot of things that she had done.

So did Jean fall in love. For the one and only time. She fought against it tooth and nail. She lay sobbing in her cabin, reasoning with herself.

It was no good. She knew that he was different from all other men. She knew that he was the one man, and that, for richer or poorer, for better or worse, she would follow him to the world's end.

DAVID suspected nothing until she would not let him kiss her. How could she let him kiss her with this other dream in her heart? She turned from him, and David, hurt, said, "Why, Jean, what is it?"

She made excuses. She wasn't well. She was tired. There must be thunder in the air, for she was all strung up. She burst into tears and went away, leaving him anxious and distressed, alone on the upper deck. She ran down to her cabin.

Lynton King was standing beside the rail, just outside her door. He had been waiting there since dinner, no definite plan in his head, save that she would come, presently and he would speak to her.

He took her in his arms. "You're crying."

She shook her head, tried to get away from him. He would not let her go.

"No," he said. "You're unhappy for the same reason I am. I love you. You know, don't you? We just can't help it. Only don't let's make a mess of it through being frightened to face it."

He loved her. The words sang in Jean's ears, and she could not think for the moment of anything else. She had had a stroke of luck at last. This man was unlike all other men. They were made for one another. She turned her face to him.

David followed her downstairs presently. He saw them, as he came out of the main salon, heart to heart in the starlight. Jean's face turned to the man bending over her. He went back to the smoke-room. He sat there, reading a three weeks' old paper. Later he had a drink. No one would have guessed there was anything wrong.

THE last days of the voyage were difficult ones for David. For the whole ship knew what had happened. He had been cut out by a younger man. And he had to watch too, all the ardor he had never been able to kindle in Jean, now aflame for another man.

Jean knew it was hard on him, but she could not help it. She thought, "It's happened to me, this wonderful thing I never believed in. I just didn't believe in it because I had never met the real thing before. All those other times, I was just playing at it. I'll begin life over again. I'll be a really nice woman, for his sake. And when we're married I'll tell Lynton everything, and he'll forgive me."

She was terribly sorry for David, and kinder to him than she had ever been when she told him.

"I've gone crazy over him, you see, David. It's never happened to me before, and I can't pretend anything else to you. I've been a little beast. Forgive me and don't hate me too much. I'd like to tell you—"

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the friendliness of his grip, until she nearly cried out. David went off to get coffee. Jean knew Mr. King was looking at her, now that they were alone, with undisguised admiration. He said, "When I saw you at the head of the stairs, I wanted to know you badly."

He was so young, so alive. She thought,





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But she couldn't tell him until she'd told Lynton. So David always believed in her. Lynton had the highest ideals. "We'll be poor," he said, "but money does not matter. It's only an et cetera, Jean. We shall have one another, and beautiful companionship. I shall read Shakespeare to you in the evenings when my work is finished. Also Masefield, and Dobson. I hope you like poetry."

She had read very little, but knew she could like anything for his sake. One day she came across him writing a letter.

"It's to my mother, telling her all about you. She will long to see you, for you are the sort of girl she has always hoped I would find. Intelligent, with fine ideals and a high sense of honor. I'm explaining all about the divorce, too, and how it wasn't in any way your fault. For mother is terribly strict. I daresay in some ways even a little narrow minded about such things, but after all, it's best to have your ideals high. Otherwise you never get anywhere."

Hot tears flooded her eyes. "Oh, Lyn, I wish I'd met you years ago." He wanted to be married in Colombo, and take her up to Kandy. She was glad to find she had the decency to demur, because that had been David's plan for her. She was finding nice feelings already, through association with him. She said, "Let's wait until we get to Calcutta. Because of Mr. Field. It would be so dreadful for him."

He loved her for her kindness of heart, even more than before. When they got to Calcutta he went to his Club and she to one of the smaller hotels, for she would not let him pay anything for her until they were married, and her money was coming to an end. The atmosphere wrapped itself round them like a hot wet blanket, at that time of the year, and the heat in Calcutta was terrific.

"Let's get out of it at once," he said. "It's much cooler up country, and my bungalow is on the edge of the river. This beastly place is chockablock with cholera at this time of the year. I've seen a man die of that, and it always gives me the jumps to know it's around."

He kissed her and held her to him, towering over her as he looked into her eyes.

"Tomorrow you'll be mine, Jean. Mine." She lay awake all night to watch that glorious tomorrow break over the roofs and the palm trees. For the first time in fifteen years, Jean said her prayers.

WHEN he left her, Lynton went to his Club. It was guest night and there was a party on the veranda. Some one hailed him. He went along and found Jackson Clyde. He liked Jackson but could not tolerate his friends as a rule. Tonight he was entertaining a party from the latest theatrical company touring India. Lynton wasn't fond of that sort of thing. But he went along.

"Have a drink. And let me introduce you to Miss Daintry. This is my great friend, Lynton King, Flo. We were at school together. He's the largest man in Asia today, I should say. You'll like him."

Flo was a little, fat kittenish creature, the sort who gave him creeps. She made eyes at him, got out all her fascinations into the front row.

"Why, I believe you came out on the Royalshire with a friend of mine, if you landed this week. Jean Adair."

"I did." He lit a cigarette casually. He wasn't going to break the news to her then and there.

"And did she pick a beau?" demanded Flo, eating salted almonds.

He sat up disgusted. "A what?" "Poor Jean. You see, it was just like this. She's pretty of course, but she has no brains. No brains at all. Never knows how to work things for her own advantage."

"She had the nicest husband, Ronnie Mills, the playwright. He spoiled her to death. But she went back on him. He was poor, and she didn't have the sense to see the time would come when he was bound to strike oil, being clever like he is. In the end he simply had to divorce her. I mean the way she went on, you know. She treated him shamefully, Jean did, and the cream of the joke was the other fellow. An airman. Always a wild lot they were, here today, and gone tomorrow. When the fuss came along, he simply accelerated, dear, and skeddaddled. Never meant to marry her."

"There was Jean, stranded. An awkward position for a girl. I don't suppose she gave all this out, of course. I did hear she was posing as an injured wife. I said to her, 'Blow all, dear, and take a sea trip east. There's no place like an east bound liner for picking up a beau.' Naturally I'm kind of interested to see how it worked."

JEAN and Lynton sat in the hotel lounge. He said, "It's true, then?"

Jean said, "Yes," and swallowed hard. She said, "In a way it is all true. The only part that isn't, is this. There was never any one in my life like you before. I fell in love for the first time. I wasn't just making use of you."

"You did not tell me there was some one—"

"You wouldn't understand," she mumbled. For now she knew that he wouldn't. But if they could have been married, she would have told him everything, and still held him. She knew that, too. It was her own fault. Her one effort at high mindedness had been her undoing. She could have laughed at that if she hadn't been crying.

It had been her one chance of turning into a good woman. She could have done it, too, for his sake. She said, "I would have told you myself, Lyn."

She knew by the look in his golden brown eyes he did not believe her. He hadn't loved her at all, not as she loved him. His feeling for her had been the same as hers for Ronnie, and that other who had left her. "Oh, well," she said, and got up with the pretense of calm. "That's that, isn't it?"

He strode away. From the window of that dismal little Indian hotel, she watched his enormous figure disappear down the street.

She lay on her bed in the small shabby room, her trunks packed all round her, labelled with his name. She tore the labels off and burnt them. She felt sick and ill, and suddenly frightened. She went downstairs and wrote a telegram.

THE nurse sat in her own quarters sucking a pencil. She found it rather hard to know what to say. It was awkward writing to a gentleman she had never seen. In the end she just enclosed the telegram.

"The lady came here ill and died of cholera. She seemed to have no friends and we never even discovered her name for her trunks were not marked. All we could get from the hotel was this telegram. It seems she gave it to a servant who did not send it, but kept the money for himself, and after she was dead, they found it."

The telegram said: "Will you let me come back to you? Can explain all. Jean."

The little nurse sucked her pencil. That would have to do. She simply couldn't put down all the other things. How the lady had said, "Don't scoff at love. It will turn and catch you out. I've got just what I deserved. People mostly do," she said. "Only no one realizes that in time. It's funny, really, if you only knew."

It was not funny at all, dying in a strange place with never a friend. It was tragic beyond words.

The little nurse licked up the envelope and put the letter into the post and the matter out of her mind.



# The Burning Question

[Continued from page 67]

the hottest week of the year. And Jane was bad company. She fretted. She reviled the climate, and finally she began to loathe everybody about us who looked cool. She took it for granted that I was an exception; she liked me in spite of the fact that I managed to keep calm and fresh right in the middle of the day.

"But my sister Celia," she used to say, in angry desperation, "honestly, it pains me to see Celia going around looking so fresh when I'm, oh, so uncomfortable and grubby. You know she's really not beautiful, Mary. She wouldn't be so good looking if she got messed up a little."

I thought it much better not to argue, in the heat of the day, so I steered our walk by the tennis courts. There was Celia, in the dazzling glare of the sun, playing tennis for all she was worth. She was flushed, and certainly warm, but not half so exasperated by the heat as Jane was. And Jane was merely strolling in the shade of a graceful little red parasol!

"I think you can learn a lot from Celia," I wanted to say.

Jane did learn a lot, though, without my telling her more. I don't know what she asked Celia, or when, for she didn't tell me. But that very afternoon she drove off in her roadster to the little town nearby and came back with a package. It held the very things I'd been trying to persuade her to use right along. But she needed the object lesson of Celia, I guess, to convert her to the idea of keeping cool. She'd decided that I was cool by nature and therefore had been skeptical of my advice!

Jane's package contained several slender bottles and a box of powder. She'd already used protecting creams for sunburn and nourishing cream of nights. The bottles were filled with fragrant skin fresheners, cooling and refreshing. The powder was an especially light weight dusting powder. And, miraculous as it seems, next day our Jane was dainty as a fresh flower. She

had learned much more quickly than most people the simple habit of using these things to keep cool. With the refreshing effect of these lovely lotions, her self-assurance returned and her disposition improved. Jane was her old self again.

I've seen so many girls like Jane, struggling along, miserable in the heat, dismayed by the prospect of summer. There is the proper combination of cooling toilet preparations for each one of us—a dash of fragrant salts to perfume the bath, powder to dust on the body, or a liquid

for a cooling rubdown. They do keep you cool, even on the worst days—a whole lot cooler than men can ever be. Women have the advantage of their lovely sheer summer frocks, of soothing oils and creams, and cooling lotions, and dusting powder to fit their needs. When they do not use these things they are just overlooking a chance to make the most of summer.

You can, I repeat, control sunburn. You must be careful, on vacation, not to neglect your skin. Take cooling baths, fragrant if you like. Lay in a supply of creams and cotton and cleansing tissues. Find the skin freshening lotion you like best and use it plentifully—and you'll be sweet, and cool, and lovely, everywhere you go.

## What Is Your Beauty Problem?

**DO YOU** want advice on the care of your skin, your hair, your diet or any other beauty problem? Write Mary Lee, in care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. She will be delighted to help you. Letters with stamped, addressed envelopes will be answered directly by mail. Those without postage will be replied to in the columns of this magazine. Send in your problems to Miss Lee. None are too large or too small to interest her.

## Mary Lee's Beauty Answers

**I WOULD** appreciate your help regarding my hair. I am in the twenties and find that my hair is getting quite gray. My hair is very light brown and quite wavy, and except for a graying tendency, it is very attractive. Please help me. R. Blank.

**MISS BLANK:** You tell me nothing about your health, but I am sure it is not good and that your hair is merely reflecting some bodily condition. The basis of hair beauty, like that of the skin, is health, because the hair gets its sustenance, like every other structure of the body, from the blood. When one's vitality is lowered the hair always shows it. The diet I have recommended for improving the complexion is equally good for improving the health of the hair. Hot oil shampoos will also help you.

**I AM** most terribly under weight and nothing I do seems to help me. I am a professional dancer and work until two every morning. Do you think this has anything to do with my excessive thinness? I would appreciate it greatly if you could give me a good diet to follow. Dorothy J.

**DOROTHY:** Your professional life is undoubtedly keeping you thin. The chances are you are overfatigued and not getting sufficient rest. The first step in gaining weight is to get plenty of sleep—ten hours nightly if possible, never less than eight, until your weight reaches the ideal number of pounds for your height. Drink lots of water and a quart of milk a day, either plain, hot or cold, malted or with chocolate. If possible, walk two or three miles a day to gain a good appetite. Eat three full meals of foods containing fats, sugar, starch and oil. Remember an extra pat of butter, extra cream on your cereals or desserts, extra sugar in your coffee, oil dressings on your salads; all help to add pounds.

Here are some excellent fattening foods. Soups: bean, rice, barley, celery, asparagus, mutton, clam or chicken broth. Meats: fat bacon, ham, roast beef, mutton, sausage, all game, hamburger steak. Vegetables: potatoes, tomatoes, beans, spinach, onions, beets, asparagus, salads with olive oil dressings. Breads: corn bread, whole wheat, oatmeal and other cereal cookies, and milk toast.



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MARY TITUS

185 East 13th Street, Dept. 718, New York, N. Y.

## Warm Weather Wardrobes

[Continued from page 71]

instead of color contrast we have design contrast, which is a little more unusual and possibly a little smarter. In the photographed pajama ensemble a knee-length jacket of blue and white dotted silk is worn over trousers which substitute stripes for the dotted effect of the jacket although the same colors are used. A silk bodice of pure white trimmed with the dotted fabric of the jacket completes an effective youthful ensemble.

Numerous adjuncts can be worn with these new lathing suits, particularly when the weather is a little crisp. Thus a very masculine polo shirt will be found extremely effective with its short V neckline and abbreviated sleeves reaching only halfway to the elbows. Another variation might be a knitted jumper sweater which can serve a dual purpose. In addition to being worn over the bathing suit it might also be donned with a sleeveless sports frock. The sleeveless beach coat is another smart and extremely youthful swimming accessory.

A separate chapter might even be written this summer on arms and the mode, particularly in the realm of informal frocks. It appears that dressmakers have become a little bored at the continued publicity given the knees and they have decided to direct a little more attention to arms for the next few months. This decision should be hailed with delight by all smart young women. It will afford another opportunity to exploit charms which belong essentially to youth—charms indeed which can scarcely be exploited by any but the younger debutantes and sub-debutantes. And so I am going to be quite insistent in our search through the sports salons this month that we seek principally frocks and suits which incorporate the sleeveless theme. In the event that your arms are not particularly adapted to this style you can always wear a jacket over the sleeveless frock.

OF COURSE, it goes without saying that for the young sportswoman the sleeveless dress is not only smart but almost essential. The tennis frock particularly requires this theme and every future Helen Wills should make certain that her court frock is quite devoid of even a hint of sleeves. I have photographed a tennis frock of egg-shell crepe de Chine which in addition to incorporating the sleeveless theme has also a deep U-shaped back décolletage to allow for the inevitable sun-tan. An ensemble touch of color is added to this dress through a side lacing of bright blue silk which matches the bandanna scarf that is draped about the head in turban form.

For the inactive sportswoman the sleeveless theme is quite as essential but it may be offset by the addition of a hip-length jacket. I came across an excellent spectator sports ensemble—rather moderately priced for a costume of this sort—in one of the smart shops. It includes a hip-length jacket of bright red faille underneath which is worn a sleeveless bodice of white silk and a skirt of the same red faille as the jacket. The bodice features the expected deep cut back, this time in V shape. An effective note is the peplum treatment on the jacket. You will find this model most becoming for all informal occasions and it will be able even to safely intrude into the sacred precincts of formal summer afternoon affairs.

I cannot leave the subject of summer sports costumes without reference to the widespread revival of cotton this season. In both printed and plain effects, in almost every conceivable weave and in colors which range from the demure pastels to the vivid striking deep hues, the cotton frock is being acclaimed this summer on both sides of the

Atlantic. I have selected one model which you will find delightfully girlish, wearable for all sorts of informal and semiformal occasions, and last but by no means least, exceedingly moderate in price. This frock, which is photographed on these pages, is made of a smooth cotton printed in delicate shades of beige and brown. It features a cape collar and of course it is sleeveless.

I have selected still another item which must appeal to every frugal young lady. It is a sleeveless sports sweater which you may knit yourself at a very slight cost and in an extremely few hours. You will be agreeably surprised at how effective and smart this sports sweater will appear after you have finished it and you will find it quite simple to follow the directions which I shall be glad to send you. Incidentally you may knit this sweater in any color which appeals to you. Please send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I will send you com-



Here is a simple, sleeveless sweater for the girl who knits her own. If you are interested in directions for making it, write Georgia Mason, SMART SET, 221 West 57th St., New York City, enclosing a stamped addressed envelop

plete directions for knitting the sweater which is photographed in this issue.

Our summer shopping tour takes us next into the realm of formal clothes. For afternoons the formal touch is not nearly so important in summer as it is during the other

seasons and you may very often select a sports frock which will not be out of place at the afternoon dansant. Yet there are always occasions which present themselves when a definite and decidedly formal daytime frock is required and for that purpose I have selected a black and white printed chiffon frock whose large pattern is quite in the mood of the moment. You will observe that there is a very unusual flower effect on the accompanying hat and that the costume is completed by smart white mousquetaire gloves.

The summer evening girl presents quite a different picture from her daytime prototype. She is still sun-tanned and at no time does this effect appear to greater advantage, but otherwise she is another creature. She is not athletic nor is she mannish. Hers is the fragrance of a bygone day and it is her cue to be as feminine as she possibly can be. She does not quite become Victorian but at least she takes a long step in that direction.

It is better therefore that your summer evening gown be anything but simple. We have seen quite enough of simplicity in daytime clothes during our tour this month and for evenings we should become as ornate as possible. Of course you will exploit this effective luxury in varying degrees, according to your personality. If you are able to wear the period and 1880 types, which will be quite popular this summer, by all means do so. If, on the other hand, yours is the sort of chic which is essentially simple, you will naturally have to temper the note of luxury.

The evening gown I have selected pursues a middle course. It is distinctly youthful—so youthful indeed that it would scarcely appear attractive on a matron. It is developed in a soft printed taffeta and its fundamental line is straight although that straightness is skillfully screened by the insertion of two colossal petals at one side of the skirt.

The note of old-school femininity is delicately added through the application of a large taffeta bow at a normal waistline. I am quite enthusiastic about this evening gown and I am sure that you will find it a splendid solution for your summer evening ensemble.

I want to insert a word about hats before considering the various other accessories of the summer wardrobe. There is little question but that the small close-fitting hat is the smartest and almost the only type for at least three seasons of the year. There have been many attempts made to revive the majestic, dignified sweeping brims of the Gibson Girl era and all of them have failed rather flatly. Even this present feminine revival has not been able to put over the large hat for spring, winter or autumn. But summer offers us a genuine opportunity to wear a broad brimmed hat.

Not only have these larger models the sanction of authority but they also harmonize rather well with most of the new summer costumes. Not every type can wear the extremely wide hat and you must carefully analyze both your contour and your features before you decide to exploit this sort of hat.

However, if you can wear these broader brimmed hats, by all means do so. You will find that they put you in a class which

is not only smart but which is individual as well. You will observe a particularly effective large-brimmed hat of horsehair among the photographs. Its outstanding feature is that the brim may be modified in size according to your personal inclinations. This is not a very expensive model and I think you will find it well suited to most purposes.

Your accessories should not be too numerous during the torrid season. Or rather you may own as many as you will but wear only a few at a time. In my search through the smart shops I have observed an inescapable



Be sure you have a tailored suit with a tuck-in blouse if you expect to do any summer traveling. This model is of black and white dotted silk with a blouse of white handkerchief linen

Courtesy of Stern Bros.

tendency towards the ensemble idea in dress adjuncts. Not particularly new perhaps, but this theme is more popular today than at any other period of its brilliant past. And so you must seek the matching note in scarf, shoes, gloves, jewelry or what have you.

Antelope and suede gloves are easily the most popular types for summer. I found that most of the sports and semiformal gloves were of the gauntlet or saxe style, the former being ornamented with hand sewn stitchings. Among the more elaborate models I particularly recommend those incorporating a fairly stiff turned-down reverse above the wrist, this reverse being embroidered with two tones of silk or with reptile applications.

You must not fail to have your evening slippers harmonize in color with your evening gown. Satin seems to be the outstanding material for the dancing shoe.

Thus endeth our July shopping tour. In all the photographed models I have given you the smartest, most youthful and most advanced styles of the summer season. Yet you will find every costume distinctly wearable and moderately priced—particularly that sweater which even the inexperienced can knit at home. Above everything else don't forget that coat of tan—and remember, too, that the deeper the tan the smarter the effect. Indeed even a copper complexion will have its place under the sun this month. Sartorially, it begins to look like an Indian summer.



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—Annette Kellermann

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## Marion Talley Tells the Cost of Success

[Continued from page 51]

were little girls out in Kansas City, neighbors must have thought we were queer children because we never played with dolls and we never had friends. That's a fact. I don't think we ever had more than three girls at the house in all those years. We weren't standoffish and we didn't slight people; I am sure we were friendly with the people we met at church and in school.

BUT the reason we didn't need outside associates was when I was only five and my sister a little older, we already had music on our minds. We weren't driven at it by any means; but it seemed to us that music was the most important thing in life. Both of us played the piano, and I used to sing too. Even at lunch hour when children didn't have the time to bother with much else but their food, I used to hurry Florence by tugging at her dress until she had to leave the table to accompany me in a few songs.

Mother used to say she couldn't see where I got the inexhaustible patience to go over the same pieces again and again, day after day, until I thought I had reached perfection. The truth of the matter was that nothing seemed to give me greater happiness than to find that I was singing a little better than I did a moment before. When we came home after school hours, we had our lessons and our music exercises. Meanwhile others of our age were out having a good time their way.

As we grew older, we were busy working while the other girls were encouraging beaux. At sixteen, a girl in a small town finds time hanging heavily, and there isn't much else for her to do but to think of the nice clerk who may ask for her hand. Most of the girls we knew as children are married, and some already are divorced and working for a living behind a counter. But whether I, who have worn a sort of crown, or those who settled down to a contented though obscure little family life on a modest salary are the happier, I do not presume to judge.

But I will say this in their favor—I think that the highest kind of happiness comes from simple things in one's own private life. The public has a tendency to take a lot from one and give very little more than just money, in return. But of course, this world wouldn't be a bit interesting if all of us did the same things at the same time.

It's paradoxical but nevertheless, true, that a so-called "success" in life never gets as much joy as her simpler friend because the thrill one experiences on reaching success is so overwhelming that every thrill after that falls flat.

Let me take for example a girl of my age—any girl you please. She goes to a party on a Saturday night, meets nice people with whom she dances and has a good time, and the nice things a boy says to her are enough to sustain her during an otherwise monotonous week. A new beau, a new friend and a new dress, are enough to stir the normal girl and keep her enthusiasm alive.

But I, at twenty-two, have worn such elaborate gowns professionally that a new dress more or less doesn't really matter. And I don't go to a party in the same spirit as the next girl because I didn't grow up to feel that way.

I haven't any beaux, but frankly, I am not missing them yet. Some people think

that the prima donna has an opportunity of making contacts with men through letters. Movie actresses have a much better opportunity than I because they play to a more sentimental age. Admirers of music write to me and say nice things; but the prima donna doesn't touch the emotions of her audience in the same way a screen star does.

I am not saying this deprecatingly at all. I merely mention a fact to show the different impressions we make.

Since we're on the subject of beaux, it isn't a digression to say that no girl should put marriage entirely out of the picture no matter how high she has climbed in a career. Of course one of my age doesn't have to despair just yet for more reasons than one. Girls don't marry so early any more; and then in my particular case we have such a very happy home life, that I am not in a hurry to give it up.

As a matter of fact, if you saw one of us before we came to New York, you saw the whole foursome. Everybody thought of us as four parts of one unit. When we came East on account of my contract at the Metropolitan, father had to stay back on his job, though spiritually, he's with us all the time.

I am sure that people who know us think: Do those Talleys expect to have each other forever?

At present when things are very pleasant, I delude myself to believe that we shall. Nearly every one has something in her life she refuses to face, and the matter of family separation is mine. Of course, I am hoping that Florence will meet her Prince Charming some day and go out into a life of her own, but at this point I stop and refuse to think on even about myself in relation to marriage. Don't you think I have plenty of time? Then if you agree with me, we'll banish the subject for the time being because I still am very, very busy.

For I shall continue to sing even if I have withdrawn from public life. I am still taking lessons, and I am working as hard as I ever did.

NOW for the benefit of those who believe I retired from the stage because I am contemplating marriage, I say that it isn't so. I assure you there isn't any one in my mind right now. But the reason I went back to private life was that I felt a sort of nostalgia for the peace and quiet of the farm I had been dreaming about for several years.

For a long time I had been hoping to settle out in Ohio. My idea was to buy a tract of several acres and cultivate it to a real farm. And I decided to have my fling at it now.

But as I said, I shall not give up singing, though to what end, one can't tell and it doesn't matter. I feel I could give it up entirely even less easily than a limb, because singing has something to do with the soul, and when the soul is spent, you die.

I think I shall enjoy singing even better when I don't have to do it as an

occupation. There are old people in institutions to be cheered; there are children in orphanages who could be made to feel that this world is a happy place to live in after all, through music. It's almost an obsession with me that some day I want to sing just for the pleasure of it, and not for money.





# Paris Helps You Plan for Your Vacation

[Continued from page 73]

No Parisian would consider one powder the right thing for day and evening, winter and summer, and to wear with all clothes.

You know I am inclined to preach economy to you, on all occasions. But I assure you any money spent for good cosmetics, wisely chosen, is money well invested. We can't go to the extreme of a number of women I know here, who have a different blend of powder for each color costume, but we can have a daylight powder and an evening powder. We can go to the trouble of finding which shade blends most flatteringly with our own skins under natural and artificial lights. It only costs a little thoughtfulness.

This doesn't mean that I want you to be a crowd of painted artificial figures. Anything but that. If you will take just a little trouble about it, that is the first thing you will avoid. It is only the unthinking who go in for wholesale kalsomining, which takes every bit of individuality out of their appearance. And if your pores are inclined to be large, buy a good astringent. Bother to use cold cream at night. Do the little things that permit your face to express all the real beauty of the inner you. You'll find it pays.

How about your hair? Are you one of the fortunate people who have naturally wavy hair? If not, invest in a good permanent wave. Nothing will make more difference in your appearance. And do it before you leave for your vacation, so that you can have the joy of knowing your hair is right, whether you are just out from a swim or at the end of a long hike.

**DOWN** on the Faubourg St. Honore is a little lavender painted shop called Adolphe's, where I go to have my hair taken care of and my face massaged and all the thousand and one things achieved. One day I asked the white-smocked Maurice, as he was doing my hair, what really did make a good permanent wave, one that made your hair an asset instead of a liability, and that didn't make it break off in the unsightly ends as so often happens when people have had a number of such waves.

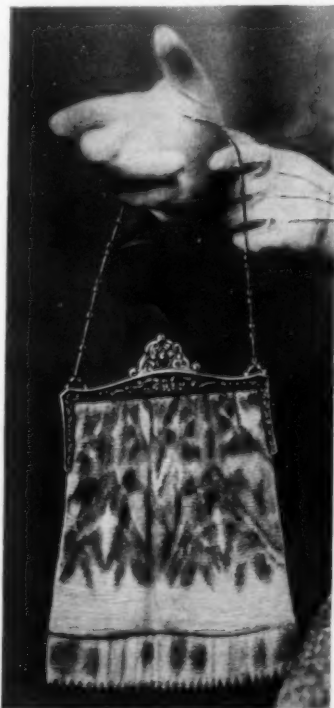
He told me that it was simply a matter of how it was done. That if you went to a hairdresser who knew his job, there was no excuse for the frizzy stage that so many of us have suffered, or for the broken hairs. He explained the technique of it all, but the essential was that you must have the hair well oiled when it went on to the little bobbins and that there must not be too much electricity turned on for too long a time. Four minutes, he told me, was a

sufficient period for the average hair and sometimes as little as two or three, but never more than seven or eight.

The illustrations this month are all of things that I thought you would like to glimpse before packing your bag for your vacation. The little things that make you feel refreshed and dressed up, and which are not too expensive.

If you are going to the seashore, I know you will want a new bathing suit. That is why there are several shown. You must choose between the cunning trunks and the very short full skirt. If it is the former, choose a jersey that goes inside. They are newer. And the ones that are made like a very short teddy are most practical, because no matter how hard you swim and dive or how actively you play hand ball on the beach, they stay in place without having your belt drawn so tight that you feel it is cutting you in two.

Are you going to a seaside resort, where people spend most of the day on the beach? Then you will want a gay pair of beach pajamas, or one of those new beach dresses that Mary Nowitzky made this summer, that are half pajamas and half deep décolletage in the back, so you can get a real sunburn and tan, and not have those ugly lines of the high cut bathing suit showing when you put on your party frock. And the skirt, which is really a pair of very wide bloomers, just joined between the knees, comes only below your knees in the front and back, but dips gracefully at the circular sides. It is a practical idea, too, when it comes to stretching out on the beach, if you haven't a bath mat with you.



Don Diego

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# The Lady of the Hard Heart

[Continued from page 79]

house had down cushions of the newest design. The cost of suitable draperies outraged her frugal soul until she got chummy with a seamstress on a street car. Yes, Peggy had even taken to street cars!

Her handbag bulged with lists and samples and when she saw Robbie her eyes had the far away look of one who is considering whether a red leather chair would make the living room look too much like a directors' meeting.

"**B**EEN out to the Partridges' lately?" she inquired wrestling expertly with her spaghetti in an Italian table d'hôte, for there were no more splurges at the Blackstone since Peggy shared the checks.

"Drove out to the farm with her yesterday," he admitted though his usually candid eyes were cautious. "Golly, she's got some fine beasts on the place."

"Suppose she thought the bucolic atmosphere would give you an inspiration?"

"May be," he replied noncommittally, uncertain of the timbre of Peggy's tones.

"How's the poetry racket?"

"Sold one today," he announced with relief at the turn of the conversation. "Editor's a friend of mine—runs a farming machinery trade journal. Thought it was the funniest thing he ever read in his life and gave me ten dollars if I'd let him take it home to his wife. Said he'd never suspected it of me."

"Isn't he going to publish it?" Peggy wanted to know.

Robbie was dubious.

"Well, knowing how you feel about machinery," his eyes were anxious, "I told him he'd better not. Anyway, farmers are hardly the kind of an audience I care to reach with my name and future to think about."

**D**URING the next week everything went wrong. The book-shelves were a foot too high and the draperies looked impossible with the living room rug and had to be changed. The china people sent out four cracked cups. To cap it all there was a notice from the bank of an overdraft.

She telephoned Marston.

"How about letting a bright girl write some soap ads?"

And Marston, who had been calling her unsuccessfully for days, leaped like a trained seal. It meant having lunch with him twice and dinner once.

While he studied the copy dripping with the bride's joys in keeping her new paradise spic and span with Marston's Marvel Soap, he studied her covertly.

"Smart work, little girl," he said. "Where'd you get the idea?"

And Peggy had the grace to blush.

Then Hughes sent for her.

"I don't know what's biting you, young woman," he said, rolling a cigar in his mouth, "but there's more shenanigans and less work going on than your Uncle Oscar likes. The case of the Peters gal, who shot her boy friend out at the Frolics, will go to the jury surer than the devil today and don't let it find you down some bargain basement looking for doll rags."

Peggy looked at her wrist-watch. Ten o'clock. The curtains had been delivered at the apartment and she was perishing to get them hung so the house would be all furnished complete for her and for Robbie. She sighed and struggled into her coat. The lining of the sleeve had torn and her arm caught in it. She'd been too busy to mend it.

Dashing across the sidewalk she collided violently with some one, nearly knocking her breath out. Robbie held her close for a second.

"Honey," he said helping her straighten her hat, "I never have a moment with you any more. You weren't teasing me when you promised to save me from being run over by a sprinkling wagon?"

She straightened her shoulders and smiled up at him. He did look so forlorn.

He took a thumb document from his pocket and handed it to Peggy. Tears spurted to her eyes as she read that the State of Illinois therein permitted the marriage of one Robert Royal McGregor, bachelor, and Margaret Terhune, spinster.

"Robbie child, I've a thousand things to do, but meet me at one o'clock at the County Clerk's office and we'll see if that license is any good."

With a fluttering heart she hailed a taxi to the Criminal Court Building. So this was to be her wedding day and she hadn't even had a marcel!

**S**LIPPING into a vacant chair at the press table she found that the fireworks had not begun. The state's attorney was preparing his final address to the jury. That would take two hours, at least. Peggy had heard him carried away by the sound of his own voice before. After a whispered conversation with a fellow reporter she decided to chance it and leave for an hour to hang the curtains.

It took twenty minutes to reach the apartment and then the fresh varnish made the door stick so the janitor had to be routed out to open it. Up and down the ladder she climbed with each pair of the palest of green gauze curtains. Every moment it seemed more like home. She forgot Hughes, the Peters girl, the run she had just acquired in her left stocking and even the waiting taxi, as she contemplated her creation.

The room was lovely. Andirons gleamed before birch logs laid in the fireplace ready for the match. The arm chairs were placed invitingly. The bookshelves were only half filled but Robbie would be sure to have some of his own to take up the space.

The kitchenette had red and white checkered curtains and the bedroom was dainty to the last detail. The sales blankets had been topped off by yellow damask spreads, a wild extravagance but a sheer joy. As she gave the bolster a final pat, the taxi driver rang to find out whether she had skipped the bill.

She glanced at her watch in horror. One o'clock. Robbie was waiting. Promising the driver untold wealth, she started a careening journey back to town.

When she reached the County Building the meter read six dollars and thirty-five cents and Peggy had two dollars. Into the great entrance and up the stairs she ran with the driver at her heels. A white lipped Robbie was pacing before the clerk's office.

"Darling, I'm so sorry," she gasped. "Lend me five for the driver—hurry Robbie—no—don't—let—him go—use him for a witness."

**T**HE tip of Peggy's nose was shiny and the run in her stocking had spread but her eyes were shining and her responses firm as she stood before the justice of the peace in the vault of the clerk's office. It was over in a moment. The driver and an obliging policeman signed their names as witnesses.

But as Robbie bent to kiss her she grew white as death. Hughes had warned her about being away from the trial. The wretched Peters case must be in the hands of the jury at that very instant.

"Robbie precious," she said thrusting a

key and a piece of paper with an address on it into his hand. "I've a flock of things to do. Wait for me at this number and don't worry if I'm late."

She was gone.

THE Criminal Court Building lies across the river through crowded traffic lanes. Because she had given her last dollar to the taxi driver she tore through the streets with a feeling of momentary thankfulness that she had been on the track team in school. The proceeding was unnecessary. The court room was empty save for the janitor. "What happened in the Peters case?" she begged of him.

"Why, lady, ain't you heard? The jury was only out ten minutes and gave a verdict of 'Not Guilty' and with that the mother of the guy she bumped off jumped up where you're standing and stuck a knife in her throat that I betcha was two feet long. Killed her deader'n a doornail and gee, how she bled!"

"How long ago did this happen?" she asked hoarsely.

"Must be better'n two hours ago," he replied. "That bird from the state's attorney's office must a had a date because he didn't talk more than twenty minutes."

Peggy knew what Hughes would say—Reportorial discipline is strong. She went about collecting what information she could from the hangers on in the building. It was little enough. The avenging mother was not to be interviewed.

Peggy went back to the office. No one looked up when she entered. A copy boy edged silently out of her way. She walked directly into Hughes' sanctum.

It was a full minute before he looked up and then she wished he hadn't.

"You call yourself a newspaper woman," he smiled through cold light. "Let me down after I'd warned you. Beat by every paper in town. I'll fix you so you'll never get another job on a rag in this town. Your money's at the desk."

Fifteen dollars of it was there. The rest she had drawn in advance to pay for the kitchen cabinet. Nobody spoke when she left.

MARSTON'S office was across the street. With a wilted imitation of her usual assurance she gave her name to his secretary.

"How about a job in your advertising department?" she asked as Marston drew her into a chair beside him, his hand lingering on her arm.

"Come out to my place for a little dinner and we'll talk it over," he suggested.

"Sorry, I can't—you see—I got married this noon and well—I suppose—"

Marston's eyes narrowed and his manner became perceptibly more formal.

"My congratulations to the lucky man. About the advertising department—we're pretty well fixed now. You might try one of the other soap companies—"

All the radiance had vanished from the afternoon sun. She walked over to get a street car. No use wasting any of that last fifteen on a cab. Robbie wouldn't be expecting her so early.

Well, she was through with the newspaper game. Hughes would see to that. Marston hadn't given her the job because she was married. One consolation, she'd not have to sit opposite him while he stowed away food, any more.

SHE let herself into the apartment and stumbled blindly into a huge vase of roses. Robbie must have been there and left. She sardonically appraised the flowers. Twenty-five dollars was the least they could have cost. She'd married a precious lunatic with no more idea of money than a rabbit.

Flung across the damask covered bed, a huddled knot of wobegone sorrow, Robbie found her. His arms gathered her in and

against his shoulder she continued to sob like a broken-hearted child.

"Peggy dear, can't you tell Robbie what is the matter?" his hands stroked her hair gently. "It isn't because you don't love me and are sorry for what you have done? Please, Little Sweetheart, tell me, it isn't!"

"Oh, Robbie, I love you worse than ever but—but I've lost my job," her voice trailed off with a long wail.

Full of amused relief, his laugh rang out. "Is that all?" he gathered her closer and laughed again.

The sobbing ceased abruptly and Peggy sat bolt upright on the bed. Her eyes blazed in anger.

"I told you I've lost my job," she repeated, "and all you do is laugh like an idiot and say, 'Is that all?'"

She paused to collect a full breath.

"I sold all my bonds to furnish this house. I've only got fifteen dollars in the world and I don't know where I can get another one. I don't know what is going to become of us."

THE laughter died out of Robbie's eyes. "Well, what about me?" he asked quietly. "Don't I count at all?"

The anger slipped from her. He was her little boy, come what might!

"Of course, you count, darling, but you don't understand these things. The rent on this apartment is a hundred dollars a month. Then we'll have gas bills and milk bills and you have no idea how many other kinds of bills."

His worshipful gaze grew thoughtful and from his breast pocket he pulled out a slip of paper and handed it to her.

"Will this help a little?"

"This" was a check for four hundred dollars.

"Why, Robbie, you never made this out of that poetry about garbage cans and Swiss cheese moons," she declared accusingly.

A shamed blush crept under his wind-tanned cheek.

"You see—well, it's only sort of a side line of mine but I sold a big tractor yesterday," he admitted.

Peggy's heart leaped as the revelation came over her—that nonsense she had talked the first day they met—vulgar commercialism of the machine age, indeed! His friend, the editor of a farmers' journal, who bought a poem. His lavish use of taxicabs and extravagance about flowers!

"How long have you been selling tractors?" her voice brooked no denial.

Robbie avoided looking directly at her. "Three years—ever since I got out of college—but—"

"No 'buts,'" interrupted the girl, "and now the poetry?"

"Only since I met you," he said with wretched candor. "I guess it wasn't fair but I got that moth eaten bird whose poetry you raved about to come over nights and tutor me—paid him five dollars an hour—I only did it—oh, Peggy, I wanted you to love me so much. Please forgive me!"

Lady of the hard heart that she was, she turned her head to hide the tears. The blessed lamb, writing all that awful truck just to please her!

"Then what the dickens were you doing at the Partridge tea?" she demanded.

"I couldn't help it," he said humbly. "She's got a big model farm out in my territory and I went there to sell her a tractor. Can't you try to love me if I'm only a farm machine salesman and not a poet?"

Peggy's overstrained nerves gave way in a series of musical giggles.

"Precious Infant," she laughed, "don't ever write another line of that dreadful stuff," and she closed his eyelids to cover the incredulous joy which leaped up in his nice clean eyes with a kiss in the corner of each.



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**VIOLET PAGE**

143 Fourth Ave., Dept. 47 New York City

## "Just Mention My Name"

[Continued from page 53]

the way down, drop in at the Borough Hall and look up Biff Crowley. I'll call him in the meantime, and you tell him I sent you. Leave the rest to me!! It's in the bag!"

**T**HE next morning I repair to the Borough Hall and find something with a face like a cooked lobster that fitted under the caption of Biff Crowley. After trying out a few high signs on him, I lean over and whisper past the back of my hand.

"McSalty, Mack McSalty, buddy of his sent me. Pst!"

The guy grunts, "Name and address?" "Wooch—Fungus Wooch, 838 Bullhaven Terrace."

"Citizen???"

"Born right on One Hundred and Sixth and Columbus."

"Well, Mister Wooch. We'll put you down for the April term. Supreme Court."

"Hey what the heck is this?" I ask.

"Commissioner of Jurors' Office. What ja tink it is? Feltman's Sea Side Gardens?"

"But my car's in hock. I don't want to serve on any gosh-hanged jury."

"Oh, ho-oo!! Ya don't wanna soive on the jury, huh!! Well, well well!! Hey, Clancy, get dis. He don't wanna soive on no jury!!!"

"Oh, he don't, don't he. Ha, ha, ha!! Hey, Moriarty, look!! Here's a guy don't wanna soive on no jury. Well, the stairs in the Tombs needs a scrubbin'!!!"

"One o' them Bullsheevs, huh!! Priveelidged character I soopze!!!"

"Don't wanna soive, huh? Maybe you'd like a private seat in the court room wid two bailiffs standin' behind ye?? Well you'll git yer notice in tomorrer's mail. See?"

**W**ELL, I figured I better duck before McSalty's influence would get my wife's uncle—who didn't have his second papers yet—deported by the next boat, and I thought it would be just as well if I stopped off at the Police Station and ponied up the ten dollars for my car.

But there they told me that I'd have to go down to the Municipal Building to fill out the necessary form for the recovery of the car, which by that time had been taken to the Department of Street Cleaning Garage on Twenty-fourth Street near the East River.

I finally got it, full of brooms and shovels, and without delay headed for Pier 46 and asked for Mr. Beezark of the Steamship Company.

"Got an appointment?"

"Well—er—no— Sort of—that is, not exactly!!!"

"Well, he's very busy just now, and can't be disturbed."

"Tell him it's Mr. Wooch, that Mr. McSalty spoke to him about."

The guy goes in and comes out in a half hour.

"You'll have to take the matter up," he says, "with Mr. Terwiggler in our uptown office, 535 Fifth Avenue."

Mr. Terwiggler was out to lunch, but his secretary sees me.

"Mr. Beezark sent me up," I says, "regarding a matter which—"

"Well, we're not putting on any one just now."

"But this is about fixing me up for a trip—"

"Oh! I see!! Well, Mr. Terwiggler only has to do with the freight!!!"

"Well, who can I see about my trip?"

"I guess you'll have to take that up at the regular ticket office."

"Say, girlie," I pipe, smiling at her with the good side of my face, "you don't hap-

pen to be acquainted with any one that's got a friend that knows the lady who does the washing for the wife of the pastry chef in the beanery where the manager of the ticket office goes to lunch, do you?"

You can see from that how low I was sinking in the clutches of this terrible mania.

The dame giggles and goes inside to a phone.

"Sorry," she says coming out. "They're all filled up for six weeks."

**W**ELL, President Hoover might have been worried about a situation like that, especially with the jury business thrown in, but McSalty just laughed it off when I saw him.

"You'll be on the high seas by Friday," he says, "with the bar wide open and I'll give you a note to the Purser, so you won't have to pay for deck chairs." Now I got a lawyer friend, see, and he's corned beef and cabbage with Judge Googenspan. That's the guy that's gonna take care of your jury notice. Now this lawyer is organizing a club and some of the boys is getting together tonight in the Hotel Battleford. Now it won't do you no harm to come up with me and meet the guy—he'll introduce you to the judge personally. You get me?"

I got him. I also came to the next morning with a letter-carrier's hat on, a half a hamburger in my inside pocket, an empty check book, six insurance policies paid in advance, membership card in four country clubs, and a spider tattooed on my bald spot. My wife informed me that she had got the tickets for our trip.

"WHOOPEE!!!" I yelled leaping out of bed. "You got the tickets!!! GREAT!!! Howja manage to work it??"

"By just calling up the ticket office and asking for them," she says simply.

"Well, that's one way of doing it, of course," I admitted, "but any cluck can do that. The gag is to work it through politics like I'm doing."

You can see from that what a hound I was getting to be at this just-mention-my-name-and-tell-em-I-sent-you-business.

**W**ELL, anyway we're all set at last and three balmy mornings later I'm just ambling up the gang plank of the S. S. Stevedore, when I get a clout on the shoulder and a big mug has me by the neck!

"Skippin' the country, huh!!!"

"Hey," I yelled, "what's the idea of this outrage?"

"You're Fungus Wooch, ain'tcha? Well, we got a warrant fer yer arrest fer contempt of court in evading jury notice. Will ya pay fer a cab or shall I call the wagon?"

I begged the guy to let me use the phone. Of course McSalty's line was busy. In the meantime the whistle was blowing on the boat. Finally I got Mac's landlady. She said he wasn't in, but had left a number in Weehawken, if any one called. When I finally got the number, I heard sounds of a nickel-in-the-slot piano and glasses breaking. A lady's voice asked, "Who you vant pleece?"

"McSalty," I pipe. "Mac. McSalty."

Strangely enough they dug him up!

"Mac," I screeched, "for Pete's sake!! My wife's on board with two trunks and they're pulling in the gang plank, and here I am with a fly-cop in a—"

Mac's answer was to begin singing, "Trouble is a Bubble" over the phone to me. The whistle was blowing again, and they were yelling, "All ashore that's going ashore."

I noticed some carpenters had been working near by, so I said to the dick, "O.K. Chief. I got Jimmie Walker's office on the



wire. His secretary wants to talk to you. Stop in please."

He stepped in, and frantically, I nailed up the booth with boards, and shoved it door down among the freight with a Shanghai, China, label pasted on.

I just made the boat by a flying leap at the anchor, and immediately began looking up friends that Mac had radiogrammed about our sailing.

They were delightful people. My clothes just fitted him, and his wife was a comfort to my wife who was nervous on trips.

"I just know," his wife kept saying, "that the boat's going to sink."

Finally so's I could get some sleep, we invited them to stay overnight in our state-room.

"Oh, no," they said, "we can't stay all night. We'll have to leave at 3 A. M."

It was a great trip.

**T**HE hotel (which Mac had sent us to) was swell. It was one of those quaint places that used to be an old Spanish Fort, full of trap doors and chutes leading out to the ocean. I'd throw a shoe under the bed and five minutes later hear a splash. We met many quaint and droll local characters about the inn, among them one who prowled around nights with an axe and a torch look-

ing for hay to set on fire. The legend ran that it was considered bad luck to have him arrested. Also, through Mac's pull, I was made a guest member of the Fire Department which was a real break, as we got there just in time to get requisitioned in on a three week forest fire that was raging back of the town somewhere up in the mountains!

When we got back to town, I went straight to a psychoanalyst. It took him a year of hard work, with me coming up every day, to get me so that when I wanted an ice cream cone, I'd go straight to Angelo with my nickel, instead of first getting some alderman out of bed in the middle of the night.

**T**HEN I bought me a nice thick section of three-inch pipe, and hid in an alley which I knew MacSalty had to use on pleasant days when his tailor stood outside of the shop. Pretty soon he appeared. Then just as he got alongside of the ash can I was hiding in—

PLOONK!!! ZOWIE!!!! BAM!!!!

"Who did that?" he exclaimed, as he came to.

"If any one should happen to inquire," I replied, stepping out of the can, "JUST MENTION MY NAME."

## Publicity

[Continued from page 45]

"Vell, I'll keep him around. Mebby, some day—"

**M**ONDAY morning's theatrical pages hinted rather broadly that Brais Lehrman was being groomed for the leading male role in "Be Your Age," and on Monday evening Jackson Veach, for the first time in months, arrived at the theater well ahead of schedule.

He fumed while he waited, and at last stamped up to Ted Richie, who had just sauntered in.

"Say, Richie! How do you get this way?"

Ted cocked his head on one side and peered out from under half closed lids.

"Something, your majesty?"

Veach slapped the back of his fingers against a newspaper in his hand.

"The theatrical editor says you sent out this stuff about me!"

"Oh, yeah?" Ted returned, sighing. "Well, now, ain't that too bad?" He trudged away, as if looking for a place to go to sleep.

Veach's teeth ground together. He went storming off after Bender, whom he found talking happily with LaFern in his office. Why shouldn't he? There was lots of publicity. The show was making money!

The leading man paused in the doorway, glowering at the leading lady. He strode forward, and again thumped the newspaper. "You're responsible for this!" he shouted at her.

LaFern raised her eyebrows, pursed her lips, and shrugged her shoulders. Veach whirled upon Max.

"Bender, this has gone too far!" He brought his hand down sidewise, as if cleaving the air with a thick knife. "From now on LaFern Eads is out as my lead! You get me? Out! You can break in Nita."

LaFern gasped; she had hardly counted on endangering her own job.

Bender's hands were working violently, his expression was agonized.

"But Veach—listen—Chack—"

"You know what my contract says, Bender! I can pick my own leading lady—any

—time—I—want to!" He dragged out his words to give them insolent emphasis.

The producer sank into his chair, looking as if he were about to weep.

"Oi, Veach! Your contract it says too—" he spread out his hands in a despairing gesture—"it is null and void if you miss chust vun performance. For Vy you don't go break a leg or haf it a toot-ache, so I can tie a can to you, huh?"

Veach laughed shortly.

"Huh! Then what would happen to your rotten show?"

Max was on his feet, gesturing.

"Rotten show is it? 'Be Your Age' iss a hit—a hit, you understand?"

"Ye-ah! Who made it a hit?" Veach thumped his chest with a long forefinger.

"Little me, that's who. With me out of it, you'd close down tomorrow night!" Veach's upper lip curled superciliously as he spoke.

"Is that so!" Max retorted ineffectually.

He dropped to his chair, placed elbows on the desk, his brow against his palms, and shook his curly head. "Oh, oi, oi!"

Veach started toward the door, paused to look at LaFern.

"I guess that will hold you!" he growled. "Back to the chorus!"

**L**A FERN left Bender moaning and trudged slowly to her dressing room, biting her lip in thought. A glance at the merry little clock showed that she had fifteen minutes or so before her first appearance on the stage—oh dear!—as a chorus girl! She took something from the drawer of her dressing table, and went out. Brais she discovered standing in the wings chatting with a chorine. She called him aside and whispered a few words. His eyes widened excitedly; with a quick grin he nodded.

She waved her hand in a gesture almost as if she had thrown him a kiss, and tripped away. In a moment she was rapping lightly on the door of Veach's dressing room.

"Come in!"

Opening the door just enough to permit the entrance of her slim body, LaFern edged inside. Veach glanced up, but did not bother to rise. With some satisfaction he saw that the girl looked very demure and apologetic.



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so he nodded grimly at her as she entered. "Jack," she began hesitantly, "you didn't mean what you said to Max, did you?"

He merely gazed at her, sternly. "I'm sorry, Jack." Approaching, she put her hand over his. "You know, Jack, it was just a little joke. It means nothing."

Complacency was growing in Veach. It was good to see this girl crawling to him without her high hat. He had expected she would. Served her right, of course, but if she was truly sorry—Veach felt a wave of magnanimity.

"All right, I'll give you another chance, kid. But you've got to treat me better than you have been!"

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed delightedly. "Here! Let me help you make-up so you won't be late."

His supercilious smile returned.

"Well, all right. I thought you'd appreciate what I'm doing for you when you were about to lose it. I just wanted to test you out, see?"

"I'm so sorry," she returned, sniffing a little. "I didn't realize you'd take it so hard, but I should have known how proud you real artists are. Poor boy, he's got a headache, too, hasn't he?"

He glanced up as she rubbed her palm over his brow.

"Why—yes, yes," he lied. "I've been through a lot today."

"Poor boy!" LaFern murmured. "And it's all my fault. Here, lie down and rest a minute."

He sank back on the couch, trying to look as a man should when he has a headache. LaFern dampened a towel with cold water, and placed it tenderly over his forehead and eyes.

"Feel better?" she asked in a soothing tone.

HE HELD her hand a moment, and nodded. His lips were curved in an expression of complete self-satisfaction. He was thinking, perhaps, that he knew how to handle women! He had her waiting on him, which was quite proper.

Murmuring soft words, LaFern worked her fingers gently over his face, his cheeks, nose, chin and throat. Once or twice he sniffed sharply, and then suddenly snatched the towel from his eyes.

"Say, what kind of cold cream is that, anyway?" he demanded. "Smells like shoe-polish!"

He sat upright, directly before the mirror. Gasping, he blinked, swallowed, blinked again at his reflection. From the eyes down he was as black and glossy as a piece of tar!

He sprang to his feet. Diving both hands into a jar of cold cream, he worked frantically to repair the havoc which LaFern's tender fingers had wrought. It was no use. LaFern had massaged the shoe-polish in well, and it was there to stay for quite some time. Giggling, but saying nothing, she slipped from the room and went to prepare for the

first act. "But not," she thought happily, "as a chorus girl!"

Coming out, she found Veach gesticulating and barking at Max Bender, surrounded by a group of grinning persons.

"But I can't go on," Veach was protesting. "You'll have to close the show. How can I go on like this?"

Bender, his eyes on Brais Lehrman, all made up for the leading role, looked far from unhappy.

"You haf got to, Chack, you understand," he said, lifting his hands. "Your contract, it says you go out if—"

"But my public," Veach returned, almost wailing. "They'll laugh at me!"

"Your public!" snorted Pat, the stage hand. "Sure, an' they've been laughin' at ye for years!"

Veach whirled. His anger was doubly ludicrous, with half his contorted face shining with shoe-polish!

"I'll get your job for this!" "Mebbe," said Pat, "ye can get

work in a minstrel show with that face."

Bender cut in. "Easy, Chack. You must get ready quick to go on!"

"I can't go on like this."

Max shrugged, and his hands came up. "O.K., Chack. Then you might as well come get it your contract, huh?"

"I'll sue you! This is a put up job!" Veach cried, attempting bluster. "I'll sue you!"

Again Max's shoulders twitched. "Go ahead and sue, Chack," he murmured. "I like it, you understand. I like it!"

LATE at night, still vowing vengeance of some vague sort, Veach slunk out of the theater. Though the night was warm, the door man, and the taxi driver who took him home, noticed that his face was muffled to the eyes. He left behind him, singing the leading role, Mr. Brais Lehrman.

At the conclusion of an appealing love song in the middle of the third act, LaFern whispered to Brais:

"Say! You can act!"

His eyes were smiling, but behind them LaFern detected a light gravity.

"I'm not acting!" he replied.

BETWEEN acts Max had brought to Brais' dressing room a contract. Max looked happy. Brais signed the paper, and then did a bit of telephoning. At the end of the show, he said to LaFern:

"You bought me a midnight supper not long ago; now I'm inviting you to one. I'm giving a party—celebrating."

From a dingy subway station well uptown, he conducted her to a huge apartment house overlooking Central Park and Fifth Avenue. In the lift they ascended to a floor high up, and Brais rang a bell. He was greeted by a liveried servant, who bowed and said:

"Your guests are waiting, Mr. Lehrman." LaFern gasped.

"Say, what's this? This can't be your house!"

His answer was a grin, as he led the way into a long room where there was a banquet table surrounded by a half-dozen lively youths in full dress, and a half-dozen lively girls in evening gowns.

THE men and girls sprang up and grouped around Brais, with a hubbub of chatter. He introduced LaFern, and at once they made her one of them. Then Brais turned to a sad faced young man.

"Well, Charley," he said, rubbing his hands, "did you bring the document?"

Charley grumbled, "You needn't be so confounded complacent about it, you know. Here it is." He produced a slip of paper. "A check, not certified, but good, for one thousand hard-earned dollars."

Brais explained quickly to LaFern: "You see, I bet Charley I could work some sort of publicity stunt to get me a good contract with a musical comedy inside of thirty days. And here's the contract."

"Scion of the ancient and honorable Lehmans—on the stage!" Charley scoffed.

"Well, I worked hard enough for it," Brais retorted. "It's no snap to study under these slave-driving music doctors for eight years!"

"And I thought—" LaFern said—"I thought you were starving!"

"I was. It was part of the bet that I had to do it on a hundred dollars. The thirty days were about up, and I was desperate."

"Well," remarked Charley, with the philosophical expression of a rich man's son, "I guess it was worth a thousand bucks."

"Cost you more than that, son," Brais declared, quickly. Charley looked startled.

"You've still got a wedding present to buy!"

In a chorus the query came:

"Brais! You're not married?"

He grinned, and looked at LaFern.

"No, gang. But I will before the week's over. Won't I, dear?"

LaFern returned his regard, breathing a little quickly.

"I—I haven't—caught you in a lie yet!" she said.

## It's A Gift

[Continued from page 84]

thrill. A storekeeper in our neighborhood offered me a job as errand girl after school hours. I shall never forget how glad I was and how proud my father and mother were when I brought home my first week's salary—\$2.85!

"I thank my stars that my parents were in poor, rather than in moderate or well-to-do circumstances. They really appreciated my efforts to contribute to the family purse. The encouragement they gave me made me want to make good in everything I undertook. Before I left grammar school I had made up my mind that I would make a success of myself in business—I determined that somehow, some day I would have a business of my own. And I never lost sight of this idea."

"I feel sorry for all the poor little rich girls whose mothers and fathers indulge them foolishly. Such children are deprived of a goodly measure of life's joys. If I had been prevented from doing the work I really loved as a little girl, I might never have discovered my real talents."

"DURING the summer months I always tried to find some work that would bring me into a business atmosphere. To make real progress, however, I realized that I needed some commercial schooling. So I saved my money and upon finishing public school enrolled for a stenographic and book-keeping course at Grace Institute. As a result I secured my first full-fledged position with Christian J. Dierckx."

"The place fascinated me and every moment I had free from my secretarial work I spent in busying myself with the stock, dusting the curious art objects, and unpacking and arranging the new glass and chinaware that came from abroad. Mr. Dierckx liked the interest I took in his affairs and before long left me in complete charge when he went on his European buying trips."

"While I was very happy in this first position, I could not help dreaming about a little store of my very own. The opportunity to realize this dream came when I was twenty-one."

"Several times during my vacations I had visited Spring Lake, N. J. I saw a chance to open a little tea room and gift shop there one summer. I knew several women who made pretty things, so I stocked up with their handiwork and sold it on a commission basis. From a financial standpoint this venture did not prove a success, but it gave me a wealth of practical experience that I have

since put to good use in my other undertakings."

"I next took a job as advertising solicitor for 'The Gift and Art Shop' magazine. I was so good in getting new accounts that before long I was made advertising manager and also assistant editor."

"The experience I got with this magazine proved invaluable. My work brought me in direct contact with wholesalers and retailers of gift merchandise in every part of the country. I familiarized myself with their problems and worked out merchandising and promotion plans to meet their varying needs."

"At first I was severely criticized for spending so much of my time giving free advice, in place of selling space or writing copy. But when our subscribers began expanding their businesses as a result of the promotion plans I had prepared for them, their increasing use of advertising space followed as a natural consequence—and so everybody was happy."

"ONE of the men whom I served in my capacity as advertising manager of 'The Gift and Art Shop' was Charles Hall, a well-known importer of novelties, china and glassware. He offered me an opportunity to travel for his concern. This appealed to my restless spirit, particularly as Hoboken had so far been the point farthest west to which I had journeyed. I wanted to see America and the salary of \$60 a week also looked golden to me."

"Leaving my magazine berth, I took to the road with five big trunks packed with interesting new gift merchandise. Back and forth from coast to coast I traveled for this firm for four years, with each year an increase of salary."

"Then one day towards the end of 1924 I got a sort of inner hunch that it was time for me to resign and do something on my own. My friends thought I was crazy to desert a certain, well-paying connection for something risky and unknown. But I made the plunge—I opened my little office here in January 1925—and, well, here are the results."

"We now have a suite of a dozen big show-rooms in New York, another large establishment in Chicago and a staff of salespeople here and on the road. This year we expect to do a million and a half dollars' worth of business!"

"And to what," I asked, "do you attribute the wonderful development of this young business of yours?"

"Oh, simply to the remarkable growth of the gift industry in the last few years,"



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replied Miss Ryan. "The standard of living in the American home is constantly growing higher. People build finer houses, wear better clothes, use more luxurious and swift motor cars. It is natural that they should want more pretty and useful things to adorn their homes. I bring the manufacturer and the retailer together—I work on a commission basis—and my business has grown with the increased demand for attractive gift things."

**B**UT this is only half the story, as any one will testify who has watched Mary Ryan's enterprise develop. Her competitors in the wholesale gift business are not growing at the rate of a quarter of a million dollars a year! This woman's success is not just dumb luck! It's due to a careful plan.

Her success secrets are those of many other men and women who have carved names for themselves in the annals of modern industry.

She had a definite fixed aim in life! She had confidence in her own ability! She had the willingness to work hard and to render more service and better service than was reasonably expected of her!

And in addition to these three cardinal ingredients of success, she has still another—a charming personality, a personality that makes and holds friends.

With all these sterling characteristics, no man or woman can fail!

**M**UCH of Miss Ryan's time is spent in devising plans for helping her clients, the retailers, to increase their business. Through her free advice and promotion ideas, many art and gift shops on the brink of ruin have turned loss to profit. She keeps her trade posted as to what articles are new and timely—and how to sell them. If some buyer has his heart set on some particular article that she does not handle, she tells him where he can get it. This unselfish cooperation is what makes and holds her friends.

Miss Ryan works with the same sincere

spirit of helpfulness with the manufacturers whose products she offers for sale. She suggests to them ideas for new merchandise, or uses her own talents as a stylist to adapt their products to the current decorative vogue and thus creates a demand.

She is never too busy to lend a sympathetic ear to the person—be he or she ever so humble in appearance—who comes to her with an idea for a new ash tray, pillow, lamp shade, doll, or what-not. She believes in encouraging and cultivating new sources of supply. Several of her fastest selling lines of goods were brought to her originally in crude and imperfect form by people who had no idea of the commercial possibilities of their brain children.

A dozen stories might be told of the men and women who encountered Dame Fortune when they met Mary Ryan.

There is the old couple who made better wax flowers than any one else. They showed them to Miss Ryan and now they are enjoying the fruits of their good luck.

**T**HERE is the young tinsmith named Leinfelder of La Crosse who one day hesitatingly brought some crude metal ornaments for Miss Ryan to inspect, hoping she would like them. She did. Last year she sold over \$150,000 worth of his wrought-iron.

Then there is the woman who did art needlework of the kind popular abroad a generation ago. Miss Ryan made her adapt her style to the more simple modern decorative taste. Now this woman has one of the largest factories in the country devoted to making novelty pillows.

Hearing these stories and meeting Miss Ryan, it is not difficult to fathom the reason for her success as a gift consultant.

"Always at Your Service" is printed at the top of her letterhead. These words have been her creed since she was a little girl. To get wet must first give. It is her whole-hearted, unselfish willingness to give service that is the real foundation of Mary Ryan's million dollar gift business.

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State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }  
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that she is the Business Manager of SMART SET in combination with McClure's and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Magus Publishing Company, Inc., 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.; President, James E. Quirk, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Margaret E. Sangster, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Kathryn Dougherty, 730 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Magus Publishing Company, Inc., 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.; Magus Magazine Corporation, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Stockholder owning entire capital stock of Magus Publishing Company—United Magazines, Inc., 7 West 10th Street, Wilmington, Delaware. Stockholder owning entire capital stock of United Magazines, Inc.—James R. Quirk, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders, bondholders or security holders own or hold their stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only).

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY,  
Business Manager.

HENRIETTE KISH,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1929.

Notary Public, New York County, New York County Clerk's No. 511, Reg. No. 9105A (My Commission expires March 30, 1930). (Seal.)





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 and gems vary, their taste in  
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